Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/gentlemaninblack00daltiala

[By J. DALTON]

SCARCE St Louis Imprint

UCSB LIBRARY
X-20913

UCSB LIBRARY

THE

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK,

AND

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

THOMPSON

THE

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK,

AND

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

By George Cruikshank.

AND OTHERS.

ST. LOUIS
EDWARDS & BUSHELL
1857.

CONTENTS.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK 3

TALES OF OTHER DAYS:—

The Magic Phial; or, An Evening at Delft . . 119
A Tale of the Civil Wars 123
Friar Rush: A Tale of Faerie 132
Ghysbrecht, the Free-lance 139
The Three Suitors 153
The Fifth of November: A Legend of Palace Yard . 164
A Tale of the Low Countries 182
Trial by Battle 188
The Castle of Stauffenberg 201
The Brothers: A Tale of London Bridge . . . 207
Roger Clevelly: A Devonshire Legend . . . 217
Haviland Hall 230
A Tour to the North 247
The Ring and the Mendicant 257
The Journey of Azibah: An Eastern Tale . . . 275

PAGE

The Death's Head 283

Waldeck: A Tale from the German 297

The Awkward Man 305

Who can it Be? 316

The Robber Spatolino 325

Trials of Temper 349

The Prediction: A Tale of New-year's Eve . . 362

An Adventure in 1780 373

The Magician's Visiter 381

A Norwegian Sketch 386

THE

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT the devil shall I do?" exclaimed Louis Desonges: "not a sous have I in the world besides that solitary five-franc piece! and, where the next is to come from, I cannot divine. What the devil must I do?"

"Did you call, Monsieur?" asked a gentle voice, which seemed to proceed from the more dusky corner of the apartment, in which Louis was sitting in his old arm-chair, before a worm-eaten table covered with books and papers.

"Who, in the name of fate, are you?" responded the unhappy youth, looking round in search of the individual from whom the inquiry had proceeded.

"Precisely so," replied a stout, short, middle-aged gentleman, of a somewhat saturnine complexion, as he advanced from—we can't say exactly where—into the middle of the room. He was clad in black, according to the fashion of the day; had a loose Geneva cloak, as an upper garment, of the same colour; and carried a large bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, under his arm. Without the smallest ceremony, he placed a chair opposite our hero, bowed, seated himself, smiled, laid his papers on the table, rubbed his hands, and appeared altogether prepared for business. Louis felt somewhat embarrassed, but returned the stranger's bow with all due civility; and, after a brief, awkward pause, ventured to inquire the name of the gentleman whom he had the honour of addressing.

"It is of little moment," replied his extraordinary visitor: "you are in difficulties, and it is in my power to assist you:" and, so saying, he began, in due form, to untie and "sort out" his papers upon the table. Poor Louis looked on in silence, and, sighing, bethought himself, that if he had been as constant in his attendance at lectures, and in the courts, as at the billiard-tables and gaming-houses at the Palais Royal, he might have picked up law enough to have enabled him to involve a case, in which so many documents were necessary, in a yet deeper state of mystification. "As it is," thought he, "the man will soon discover my ignorance; so, as I have not yet practised, I'll be honest, and tell him the truth at once."

"You need not trouble yourself to do that, sir," said the stranger.

"To do what? sir," interrogated Louis; "I did not say anything."

"I know that, my dear sir," observed the gentleman in the cloak, still busying himself with his papers; "but it is just the same thing."

"*What* is just the same thing? I don't at all comprehend you!" exclaimed the youth.

"Precisely so," continued the stranger; "there, they are all correct, I believe—so, my dear sir, as you were saying"——

"Excuse me, sir," said Louis, "I was not saying anything."

"Pardon me, my dear young friend," quoth the gentleman with the black-edged papers, "you talked of telling me the truth at once."

"Not I, sir; I only *thought* of doing so."

"Oh! that's all the same with *us*."

"Then you're no lawyer, I'm sure," replied the youth.

"Not I, my friend; but, really, I should be sorry to appear unpolite to a gentleman of your birth and talents. The fact, however, is, that my engagements are, just now, exceedingly numerous and pressing; therefore, allow me just to explain. This paper"——

"Confound this headache," *thought* poor Louis to himself; "if I had gone to bed last night, instead of watching over the *rouge et noir* table, and losing my"——

"Pshaw! pshaw! smell this bottle," said the stranger, politely handing a small exquisitely cut black glass bottle, which he took out of a black ebony case.

The young gentleman did so, and felt "powerfully re-

freshed;" his head instantly appeared clearer, and his whole frame exhilarated.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "Monsieur, where did you buy that wonderful specific?"

"Hist!" ejaculated the stranger; "don't swear, I entreat you. It is extremely disagreeable to me."

"Well, then, I will not," said Louis; "but—pray inform me! Poor little Louise! and Adele! and the Comtesse! they'd adore me, if I could but procure for them such a specific. Pray, Monsieur, I conjure you, in the name of"——

"Stop!" cried the other, starting from his chair, "not a word more! There, there, I make you a present of the bottle, case and all. I manufactured it myself, for the use of particular friends only."

"I'll give you a thousand francs for the recipe," exclaimed Louis.

"Where will you find the money?" asked the stranger, coolly settling himself back in his chair, like a man who has found his vantage-ground.

"Where, indeed!" groaned poor Louis. Then, having rested his head awhile upon his empty palm, he bethought him that something might be made of the stranger's papers, and, therefore, addressed himself to business.

"I should ask your pardon, sir," said he, "for talking of perfumes; I accept this bottle as a token of amity between us; and now, if you please"——

"Good!" observed the gentleman in black, "that is what I wish. I am a plain man"—(somewhat plain, I must confess, *thought* Louis)—"well—that's nothing. I wish to act handsomely by you; I have taken a great fancy to you, and you are over head and ears in debt—have a hopeless love affair—have neglected your studies—offended your uncle—shattered your constitution"——

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the youth.

"If you say that again, sir," said the gentleman in black, "I shall take my departure. I told you before, that I objected to swearing."

"*Diable,* then!" cried Louis.

"That's better," quoth his companion, smiling; and, taking a pinch of blackguard, (which an Irish gentleman, in a passion, had given him,) out of a black tortoise-shell box, handed it politely to our hero.

"No, sir," said the latter, sternly, "you and your snuff may go to h— together."

"Precisely so," calmly observed the stranger, returning the box to his pocket, but not offering to move from his chair.

"This is a little too much," cried the enraged young Frenchman, starting upon his legs: "tell me, sir, what you mean by intruding upon my privacy, and insulting me with the repetition of all my misfortunes? Who, and what the devil are you?"

"Precisely so, as I told you before," replied the unruffled stranger.

"Precisely what? I don't understand you! You may be the devil himself, for aught I know."

"Precisely so," was the reply.

"You don't mean to say you really are the"——

"Precisely so. *We* have an objection to plain yes and no."

"Then you *are* a lawyer, after all."

"Not I, though I confess I have practised occasionally:— but, pshaw! this is a waste of time. I know your troubles and difficulties, and would help you through them, if you will allow me. I have money to any amount at my disposal and immediate command, as you may satisfy yourself;" and he threw a large black morocco leather pocket-book upon the table, where it instantly burst open, from the extension of (to poor Louis's eyes) an innumerable quantity of *billets de banque*, for 500 francs each. "And, as for gold"—and he began to draw from his breeches' pocket a black satin purse, to which Louis thought there would be no end, so singularly did it appear to elongate itself, as the stranger continued to tug it from its dark abode, till it had attained the full extent of a Flemish ell. Yet, in his hands, it appeared light as the eider-down, till, having placed it carefully on the table, the weight of the gold within rent asunder its silken prison, and a large quantity of louis d'ors rolled out upon the table.

Louis looked first at the immense wealth before him, then at his visitor; again at the gold and notes; and so on, alternately, about half a dozen times, ere he found himself capable of uttering even an exclamation of surprise. And, each time his eyes rested upon the stranger's countenance, he discerned some new charm of feature and expression; and he at length decided that he had never before seen so

perfectly elegant, agreeable, interesting, well-bred, and accomplished a gentleman; and wondered how he could for an instant have considered him a *plain* man.

"It's always the way," observed the gentleman in black; "strangers think me anything but handsome: yet, as we get more intimate, my society becomes more and more agreeable; so that at last my friends are ever endeavouring to imitate me in all their actions and pursuits: but you'll know more about that bye and bye."

Poor Louis had by this time made up his mind that his visitor was no other than his Infernal Majesty; and would instantly have made application to his patron saint, and as many more as he could recollect the titles of, without looking into his calendar, upon the subject, had it not been for the dazzling gold, which he somehow instinctively apprehended would vanish from his sight at the sound of their names. If he had said his *pater noster* that morning, what now lay before him was not, most assuredly, the sort of temptation from which he would have dreamed of imploring deliverance. The dark, middle-aged gentleman saw the gold "enter into his soul," and let it work its way in silence for a short time, watching his victim's countenance, and ever and anon looking disconcerted, as the youth's guardian angel seemed to be whispering in his ear.

"Well, Monsieur le Baron!" ejaculated he at length, "perhaps the *trifle* you see on the table may be of some little service to you?"

"I am no Baron," observed Louis.

"So much the worse."

"I know that well enough," rejoined Louis, testily, and heaved a sigh as he thought of the fair Emilie, and her most perpendicular father, the Comte de Tien a la Cour.

"It's your own fault," continued the gentleman in black, bustling up to the table, and opening a paper; "you have but to sign this document, and what you see on the table is but a trifle when compared with the riches you may command; besides uninterrupted health, and, indeed, whatever you wish for; since money, you know, my dear friend, carries all before it."

"And pray, sir," asked Louis, influenced, as he afterwards declared, *merely* by curiosity, but determined not to sign the paper upon *any* terms, "what may be the contents of that document?"

"A mere *bagatelle;* look it over yourself. Only to sin

for a *single* second this year, two seconds the next; to double it the third, and so on with each succeeding year. I say the penalty amounts, in fact, to nothing; for the truth is, you will sin for a much longer period annually, if you do not sign it, to say nothing of the crimes which poverty and desperation may drive you to commit." So saying, he threw the paper carelessly towards poor Louis, and betook himself to his blackguard, with due gentlemanly *nonchalance*.

The youth read—"Sin for a second in the first year, two seconds the second," then looked at the gold. "Let me see," said he, calculating; "that will be four seconds the third year—eight seconds the fourth—sixteen seconds the fifth—thirty-two seconds the sixth, and"——

"Exactly so," said the gentleman in black, interrupting him; "that is about a minute in the course of the whole six years. And, beside, you'll observe a clause, by which all the sins you have committed before, and all that you may in future commit, over and above the stipulated agreement, will be taken into account. So that you see, not even a hermit need live more immaculately."

"I must confess you are very liberal," observed young Desonges, doubtingly.

"You'll always find me liberal," said the other, handing a pen across the table.

"Stop! stop! Let me read the whole paper first."

"Oh, by all means! You'll find all correctly expressed."

Louis ascertained the manner in which he was to obtain daily supplies of money, so long as the stipulations in the contract were fulfilled;—"*any* amount" was specified—he had committed sins enough already, he well knew, to wipe off the score for many years to come, to say nothing of those which, in the common course of events, must of necessity ensue. The dream of unlimited riches, and unchecked and unbounded pleasure, was intoxicating; but yet a something he knew not how to define, prompted him to hesitate. At this critical juncture, a noise arose in the anti-room. There was a war of words, amid which was heard the voice of a *marchand tailleur*, (from whose *magasin* poor Louis had been supplied with divers *habits*, *redingottes*, *gilets*, &c., &c., for which payment had been oft and again demanded, and ever in vain,) loudly pre-eminent. Threat had succeeded threat, and matters were now approaching to a crisis

"How much does the fellow want?" asked the gentleman in black.

"Three thousand livres," replied Louis.

"Pshaw! an insignificant trifle; call him in and pay him—merely to get rid of his impertinence. There—throw your capote over the rest of the money—there are five thousand."

"Your generosity overpowers me," exclaimed the astonished Louis, taking up the pen. "There, sir, I have signed the paper."

"Good! (reading) 'Louis Desonges,'—perfectly correct; and there, my good friend, is the counterpart, signed by myself: it's a singular hand; perhaps you may not be able to decipher it: indeed, my signature is frequently, I have been told, taken for that of some of your great men. But no matter; if it answers their purpose I believe they don't care much for that; nor I either, to tell you the truth. However, I must be off, having a little business just now to transact in London."

"Stop, my dear sir," exclaimed Louis, whose fancy, being now relieved from the terrors of a jail, was once more on the *qui vive*. "You promised me the recipe for that perfume. We must not forget the ladies. There's poor Adele suffers sadly from the head-ache;—and the lovely Comtesse—and"——

"Ah!—I know what you would say," replied the gentleman in black, interrupting him, and taking a black-edged paper from the bundle, which he had again tied up with black tape; "they are almost all fond of such things. There—you will find what they will think inestimable recipes for perfumes, patches, rouge, distilled waters, and all that sort of thing. I am the original inventor of them all."

"The devil you are!" exclaimed Louis.

"Precisely so. And, let me tell you, I've derived no little advantage therefrom. Not that I began to introduce them with that intent; for, to say the truth, I had not then become so well acquainted with the follies and infatuation of mankind: but, the fact is, I hate to see a lovely woman in her own undisguised charms and beauty. She always reminds me of angels, whose existence I am anxious to forget. Some among you, who have not yet adopted the use of my nostrums, still preserve the form of beings whom I once saw in the presence of ONE whom I dare not name."

This allusion recalled poor Louis to his senses. He

shuddered at the bare recollection of what he had done; and, clasping his hands together, lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and fervently ejaculated, "*Oh! mon Dieu!*"

When he turned to look for his sable companion, he was gone. If he had been allowed time for reflection, his thoughts would have been most painful; but a violent knocking at the door helped to awaken him from his dream. The door burst open, and in stalked the identical tailor, whose *entrée* had been announced with so much clamour. Louis had, almost unconsciously, pocketed the five thousand livres, and, his capote concealing the rest of his riches, the scene appeared, to the tailor's eye, as denuded and poverty-stricken as usual. A young Frenchman (particularly if in Paris) flies from grave to gay, with more volatility than any other mortal; and Louis, having no fear of the law now before his eyes, threw himself back in his chair, and, with an air of gay defiance, demanded the intruder's business.

"Look ye, Monsieur," replied the man of 'shreds and patches,' "my mind is made up; I have two officers in the next room. I know where you were last night, throwing away my money at *rouge et noir*, among a parcel of *demi-soldes* and *pauvre diables*."

"Never mind, Snip," said Louis, laughing; "good luck must come at last, if we do but persevere."

"What! and you dare to insult me, too!" ejaculated the enraged tailor. "Come in, my friends, and do your duty. There is your prisoner."

The officers advanced, like automata, mechanically bowing to our hero, ere they made him captive. The tailor at this moment took hold of the capote, and was in the act of lifting it up, and exclaiming how much it had cost him, when his attention was arrested by the sight of a small portion only of Louis's wealth; but sufficient to change entirely the character of his countenance and tone. He let the capote drop, and fell back against the wall, with looks of almost reverential awe and dismay, stammering a thousand apologies.

"If you've made out your bill, sir," said Louis, in a most dignified style, "write a receipt." Then, throwing a Louis to each of the officers, he continued—"Pray, gentlemen, accept that trifle for the trouble this fool of a *bourgeois* has occasioned you. I wished only to make him wait a little while for his money, as a punishment for his impertinence, and the infamous manner in which he has frequently made my clothes, and kept me waiting till the last moment, when

G.Cr
THOMPSON

I was going to a party." They bowed—looked at each other—bowed again;—and, bowing, retreated backward, as though from the presence of majesty, till the door was safely gained. The tailor advanced, in the same lowly attitude; wrote the *acquit*, as well as he was able; made another humble apology; received his money, and bowed himself backward, after his *quondam* associates.

Left to himself, Louis hummed a tune from the last new opera; reflected that what was done could not be undone; and concluded it was, therefore, not worth while to reflect at all. To keep all clear for next year, he resolved to go and commit his moment of sin immediately. Where he went, or what he did, has not been recorded, but it is most certain that there was no complaint of his not having duly fulfilled his contract for many years afterward.

About the same time that this adventure occurred to Louis Desonges, at Paris, there was a young gentleman in the city of London, whose father, dying, left behind him a considerable sum of ready money, beside a flourishing West India trade, by strict attention to which his fortune had been amassed. Charles Maxwell was just of age. He had received a good education, in the first place, from his father, and afterwards a very handsome allowance, by which he was enabled to keep what is called good society, whilst the old gentleman stuck close to the counting-house and the Exchange, and kept " all right."

But when he died, his son, taking a wider range, neglected the business, and left the whole of his mercantile affairs to his clerks; and the consequence was, that in less than two years he was on the eve of figuring in the Gazette.

At this critical juncture, too, he had fallen in love; a contingency which, if it had occurred somewhat earlier, might possibly have made him more careful of his own concerns, and saved him from the temptation which awaited him. In sad and sober mood, he sat occupied in a manner to which he had been but little accustomed, namely, in melancholy contemplation, in his own private counting-house, when the gentleman, of whom we have already spoken, suddenly made his appearance, with his black coat, waistcoat, inexpressibles, and stockings, black cloak, black bag, black-edged papers, tied with black tape, black smelling-bottle, snuff-box and blackguard, in the same style as when he visited the poor law student at Paris, not forgetting the *needful* black pocket-book, and long elastic black silk purse.

A similar scene took place to that which befell the young Frenchman, excepting that Charles Maxwell's decision was accelerated by the arrival of a lot of "returned acceptances," in lieu of one long tailor's bill. It were hard to say whether the English or the French gentleman was most elated by his sudden accumulation of wealth, and unexpected escape from disgrace.

One dreamed of horses, dogs, wines, houses, &c. &c.; the other, of operas, dancers, *rouge et noir*, titles, &c., &c. One resolved to forsake the counting-house; the other resolved to forsake the law; thereby clearly evincing that the heart of neither was engaged in the pursuit for which he had been destined—a fact which, perhaps, it would have been better if their parents could have ascertained, ere they had

> "Bound them to that oar,
> Which thousands, once lash'd fast to, quit no more."

When the bargain was concluded between young Charles and his new ally, he politely asked him to stay and dine with him. "Excuse the liberty I take"—and he rang the bell, which was immediately answered by a footman. Dinner was ordered, and a wondering clerk despatched to his no less wondering bankers, with the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, and a verbal message, that he had received their note, and should not trouble them for the "discounts" mentioned yesterday. A dinner, *tête-à-tête*, passed off delightfully between the new acquaintances. The gentleman in black drank his wine freely; and, bottle after bottle of the old *supernaculum* appeared and disappeared with marvellous celerity. Charles talked of what he would do, and where he would go; and how he would astonish the natives, and purchase an estate in the country, and buy himself into parliament; whereat the dark gentleman gave a singular proof of his satisfaction, which, had it not been that "wine worketh wonders," would probably have broken up their party.

"What is that moving and rustling about behind you, under your cloak?" exclaimed Charles, gazing stupidly, as a drunken man often does when staring at something going on before him which he cannot exactly understand.

"Oh! it's only my tail, which I'm wagging," replied his guest; "it's a way *we* have, whenever we are *very* much pleased."

"Oho! old gentleman!" observed Charles, "then you

enjoy yourself, eh? you take my jokes, eh? you're a bit of a wag, eh?"

"Yes," drily replied his companion, "I wag my tail."

"It's monstrously droll," added Charles, hiccupping; "but the fact is, my comical, old Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, we have many ways, almost as whimsical, among ourselves."

"If you object to my custom"—— said the gentleman of the black rustling cloak, bowing politely—

"Oh, by no means," replied Charles, "sport your opossum as you please; only, none of your long t-a-l-e-s. Ha! ha! A devilish pleasant conceit! is it not, old boy? come, fill your glass. I always hated *long* stories; don't you?"

"Why, not precisely so," answered the other, filling his glass; "for the fact is, that I invented them."

About this time it was, that Charles's speech began to announce that he was "overtaken;" and he never could remember how or when he and his sable ally parted. Something there was floating in his recollection next morning, about having been in the streets, and of a row; and a sort of a mill; but the particulars he could not recall. The black smelling-bottle, in the black ebony case, instantly dispersed the unpleasant effects of his late debauch; but it was not intended to enable him to reflect clearly on the past.

The next morning he paced his room, after breakfast, endeavouring to settle within his own mind some plan of operation, by which he might reap the most perfect enjoyment from the golden harvest before him. From this revery he was aroused by the entrance of his late father's confidential clerk, with an arm-full and a bag-full of papers. Charles noticed the honest anxiety expressed in his countenance, and at once resolved to make him happy.

"Take a seat, Mr. Ledger," said he; "I wished to see you on business."

"Indeed, sir!" ejaculated the astonished clerk.

"Yes, indeed!" repeated Charles, seating himself at the table, "for I'm off to Melton in an hour."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Ledger, imploringly, "let me entreat you. The supply you obtained yesterday was most providential. I am delighted that you have *yet* such friends left: but it must be repaid, and the concerns of the house are, I am sorry to say"——

"Confound the concerns of the house!" exclaimed Charles.

"What do I hear?" ejaculated Ledger; "alas! alas! my dear sir, they are already confounded. And yet, if we

could but obtain assistance for a few months only, and you would leave off drawing such heavy bills on your private account"——

"What, then," asked Charles, "do you really think such a beggarly concern worth carrying on?"

"Beggarly, sir!" said Ledger, rising from his seat, and all the blood in his body apparently rushing to his face; "sir! if any other person had dared——; but you are *his* son—— Oh! that I should live to see the day! My poor dear master! no man named him but with respect.

Here the poor fellow was utterly overpowered, and, sinking, exhausted, on the chair, sobbed like a child. Charles caught the infection, and looked at his father's humble friend, with feelings far different from those which the money now at his command was intended by the donor to produce. He certainly was not, at that moment, committing his stipulated *quantum* of sin.

"Mr. Ledger," said he, at length, "I most earnestly entreat your pardon for having trifled with your feelings; but the fact is, I have made up my mind"——

"Oh, don't say so, my dear sir," said the clerk, interrupting him, from dread of the termination of his sentence: "just look over these papers—and, if the loan you obtained so miraculously can be continued but for a few months, and you will only—in moderation—sir—pray don't take my freedom amiss—we may still go on—and the profits are—have been—will be, I pledge my word—ample—more than sufficient for all that any gentleman could—that is, ought—don't be offended, I entreat you, sir."

"Not I," replied Charles; "I'm glad to hear you give so good an account of the concern, as you call it. For my own part, it is no concern of *mine now*. If you think it worth your acceptance, take it and welcome. As for me, thank God—no—I don't exactly mean that—but the fact is, I can do very well without it."

Poor Ledger's eyes and mouth were wide open, though he doubted much if that could be case with his ears: but the reader shall not be troubled with an attempt to describe his feelings. Suffice it to say, that he would not accept more than a small share of the profits, the remainder to be duly carried to the credit side of his young master's account in the "private ledger." As a matter of course, he was to manage the whole affair as he thought fit; and, as a matter of course with Charles Maxwell, he troubled him not with any more

large drafts, nor asked for a farthing of the profits; all which surprised and perplexed Mr. Ledger, who endeavoured to account for the circumstance, by supposing that the young man had discovered some stock which his late father had privately invested, or that some mining shares, which had been put by as worthless, had turned up trumps; or that he had got a prize in the lottery, or—in short he could not exactly make it out. So he dipped his pen in the inkstand, and stuck to his desk; consoling himself with the reflection, that he was preparing a haven in which his young master and benefactor might find shelter, whenever he should be driven in by the storm.

It has been already stated, that Charles Maxwell was in love, and stated too upon his own authority. He said so, he thought so—and yet, when riches poured in upon him as a flood, he went to Melton first—then came to London, and

> Ran each extreme of folly through,
> And lived with half the town,

yet never allowed his mind to dwell upon the charms of Clara Haultaught, the old Admiral's daughter, with whom he had danced and fallen in love, all in the regular way, at a Leicester "county" ball. The fact is, he had no time, for men of pleasure never have, "provided always," as the lawyers have it, that they are provided always with money and health. When either of these fall short, your mere men of pleasure are sad twaddlers, and have time enough to weary themselves and their friends by all manner of wearisome ways, and ill-supported pretensions. Which position, should any reader doubt, let him go to Bath and learn wisdom.

To travel abroad gives a man an air, say some folks; and Charles Maxwell went off, therefore, to breathe and bring home some foreign air. Here it may be as well to observe, by way of avoiding difficulties hereafter, that the time of which we write was some year or two before *the* Revolution, so called, as the French say, *par excellence*, because it was the vilest, the most sanguinary, and the most fearful and extensive in its consequences, of any on the records of either ancient or modern history. The reader need scarcely be told it is the French revolution of 1790, to which we allude.

Charles, of course, went first to Paris, and there, almost of course, became acquainted with Louis Desonges; for it was

barely possible that two young men, possessing the unlimited command of money, however different might be their habits, should not come into contact when pursuing some of the innumerable follies and pleasures of that most foolish and pleasurable metropolis.

When an Englishman is in Paris, whatever may be his natural taste or propensity, he must see everything; and, with this laudable spirit of inquiry, Charles Maxwell betook himself to a notorious gambling-house, though he had not the smallest taste for such amusements. Louis Desonges happened to be there at the time, and was interesting himself as much in the game as a man could possibly do, to whom it was perfectly immaterial whether he lost or won. The air of gaiety and *nonchalance* with which he paid several heavy losses, attracted the Englishman's attention, and, after a few minutes, they betted together, won, lost, paid and received immense sums, with such utter carelessness and good humour, as astonished each other, and made the by-standers imagine that their bets were fictitious, and made for some sinister, though (strange to say, among Parisian adepts) undiscernible purpose. Under this impression all play was at a stand; and Charles, after exchanging cards with his new friend, walked off with bills to the amount of about two million and a half of livres; that is, in English money, about a hundred thousand pounds, leaving his antagonist without the smallest symptom of *desespoir*, so common to all, but more particularly to French gamesters. The next morning Charles felt, that, notwithstanding the young Frenchman's gaiety and admirable presence of mind the preceding night, the loss of such a sum must be his utter ruin; and, therefore, with the most philanthropic intention of restoring his winnings by making some foolish bet, he ordered his coachman to drive to the Rue de l'Université, where he found the young gambler at home, in his own most splendid hotel. The whole affair—lamps—silken curtains, sofas, and chairs—the silken silence of the servants—statues—paintings—books in the most splendid bindings ranged in battalia, while some half dozen were thrown carelessly on the floor, like the most exquisitely dressed among the brave, after an engagement—all—all—breathed of wealth. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Charles, "and *I*, for the gratification of a mere whim—for *I* have not the excuse of *other* men—have perhaps destroyed this young man's happiness for ever—his father's grey hairs—his poor portionless sisters—thrown, like young unfledged

birds, from the genial warmth of their parent's downy nest, upon the sharp rocks of this world, while the bleak winds of adversity"——

The entrance of Louis Desonges here saved him the trouble of completing his picture. Not a vestige of nocturnal, involuntary vigilance, shaded his handsome and intelligent countenance. His eye sparkled with pleasure at the sight of his new acquaintance, but it was unclouded by the unsteady brow that rises and falls, and *will* tell, as if in spite of its owner, how the gamester's heart throbs, and warms, and grows cold. The fact was, Louis saw before him a rich young Englishman—a character with which he had long wished to be acquainted; but, from their habitual reserve, (such, be it remembered, was *then* our national character,) had ever been foiled in the attempt. He rushed across the room, and warmly shook Charles by the hand.

"He estimates my motive for coming," thought the latter; "'tis well!"

"Have you breakfasted, so early?" asked Louis, gaily.

"No, my good sir," was the reply; "the fact is, that my mind was somewhat uneasy about the affair of last night. You excuse my bluntness, I trust, but we English"——

"Are strange fellows; I've always understood so. I want to see more of you;—*allons à dejeuner!*—Ho! Auguste! Roderique!—Who waits there?—Is breakfast ready?"

Our heroes were ushered, by a *petit-maitre* out of livery, through a suite of rooms, adorned with an inattention to expense, truly wonderful, until they arrived at a saloon, opening into a garden, from whence the perfumed air, and the light of heaven, were scientifically allowed admittance through verandas, Venetian blinds, lace and muslin curtains, &c. &c. In brief, all was *superbe et magnifique*.

"Are you yet Frenchman enough to take our light wines at breakfast?" asked Louis, as soon as they were seated.

"When we are at Rome"—— replied Charles.

"Precisely so," said Louis; "it's my way."

"He has not lost his appetite," thought Charles.

"You don't eat, my dear sir," observed Louis;—"allow me——my cook is generally thought to excel. Are these kidneys in Champagne, Pierre?"

"*Oui, Monsieur!*" replied a powdered lackey, making a low obeisance. Louis recommended, and Charles ate; and Charles recommended, and Louis drank; neither caring

about their health, which was secured to them by their mutual friend; and each possessing, unknown to the other, a wonderful black cut-glass bottle, in a black ebony case. Charles's motive was to make the young Frenchman drunk, and then to return him his money, and make him believe he had won it: while Louis, having now caught a rich young Englishman in his own house, was determined to understand the real character of the nation to which he belonged; and, *imprimis*, to ascertain how much one of them could eat and drink at a *dejeuné à la fourchette*.

The champagne sparkled and disappeared, and Charles found courage to allude to the affair of the preceding evening. Louis smiled, and said it was nothing.

"Pardon me, my dear sir," observed Charles, drawing his chair closer; "such a sum must be something to anybody."

"Don't mention it," said Louis; "I shall never miss it; and am glad it has fallen into such hands as your's."

"I'll bet you double the sum, it's more than you are now worth in the world," said Charles, bluntly, after swallowing a half-pint bumper.

"Done!" exclaimed Louis.

"Done!" replied Charles. The servants were ordered out of the room; and Louis, going to a *secretaire*, which stood in a recess, returned immediately, and threw more than the needful amount upon the table. Charles was astonished, and was about to pay, when a sudden thought struck him, and he hesitated.

"Never mind," said Louis, "pay me when you like; or never: it is of no consequence."

"On *honour*, let me ask," said Charles, "is that pile of gold your own?"

"It is," replied Louis; "I have made it a rule never to feel offended at any remarks a loser may make. There's my hand, and my honour pledged. Few can bear to lose so well as I can. Indeed, it would be strange if they could."

"Then it only remains for me to pay," observed Charles, calmly; and he took out his black morocco leather pocket-book for that purpose, while Louis replaced the money which he had taken from the *secretaire*, and brought from thence a certain specific for the dizziness which he found collecting in his head.

"I believe you'll find all right," said Charles.

" No doubt," replied the other, carelessly; " but I'd rather you should have won, by Saint Louis!" He then thought within himself—" I've heard much of English riches and prodigality, but this surpasses all I could have imagined:" and he applied the nostrum to his nose.

What do I see?" cried Charles, feeling that his own lay safely at the bottom of his pocket. " Where did you get that bottle?"

" It was given to me by a——a——friend. I'll bet you double that sum upon the table, that there is not it's fellow in France." " Done," and " Done," said each; and Charles produced his black bottle. They were examined, compared, and smelt to.

" I have lost," said Louis; " it's very odd;" and went again to the inexhaustible *escretoire* for payment. Charles rolled the mass of papers together, and squeezed them into the black morocco pocket-book aforesaid, which caught the eye of Louis, and caused him, in his turn, to exclaim, " Where did you get that black morocco book?"

" Where I got this black elastic silk purse," replied Charles; beginning to haul out his riches, as sailors do a cable. The secret was out. The two unfortunate young men snuffed up the contents of their two black cut-glass bottles, in two black ebony cases, till their heads were cleared from the effects of the wine, and then sat themselves down to compare notes, and swear an everlasting friendship.

" Do you know what to do with that money on the table?" asked Louis, as they were going out; " you know *that* was no part of your compact, and, consequently, will not vanish at night, as that which is left out of what we demand during the day always does. That sum you won from me; and, when it changes hands, you know"——

" A good idea!" exclaimed Charles; " it's the only money I ever won at play, and I didn't consider the difference. I see no reason why we should spare our dark acquaintance. Let me see!—Oh! I have it. Excuse me, I'll only write a few lines, and send off the packet directly." Accordingly, he indicted the first letter of business with which he had ever troubled Mr. Ledger, and enclosed therein nearly five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

CHAPTER II.

At the moment when Charles had folded up the letter to Mr. Ledger, a servant in livery opened the door, and stood respectfully bowing, as though waiting his master's commands.

"What the devil brings you here?" asked Louis.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, bending almost to the ground, "I thought you rang."

"Not I," replied Louis, "so take yourself off."

"Perhaps," observed the party-coloured gentleman, as he sidled obsequiously towards Charles, "Monsieur might have"——

"Oh, ah! very true," Charles observed, carelessly; "with your leave, my dear sir, I'll get your man to take this letter to the post."

The footman bowed, and was in the act of receiving the letter from Charles, when Louis suddenly started up, and knocked it out of his hand, exclaiming, "You abominable old rascal! Take up the letter, Maxwell, and put it into your pocket. And now, look at this long-tailed, periwigged, powdered fellow, and say if you have ever seen him before."

Charles instantly recognized his friend, *autrefois* in black, and joined Louis in violent invectives against such sneaking, unhandsome, ungentleman-like conduct; whereat the aforesaid gentleman declared that he considered himself extremely ill-used by the appropriation of such a sum to the service of Mr. Ledger, a person with whom he had no sort of acquaintance or concern. The young friends were, however, too much elated at the idea of having outwitted the old fellow, to give way an inch; and he, unwilling to quarrel with two such promising youths, forbore to press the matter. They, therefore, sat down together in friendly chat; and he expressed a hope that their wishes had been complied with, and that all had gone on pleasantly, and according to the strict letter of the compact. "If not," he continued, "let me know, now I am here, and I will see to it—as my servants do not always act precisely as I could wish, during my absence."

"Then they are somewhat like ours," said Louis; "there's always something left undone about my place, though I keep so many that I don't know the faces of half of them.

It's the greatest wonder in the world that I looked at yours."

"You cannot keep too many," replied the middle-aged gentleman; "I like people to keep plenty of livery servants; let them live well, have high wages, and but little to do. That's the proper style, sir, for me; I"——

"By the way," said Louis, "talking of livery servants—let me tell you, that I do not think it is altogether decorous for you to be *sitting* here, talking to two gentlemen, in such a dress as you now wear."

"Precisely so," replied the old gentleman; "as you justly observe, it is hardly correct, and so"—— and, rising up, he stood awhile upon one leg, and began to move round thereon, in a sort of pirouette, first slowly, and then gradually increasing in velocity, until no part of the man was completely visible: then, the spinning as gradually subsided, till, by degrees, there appeared, to the wondering friends, the identical black Geneva cloak, black bag, coat, waistcoat, &c., &c., which had formerly rivetted their attention: and, forthwith, their sable friend sprang over the back of a chair, and seated himself therein, with the most perfect and gentlemanly *nonchalance*.

"Bravo! bravo! well done, old boy!" exclaimed Louis. "I wish you'd give some of our opera dancers a lesson."

"I have," replied the gentleman in black.

"Good," said Charles; "I believe you. But you must be fatigued after your exertion; won't you take some refreshment?"

"With much pleasure," answered he of the sables. "Come," and he helped himself to a half-pint bumper of champagne, "let us take a friendly glass together. This buries all animosities. I couldn't help feeling a little sore at the idea of a man of business—a plodding, humdrum sort of fellow, having that money; I like your idle, careless, negligent, or dashing sort of fellows best. But never mind; perhaps it may lead him to speculate. Allow me—you don't help yourself—there—I like your English fashion of drinking best. Come, sir, the bottle stands with you."

"What in the world are you thinking about?" said Charles; "it is scarcely one o'clock! Nobody thinks of drinking at such an hour."

"What signifies what other people think?" replied the gentleman of the black bottle; "I am particularly partial to

the custom of drinking early in the day. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the present fashion of fasting all day, and then dining at what used to be the cheerful supper hour. Pshaw! You take about half a dozen glasses of wine; and then, just at the instant you begin to enjoy yourself, coffee is announced, and you creep off to bed. Now, my dear sir—but come, fill your glasses, my dear fellows! Just, for once, oblige me. I am really excessively thirsty; and, on honour, M. Le Baron, considering that I am now your guest, and that *your* country fashions are not decidedly against the custom; and, moreover, as French *politesse* is proverbial among all the nations of the earth, I trust *you* will not object."

"Excellently urged," observed Charles Maxwell, who began somewhat to enjoy the whim of the thing; "*allons*, my dear friend, allow the old fellow to indulge his odd humours for once. It can't be of much consequence. What need *we* to care for appearances, and what other people think?"

"Truly," replied Louis, "I know not why, indeed."

"Then, sir," said the gentleman in black, who now assumed a generalship over a range of black bottles which he had summoned into the room, "we will begin our sitting. In the first place, I beg to observe that, as wine makes a man happy, the earlier he begins to drink after he rises, the more happiness falls to his lot, as he has then all the day before him, to be enjoyed in high spirits, and an utter emancipation from care, and that abominable nuisance, called thought. So here goes! my dear boys. Excuse me—empty your glass—I'm a great stickler for forms in drinking. No day-light in the first instance, and no heel-taps in the second. That's my way. Hem! Perhaps I may have seemed somewhat prolix on this occasion; but, the fact is, I cannot endure to see a man pass the bottle. It is, in my opinion, the *acme*, or rather, perhaps, the *bathos* of low and ill breeding. If there be anything more ungentlemanlike, it is the conduct of a president who suffers anything of the sort, without inflicting bumper fines."

"Upon my word, sir," said Charles, "you are become very arbitrary."

"Perhaps it may appear so," replied the gentleman in black; "at all events, I have talked more than is my wont. But I hope never to see the day when it shall be considered

rude to press a gentleman to take his wine. Monsieur Desonges, the bottle stands with you, and you are wanted. What in the world are you thinking about?"

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen!" exclaimed Louis, "I was up late last night, and really"——

"Pshaw!" said the gentleman in black, "you are half asleep—here—take a pinch of my genuine—it will rouse you;" then, handing his blackguard to the Frenchman, he whispered in Charles's ear, "These Monsieurs are poor creatures, when compared with you English. And then their wines—what are they? The flavour is very well, to be sure: but, by all that's dusky! one might drink a hogshead, for any effect it would have on such heads as your's and mine. No, my dear sir, there's nothing like your English port, black and strong—eh?"

"I don't like that snuff," said Louis, returning the box; "blackguard does not exactly suit me."

"Then try this," quoth he of the black Geneva cloak, taking from his pocket a curiously carved "sneezer," made from Vesuvian lava. "It is a mixture which I have lately introduced, and which appears likely to become a favourite among your rising men, though the old courtiers think it somewhat too strong."

Louis, after a violent fit of sneezing, exclaimed, "Strong indeed!"

"It seems well calculated," observed Charles, "to prevent a man from going to sleep."

"Precisely so," replied the gentleman in black; "it is a mixture of Paris black rappee and hellebore, and just now in great request among the deputies here."

The trio now "set in" for a regular drinking-bout, in which it is almost unnecessary to say, the gentleman in black was too much for the two young men. As usual on such occasions, they came to high words, and Charles flatly accused the president of a breach of promise.

"It is of no use to contradict me," said he; "I remember your words as plainly as possible—as though it were but yesterday. We were taking our wine after dinner, when you dined with me in the City, and you appeared highly pleased with the flavour of a bin which I called my *supernaculum;* and you promised, I'll take my oath of it!"

"I beg you will do nothing of the sort," ejaculated the gentleman in black; "I particularly object to such customs—besides, among gentlemen, they cannot be necessary And,

now I think of it, I seem to have some faint recollection—but, you know, we took a great deal of wine that day, and, perhaps——but, I beg your pardon, the bottle stands with you."

"I see your drift," said Charles, filling his glass boldly, "but allow me to tell you, old boy, that, if we were to sit here from this time till to-morrow, I'll not be driven from the point. You did, then and there, faithfully promise me, that one bin in my cellar should always be filled with that identical sort of wine."

"Sir," replied the gentleman in black, "I now perfectly recollect the circumstance, and feel perfectly astonished at your having any cause of complaint, as I gave the necessary orders to a London wine-merchant, with whom I have long been on terms of intimacy. Our transactions together have been numerous, and generally conducted in a manner perfectly satisfactory to both parties."

"My dear sir," said Charles, "the wine was no more like my *old supernaculum*, than you are like my grandmother."

"Bah!" replied the gentleman in black, "was your wine old?"

"Certainly it was," Charles answered, "very old; I know not how old; and, yet, full of body and flavour;—you *must* remember it."

"Then, sir," calmly observed the gentleman in black, "the case is completely altered, and you have no right to complain. The bin, it seems, has been filled according to agreement. But you, my dear sir, as an Englishman and a wine-drinker—the bottle stands with you—you must be perfectly aware that it is utterly out of even my power, to make new wine taste like old."

Somewhat of the same sort was ungallantly said by the gentleman in black, respecting the knowledge of ladies' minds and tastes, when defending himself against a charge made by Louis, concerning the non-fulfilment of some promises, made to him, of success in certain adventures of the heart. Our two heroes, indeed, could not fail to observe, that there was a peculiar acerbity and testiness about their elderly friend, whenever ladies were the topic of conversation. They, therefore, purposely introduced the subject of matrimony; whereupon his saturnine complexion assumed a hue many degrees dingier than usual. He uttered a violent philippic against the married life in general, and then went

into a lamentation concerning the extreme folly of certain of his own friends in particular, who, instead of enjoying themselves and the various pleasures which had previously been at their disposal, had foolishly become heads of families; "and now," he continued, "they live in the most miserable hum-drum way you can conceive, canting about virtue, and domestic duties, and such nonsense. I assure you the circumstance gives me an infinite deal of uneasiness. I have represented the thing to your Chambers here, and have some hopes—but, I beg your pardon, the bottle stands with you—I have some hopes that the detestable rite will be abolished in this country. Nothing can be more ridiculous and tyrannical than that, because two people happen to like each other at any particular period, they should, therefore, be compelled to spend all their lives together. It is really the height of absurdity."

"Let us talk of something else," said Charles, whose thoughts were wandering into Leicestershire.

"Pray, old Monsieur Vaubrien," hiccuped Louis, "were you ever in love?"

"Bah!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, "what does that signify? I was never married, I can tell you *that.* Hem! The bottle stands with you."

"And the question stands with you," observed Charles; "what objection can you possibly have to answering it? Do you think it probable that either my friend or I should attempt to rival you, or fall in love with any *chere amie* of yours?"

"Nothing more likely," replied the dark gentleman; and, withal, a sardonic grin, and a certain twinkling about the eyes, gave a peculiar expression of vivacity to the speaker's countenance, as he continued, ever and anon, helping himself to a pinch of blackguard; "nothing is more probable. But, my dear fellows, don't imagine that I can possibly be jealous. I have not the smallest objection, I assure you—nay, on the contrary, it would afford me the greatest imaginable delight, if it were only to see what sort of figure you would make. I jealous, indeed!—Ha! ha! ha!—I like the idea exceedingly!—I jealous!—Ha! ha! ha!" and the dingy old beau looked round him with a most superb expression of self-conceit.

"Why, you abominable old hoary compound of vanity!" exclaimed Louis, "you don't mean to insinuate that any

lady, to whom it is likely that either of us should pay our devoirs, can possibly have admitted you as a suitor!"

"But indeed, I do," replied the gentleman in black, firmly; "ay, and in this 'our good city of Paris,' too: and, let me tell you, that at this very moment there are more than one or two to whom my society and conversation are more than commonly agreeable."

"Name them!" cried Charles.

"Ay, name, name! Let us come to the point!" ejaculated Louis.

"With all my heart," replied the black boaster, rapping his black rappee and hellebore, "I have no nonsensical squeamish objections on that head. I hate a fellow that hesitates about introducing a lady's name over a glass of wine, among friends. Come! Fill your glasses! Here's a bumper to the lovely, accomplished, and adorable * * * *"

"You infernal old coxcomb!" exclaimed Louis.

"Precisely so," replied the gentleman in black.

"A lady of her rank and beauty!" cried Charles.

"Precisely so," was again the reply. "And now," continued the dark old reprobate, "as my presence is particularly necessary just now in the Palais Royal, and we have taken precisely wine enough, it may be as well to save time; and so"——

Here he stooped down, and fumbled awhile in his black bag, which stood, as usual, between his knees.

"Ah—hem—yes—there they are," and he threw a score cards upon the table, which were immediately seized by the two young men, who forthwith became excessively indignant at the appearance of certain names thereon. But all the reply they could obtain from the gentleman in black was, "Precisely so;" after repeating which, some half dozen times, he politely took leave, kicked his black bag through the window, and jumped after it into the garden.

Now, as to the names of the ladies in question, we can scarcely venture to give an opinion, because the transaction occurred about the time of the Revolution, when divers, even of the fair sex, did enact certain parts which might lead one to suspect that they really had permitted the occasional visits of the gentleman in black. Otherwise we should say that the whole were grossly slandered; inasmuch as it hath come to our knowledge, that the aforesaid personage and his friends

do not scruple to traduce and speak familiarly of ladies, of whom they know little or nothing.

Our own rule, and that which we should recommend to all our readers, is never to give the smallest degree of credit to the inuendoes of such fellows. We utterly disbelieve and despise all their assertions, in consequence of our conviction that the degraded being, who could be guilty of the meanness of boasting of a lady's favour, would not hesitate at inventing lies. Assuredly, such men have been too much in company with the gentleman in black; and we would rather believe them capable of the most abominable falsehoods, than be induced, by their asseverations, to doubt, even for a moment, the propriety of any lady's conduct.

We are sorry to say that our two heroes had not yet attained the same way of thinking. They read and re-read the cards which the dark old rake had left upon the table; and the consequence was, that, for some months, they remained in Paris, and sought for, and found but too easily, introductions to his particular friends, then residing in that city.

Their first exploits, on the day in question, were performed, under the influence of wine, at the Palais Royal, where they, apparently by accident, again encountered the gentleman in black, who politely invited them to attend the meeting of a political club, at which he was to preside that evening: but he did not press them, being well aware how extremely improbable it was that men, who were in pursuit of pleasure, and who had unbounded wealth at their command, would be induced to enter into any engagements likely to expose them to imprisonment and more fatal consequences. He left them, therefore, to their own desires, and was, by no means, displeased with the result. But it is no part of our intended plan to enter into a minute detail of scenes particularly agreeable to him: and, indeed, if we were disposed so to employ our pen, it would be a work of supererogation, seeing that they are already much too well known.

When our heroes left Louis's hotel in the Rue de l'Université, the room in which they had held their symposium with their sable acquaintance, was immediately filled by divers well-dressed lackeys, who expressed no small surprise at the number of empty bottles which were scattered, in all directions,, about the floor. They had not seen the third, and probably the greatest drinker of the party; and Louis's personal valet declared that his master could not

possibly take more than one bottle. They, of course, came to a conclusion that the remaining three dozen and upward must have been consumed by the Englishman. All were struck with astonishment, except an old gascon, who coolly took up a snuff-box, (left, as if by accident. by the gentleman in black,) and remarked, as he gave it the preparatory tap, "Oh! three dozen is nothing for an Englishman! He will take about the same quantity again after dinner, and then begin drinking brandy and water." He might have said more. but was interrupted by a violent fit of sneezing, at the end of which he felt an irresistible propensity to see if there was any wine left upon the table. The Vesuvian snuff-box was handed round, and produced precisely the same effects on all the party; and, in less time than the circumstance takes in relating, they were seated round the table, with a determination of not being outdone by an Englishman. The result was precisely as the gentleman in black intended, when he thought proper to leave his black Paris rappee and hellebore. They settled the affairs of the nation most luxuriously among themselves that evening, and were all turned adrift next morning by their master, in a very fit state to form members of the political club before mentioned, at which the gentleman of the black-edged papers frequently presided.

We have related this trivial occurrence, because it may, probably, in some degree, account for the general mistake into which the French formerly fell, relative to the immense capacity of our wine-bibbing countrymen. We have little doubt that, in most cases, wherein enormous quantities appeared to have been consumed by one or two individuals, the gentleman in black was at their elbow, with his black rappee and hellebore, and probably some of his long tales, and abominable misrepresentations of the fair sex.

CHAPTER III.

Had it been our lot to have related the adventures of our heroes about the time of their occurrence, we should willingly have traced their progress, step by step, among the lions of Paris, and throughout their subsequent continental tour: but *now*, the Louvre, the Jura, the Alps, Venice, the Vatican,

and all the long list of *et ceteras*, are "familiar in our ears as household words;" and the reader would "skip" through the pages containing descriptions thereof, as rapidly as the modern traveller whirls past, in, or over the realities.

It was with some difficulty that Charles succeeded in persuading Louis to accompany him: for the Frenchman is not, like the Englishman, naturally, a travelling animal. Though he has too much politeness to make the affirmation, he is, generally, much of the same way of thinking as the old Greeks and Romans, who considered all nations but their own to be barbarians.

Louis's consent was faintly given to the plan of migration; and some weeks had been spent in delay, after their route was arranged, when the two friends were sitting together one morning at Charley's Hotel, and a servant entered to announce a Mons. Bourreau, who immediately, and without ceremony, entered the room.

There was a coarseness and abrupt familiarity about this person, which, added to his vulgar appearance, excessively annoyed the two young men of pleasure. Charles politely inquired to what cause he might attribute the honour of such a visit.

"It is no honour," replied Bourreau; and Charles bowed in acquiescence. "My visit," continued the other, "is, perhaps, correctly speaking, to Mons. Desonges."

"To me!" exclaimed Louis; "what the devil can you want with me? some unpaid bill, I suppose; you should have applied to my cook, or butler, or coachman, or whoever ordered the things of you. I always give them money for such purposes, at discretion."

"Sir," replied the advocate of liberty and equality—for such he was—notwithstanding his indignant feeling at being mistaken for a tradesman, "I beg you to understand, sir, that I did not come here to be insulted."

"Pshaw!" said Louis, testily, "your business?"

The advocate of liberty and equality hereupon began a speech, which had evidently been composed for the occasion, and was much too prolix for repetition here. He spoke of the heavy burdens borne by the people, the luxury and dissipation of the court and the aristocracy; of the unjust abuse of the rights of man, which were natural, physical, and unalienable; "the law's delay, the insolence of office," and "all the various ills that flesh is heir to;" the whole of which he attributed to improper measures of government;

and at length concluded with a piece of information, which effectually roused Louis from the *ennui* into which he was, in spite of his natural *politesse*, gradually sinking.

"Your very extraordinary expenditure, Monsieur," said Bourreau, "has attracted notice. This, sir, is the age of reason—the people see with the eyes of reason; *we* judge and pronounce sentence on rational principles. Your footsteps have been traced latterly. You invariably lose at the gambling-houses; you are extravagant everywhere, and in debt nowhere; you have no landed estates, nor can we learn that you have any monies at interest. What remains, then, but to come to the conclusion that you are one of the pensioners, which, like locusts, are feeding upon the vitals of the public?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Charles Maxwell; "certainly! he is a sinecurist. Excellent! and me, Monsieur? what do you think of me? I conclude that, having been so much with my friend, I must likewise have subjected myself to your surveillance?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur Anglais," replied Bourreau, "*we* see only with the eye of reason; and your conduct, as well as that of many of your countrymen, cannot be accounted for upon any rational principles whatever."

During the last two minutes Louis had *thought* more, than at any one period since we had the pleasure of introducing him to the reader, when he was sitting, in his solitary, ill-furnished room, in bodily fear of a tailor. He now reflected on the immense sums which he had expended, and in how unworthy a manner; and something like repentance crossed his mind at the miserable and contemptible result. He had attracted the notice of such wretches as Bourreau and his associates! With such resources, what might he not have achieved? His country, the royal family, the government, all—all were in difficulties, perhaps in a perilous situation! Thus thought Louis: and immediately there opened to his mind a brilliant glimpse of what he might yet perform; and good resolutions for the future poured in upon him, in a manner which must have been exceedingly unpleasant to the gentleman in black; for, on the instant, he opened the door and made his appearance, with black cloak, coat, waistcoat, bag, &c., &c., as heretofore.

After bowing politely to our heroes, he addressed himself to the advocate of liberty and equality.

"*Ah! mon cher Bourreau!* this is an agreeable sur-

prise! By all that is fuliginous, I am delighted to meet you this morning! Always upon the alert in the good cause! eh? Stirring betimes, notwithstanding the fatigues of last night! eh? An exquisitely flaming speech that of yours! a most glorious mystification!—' Thoughts that breathe and words that burn!' I could not have done the thing better myself. But, *entre nous*, it was excessively hot—so many people crowded together in that small room; absolutely sulphureous—it was really almost too much for me. But, *ça ira!* we shall have little occasion to hide our heads much longer."

"*Mais doucement! Monsieur Le President!*" exclaimed Bourreau; and he whispered, that our heroes were not among the initiated.

"Excuse me," replied the gentleman in black, speaking out, "these two gentlemen are my particular friends."

"*Diable!*" exclaimed Bourreau.

"Precisely so," said his associate, tapping his snuff-box, and regaling himself from its blackguard contents, with peculiar zest.

"*Est il possible!*" continued Bourreau, with unfeigned astonishment; "and yet you were one of the first to recommend"——

"That Monsieur's hotel should be ransacked," said the gentleman in black. "Precisely so; what have *we* to do with private friendships? You know we have solemnly sworn that they shall not interfere with the public good; and I, as president, am willing to convince you that I'll not stick at trifles for the furtherance of our great cause. Monsieur Desonges," he continued, addressing himself to Louis, "I have the pleasure to inform you that a few of my particular friends are now at your hotel."

"I am concerned to think that I was not at home to receive them," replied Louis.

"It is impossible that they can be there yet," said Bourreau, looking at his watch; "it wants a full hour to the preparatory meeting."

"Excuse me, my dear friend," observed the black president, "for differing from you in opinion; but, the fact is, that I accompanied them myself as far as the door. I seldom go farther on such occasions. When they have once crossed the threshold, I can trust them to act for themselves."

Monsieur Bourreau instantly seized his hat, pleaded a most important engagement, which he had almost forgotten,

and took leave, with the same abruptness with which he had made his *entré*.

Immediately his back was turned, the gentleman in black coolly observed, "That fellow came with the intention of frightening you out of some money. However, he'll be in time for the scramble."

"What scramble?" inquired Louis.

"At your hotel," was the reply. "Those fellows, of whom I was speaking, are now hard at work, drinking, and breaking up your furniture most charmingly, and ransacking every corner, in hopes to find the proofs of your connexion with the court. Bah! what makes you seem so much alarmed? The loss of a house can be of no consequence to you."

"The devil take the house," exclaimed Louis.

"Precisely so," observed the gentleman in black; "that would be quite correct."

"I must go there instantly," said the young Frenchman, "or those friends of yours will get possession of some—some documents, which I would not, for the world—Maxwell, my dear fellow! order out one of your carriages directly!"

"As you please," quoth the dark elderly gentleman; "however, if you have not an absolute desire to figure away *à la lanterne*, I should recommend you to drive in a contrary direction."

"Your advice may be very prudent," replied Louis, "but, as a man of honour, I cannot suffer those—certain letters, from individuals of the highest respectability, to fall into the hands of the *canaille*."

"Pshaw!" observed the gentleman with the black bag, wherein he immediately began rummaging; "pshaw! phoo! bagatelles! billet-doux! mere circulars! I know what you mean. Hem! ha"—and he untied the black tape which bound a pretty considerable number of notes and letters together; "ah—there—just like these." He then opened about half a score, and threw them across the table. "I mean to give them all to a bookseller, whom I have in my eye, and have them published;—I'm sure they'll sell."

"Why, this," cried Louis, "is one of the notes which I locked up this morning in my *escretoire*, from the Comtesse ——!"

"And you *must* have stolen this from my desk! exclaimed Charles; "it is impossible that I should be mistaken in that beautiful handwriting. I'll take my oath"——

"Don't do that," said the dark antique lover; "look at the directions."

"What is this?" asked Charles, reading, 'M. le Duc de ——! M. le Comte!' 'M. le Marquis!' read Louis; 'M. le Baron, Son Altesse!' what does all this mean? Have you been housebreaking round Paris, to collect all these, or are you really capable of personating so many different characters, and making women believe?"——

"Precisely so," replied the gentleman in black; "I hold that stratagems are fair, both in love and war. Indeed, with me, the two sciences are the same, since I always consider women, on whom I cannot make an impression, as the worst and most powerful of my enemies."

"And those with whom you do succeed, seem, methinks, to be treated in a strange manner," said Charles, indignantly. "I really know not in what terms to express my opinion of your conduct, it is so mean, paltry, cowardly, ungentlemanly, unfeeling, dishonourable, cruel"——

"Precisely so," replied the gentleman in black, with perfect *sang froid;* "I do not deny it. But, after all, I believe that, in similar cases, my plan is followed by the generality of mankind. As I said before, love is like war. Does a general, merely because he has taken a town, sit himself down and reside there? Bah! but you've already had my opinion of matrimony; and, as for any other ties—bah! they are preciously ridiculous! Love, you know,

'At sight of human ties,
Flutters his wings, and, in a moment, flies.'

it is a fact, upon my honour!" and here, as though well pleased with the manner in which he had acquitted himself, he had recourse to his Vesuvian repository of black Paris rappee and hellebore.

He was not, however, even by his favourite topic of speaking against the fair sex, to be diverted from the main purport of his visit, which was to drive the two young men from Paris. He was determined on this point, because he perceived, in Louis, a lurking disposition to apply the means, placed at his disposal, in a way which would be excessively unpleasant to his feelings. He, therefore, recited a few anecdotes and resolutions of the then embryo revolutionists, deputies, triumviri, directeurs, republicans, friends of liberty, &c., &c., which were well calculated to shake stronger nerves than were possessed by either of his hearers. The estima-

tion in which Louis had held his billet-doux was much diminished, by the discovery that they were not so unique as he had imagined; and he, as usual in such cases, began to conceive himself excessively ill-used by the inditers. There was, however, a lingering inclination within him, a something which whispered him, not to leave Paris. He could not exactly account for it; for he had not seen the fair Emilie, nor her most perpendicular father, the Comte de Tien a la Cour, for some months.

But the gentleman in black had a certain misgiving, relative to the exact state of his mind; and, therefore, left him not until he had completely bewildered his brain in the mazes and mysteries of politics, and opened to his view a state of things amply sufficient to make any man, of a quiet and pleasure-loving disposition, desire to be "upon the move" from the scene of action.

We have been told that this was the only instance in which the gentleman in black was ever known to take an active part in persuading a young man of fashion and fortune to quit Paris.

To men provided with such black morocco pocket-books, such long black elastic silk purses, such black snuff-boxes, and such black cut glass bottles in such black ebony cases, little preparation was necessary for a journey; therefore, our heroes made up their minds to dine quietly at home, at Charley's Hotel; then to take a farewell lounge round the Palais Royal, and to depart on the following morning.

In the meanwhile, the gentleman in black, ever upon the alert to carry his schemes into effect, had propagated a report among the aristocracy, that Monsieur Desonges, whose house had been attacked by the mob that morning, had previously been handsomely remunerated. That he was, in fact, one of the secret abettors of the disaffected; that his house was purposely furnished in a most extravagant manner; that his cellars were stocked with an immense quantity of the most expensive wines; and, in short, that the whole affair was "got up" for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the *canaille* by a taste of plunder, and leading them to imagine that the whole of the aristocracy were living in a state of similar luxury and extravagance, while they themselves were suffering under the pressure of poverty and want.

Some, indeed, have avowed that this report was not merely a feint, to answer the purposes of the hour; but that the president in black did really excite the populace to

attack Louis's hotel, with the intention of producing such an impression on their minds. Be that as it may, Louis had scarcely entered the *café* which he was wont to patronize, than he was immediately the object of general attention. Expressions of condolence, upon the horrible transaction of the morning, poured in, from various quarters; and, it must be confessed, that the light manner in which the owner of so splendid an hotel treated his loss, tended, not a little, to confirm the suspicion that he had been indemnified.

Little knots of politicians were, consequently, gathered together at all the tables: there was much whispering and shrugging of shoulders; and the subject was discussed with occasional solemnity, and a vehemence certainly quite adequate to its importance.

In the meanwhile, the two friends moved on, nothing doubting—looked in at the theatres—nodded to some half dozen friends, and displayed a perfect ease in their manners, which, under existing circumstances, appeared quite marvellous. It was noticed, however, that they did not enter certain privileged boxes, occupied by well known leaders of fashion and rank, with whom, particularly some of the ladies therein, they were understood to be on good terms. This circumstance was afterwards spoken of as a proof of Louis's defection from the aristocratics, by one party; and, by those on the other side of the question, it was cited as a flagrant instance of aristocratic pride and ingratitude, that, on the very day that a young man was deprived of the means of continuing a monstrous expenditure for their gratification, he was "cut" by the people about the court. The Englishman was, of course, looked upon with an eye of jealousy by politicians of all descriptions.

Though perfectly unconscious of the great sensation which they created, the two friends could not but perceive that, occasionally, an evil eye was upon them; and they were about to go home, to prepare, by rest, for the fatigues of the morrow, when Louis was accosted by a friend of his former humble fortunes, whom he had not seen for many months. On his lips was condolence for the morning's disaster; and there seemed, to Louis, a much deeper feeling in his tone than in any other of the numerous regrets which had met his ear.

"Poor fellow!" said he, whispering to Charles. "It is impossible to tell when we may meet again. I know he is badly off; but I cannot offend him by offering him money:

so, I'll just go and lose a few louis with him." When a man has a desire to throw away a little money, he can generally effect the purpose without much difficulty; and therefore the business was soon settled: but, unfortunately, the transaction took place in the Palais Royal, and was witnessed by divers persons, whose business it was, or who had made it their business, to watch Louis's conduct: and the style in which he played, and the glee with which he lost, were conclusive evidences of the report in circulation against him.

The room in which they sat was, by this time, much thinned of company—there were but one or two stragglers, at odd corners. Charles threw a louis to the ancient *garçon*, and the friends were about to depart, when an herculean member of the *gen-d'armerie* entered the room and formally arrested Louis Desonges in the name of the king.

"On what charge?" exclaimed the prisoner.

"That is no affair of mine," said the soldier; "I am only performing my duty."

"I'll be his bail," said the gentleman in black, whom nobody had seen before, but who now stepped forward as to the rescue.

"Monsieur is a state prisoner," observed the *gen-d'arme*, with a supercilious air.

"Never mind him," said the gentleman in black, to Louis: and he forthwith threw off his black Geneva cloak and black coat, and displayed, to the wondering optics of the party, a curiously worked black cambric shirt, which he wore beneath. Then, placing himself in an attitude, which would have done honour to a first-rate English bruiser, he calmly told the soldier to "come on."

"Who the devil are you, old boy?" asked the *gen-d'arme*, somewhat diverted at the drollery of his antagonist's appearance, and mistaking him for a drunken *bourgeois*.

"Precisely so," replied the gentleman in cambric.

"You had better go home and look after your family," added the soldier.

"Precisely so," was the answer; "that is precisely what I mean to do."

"Guillaume!" said the man in office to one of his comrades who stood at the door, "turn out this old drunkard."

"*Oui, mon corporal*," replied Guillaume, advancing solemnly, and lowering his musket, as if to sweep away the aforesaid black-shirted gentleman, as a fly may be brushed

from the table: but, to Guillaume's utter dismay, the said dark gentleman gave the said musket a kick, which sent it up to the ceiling, where it hung suspended by the bayonet.

"*Diable!*" exclaimed poor Guillaume.

"Precisely so," repeated the gentleman of the black cambric, rubbing his hands, and then resuming his attitude of defence; "why don't you come on, you cowards?"

"Cowards!" exclaimed the corporal; "I'll soon teach you, you old *coquin!*" and he rushed forward to the attack.

"One, two," said the gentleman in black, as he planted two blows, well known among men of "science" by those names, and down fell the corporal. "One, two, again," added the black bruiser, and poor Guillaume measured his length upon the floor. "I'm the boy for darkening their daylights," cried the dingy elderly gentleman, in high glee.

"*Au secours!*" roared the two prostrate men of war; and instantly a great noise of trampling was heard upon the staircase, immediately after which a dozen of *gen-d'armeris* made their appearance. The sight of "a mill," and the admirable science displayed by his dingy friend, recalled old times to Charles's remembrance, and he had, as if by instinct, thrown off his coat. Louis followed his example, though he knew not exactly for what purpose: but he was one of the million who think it right to imitate those around them.

The soldiers drew up like brave men prepared to encounter an enemy; but there was no enemy to fight. It was, to them, a scene most strange and unaccountable, for they could perceive nothing formidable in the appearance of two young men unarmed and without coats, and a short elderly gentleman, in a black shirt, whom they—for soldiers are wofully ignorant in such matters—mistook for a clergyman. Their comrades had by this time got up, and were rubbing their eyes, which were, however, very effectually obscured. More soldiers were now heard on the ascent, for the alarm had gone round with true military rapidity.

"Milling won't do now," whispered the gentleman in black to Charles, "there are too many of them; leave all to me, and tell Desonges to hold his tongue."

An officer now stepped forward, and asked the two eye-rubbers what was the meaning of the uproar.

"It is that infernal old rascal in black," replied the corporal.

"Precisely so," said the gentleman of the cambric.

"That's him," cried Guillaume; "that's him that kicked my musket up into the ceiling. And immediately he recommenced rubbing, and exclaiming "Oh! my eyes!"

The officer looked up, and, seeing the musket suspended by the bayonet from the roof, into which it seemed to have penetrated to some depth, turned to the gentleman in black for an explanation.

"Precisely so," was the reply; "I confess it. I was wrong: but I deliver myself up to answer for my improper conduct."

"That's not him!" roared the blind corporal.

"What do you mean?" asked the officer; "you said this moment it was him."

"No, no, not the prisoner! the prisoner is him in the pompadour coat," cried the corporal.

"They have none of them any coats," said the officer.

"Sir," resumed the gentleman in black muslin, with an ease and elegance of manner, which failed not in its effect upon the young military Parisian, and, at the same time, imitating so closely the tone of Louis, as to startle the real owner of the voice, "sir, the poor corporal seems to have been labouring for some time under a defect of vision, and the crisis has come suddenly upon him. In the matter of the coat, however, I must say"——

"That's him!" shouted the corporal; "I'll swear to him."

"Let me beg, *Mons. le capitaine*," continued the gentleman in the black sleeves, "that you will not suffer any swearing in my presence! but, as I was observing, here is my coat," and he took it from a chair, and held it up toward the chandelier; "you may perceive it is a sort of a—pompadour—or a what d'ye call it *de la reine*—or—a something else from the Dauphin. Bah! I am no tailor; I don't understand such matters."

"By all that's courtly," said the officer, "it is a most exquisite cloth, and made in a style of infinite and inimitable workmanship. Will you favour me with your artist's address? Really, upon my honour! I never!—but, as to the colour—I really cannot say exactly that I know what term to give it; it is a kind of a sort of a—no—not exactly that—but, *àpropos*, I believe you are my prisoner, now I think of it?"

"Precisely so," replied the gentleman usually in black; "it is not worth while to keep these men waiting. As for the charge against me—let it come—but gentlemen of your

honourable profession must, I know, do their duty. We may as well, therefore, adjourn."

"*Apropos*, corporal—you have the letter about you?" asked the officer. The poor fellow fumbled and found it, and respectfully presented it to his superior, who glanced over it, and then continued speaking. "Your name is"——

"Louis Desonges," said the gentleman of the curiously cut coat.

"Let me see," resumed the officer; and then he read to himself a description of Louis's person and stature, which, although they accorded as little as might be, appeared perfectly correct in his eye, as indicating the very gentlemanly, though somewhat dark, personage before him.

When the scrutiny was over, the gentleman in the questionable pompadour coat took the officer's arm with the most perfect coolness, and remarked, "You'll find my tailor a devilish good fellow—never in a hurry for his money."

"Capital!" exclaimed the young officer; "my dear sir, I'm greatly obliged—but—just turn round, now it's on—by St. Louis! it fits like a glove! What do you call long credit? But, I beg your pardon, I keep you waiting—it is my duty now to wait upon you."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said the gentleman of the black cambric and pompadour, "it is my duty to wait upon you—I entreat you—indeed you give me pain—consider, I am your prisoner."

"Well, then, I am your guardian," was the reply; "ha! ha! well, and so he—serjeant! set us a going, will you!—so he gives devilish long credit, does he?"

"You may say that!" answered the gentleman of the black bag: and, with such sort of conversation, the military and the prisoner left our heroes, as though they were persons utterly beneath their attention.

"It is, by no means, an unpleasant thing to be taken to the Bastile by proxy," observed Louis.

"He's a capital old fellow!" said Charles, "with his 'one, two'—did you observe his guard?"

"It was a backguard style of doing the thing, after all," added Louis; "I prefer the rapier:" and then they, in their way home, entered upon a discussion relative to national habits and prejudices, respecting which they argued long, and with the usual result, namely, that each became more firmly established in his own opinion.

In the morning an officer of the Bastile, who knew Louis's

person well, and whose duty it was to wait upon him in his confinement, was much astonished to find his place occupied by the gentleman in black, who seemed in high glee, and gaily addressed his visitor, with whom it seemed he had formerly been intimate. The jailor, however, did not now feel at all disposed to acknowledge the acquaintance; and the dark gentleman was immediately brought forth from his dark cell, and confronted with the corporal and Guillaume, who had, by this time, recovered the use of their eyes. An *éclaircissement* consequently took place and the young officer made ten thousand apologies for the error into which he had been led by the folly of his men.

The gentleman in black vehemently entreated him not to give himself a moment's uneasiness; and assured him that he could not but deem the occurrence most fortunate, which had introduced him to a young officer of such bravery, such courtly manners, and such exquisite taste. A few compliments were then exchanged between the two new acquaintances, and (after the gentleman in black had given a handful of Louis to the corporal and Guillaume, to purchase ointment for their black eyes) they drove off together to the tailor's, where the hopeful young military exquisite "opened an account," in a manner extremely gratifying to his companion.

"The fellow gives long credit, you say?" observed the officer, carelessly, as he buttoned his coat, and they were leaving the artist's *magasin*.

"Devilish long," replied the other.

"Capital! I hate to be pestered for payment by these vulgar fellows. It's excessively annoying."

"Precisely so," replied his dark acquaintance; "but set your heart at ease. I'll mystify the fellow. I'll tell him that your custom will make his fortune, for that nothing can prevent your rapid rise in the service, and that you must, in a very few years, be a general officer, *at least*. And, indeed, my dear friend, there is no impropriety in my making such a representation: for, really, with your appearance, your figure, manners, taste, and abilities"——

"Nay, nay, my dear Monsieur!" exclaimed the young Parisian, "you are too partial!"

"Not a whit," said the insinuating flatterer. "I *could* tell you what a certain beautiful young Comtesse—but, mum—*àpropos*, have you breakfasted?"

"Not yet," was the reply.

"*Allons donc*," exclaimed the other; "*à la fourchette, toujours*—that's my way;" and they went into a *restaurateur* together.

From thence, after a couple of hours, the gentleman in black came forth alone, muttering to himself, "Hem! at billiards with a *chevalier d'industrie*—believes himself the handsomest fellow in Paris—fancies all the ladies in love with him—long tailors' bill—good—exquisitely dingy!"—and, snuffing up a huge pinch of black Paris rappee and hellebore, he walked away.

In the meanwhile our two heroes were *en route*, and had left Paris many leagues in the rear.

CHAPTER IV.

We are now about to ask the reader to repeat an action which, in all probability, he will have committed several times, without any hint from us. We earnestly request him, after reading a few more lines, to throw aside our pages, and to employ himself awhile in fancying himself possessed of such a black morocco pocket-book, long black elastic silk purse, and *et ceteras*, as appertained to each of our two heroes. Imagination, we opine, if its wings be allowed full play, will lead him a strange dance. Such a dance, indeed, if the truth were to be confessed, as would be scarcely seemly, if taken in reality. Should the eye of beauty be cast on this page, we beg it to be understood that the last sentence is not intended to apply to the fair.

We *now* suppose this task to be executed: and, if it be done fairly, and honestly, and without any mental reservation, the reader will not be surprised to hear that Charles Maxwell and Louis Desonges committed many egregious acts during their ramblings, for three years, on the continent. The gentleman in black appears to have been perfectly satisfied with their proceedings: at all events, he deemed his personal appearance before them unnecessary; and, it is said, that, having much business in hand at that period in Paris, he established his head-quarters at the Palais Royal, and was to be seen, every hour of the day and night, at some one of the various *cafés* therein, or in the neighbourhood. His

society seems likewise to have been much sought after; and the dark old gentleman appeared in high glee, and entered into the spirit of all that was going on around him.

The young men had, in the meanwhile, seen all that was worth seeing, and many things which were not worth seeing, and many more which it might have been better if they had not seen. Exhaustless purses bring endless wants; and they became patrons of the arts, and amateurs, cognoscenti, &c., &c., in music, painting, sculpture, engraving, &c., &c.: were, consequently, initiated into, and made fellows and members of various Societies, instituted for various purposes, but, all professing the most disinterested motives, and aiming only at the public good. They sojourned awhile in Switzerland, talking and dreaming of Jean Jaques Rousseau. Then they passed into Italy, and saw Rome and the Pope, and talked of antiques and *virtu*, and picked up divers set terms relative to painting, of the meaning of which they had some indistinct conception. Sicily and Greece were visited, because it was pleasant to be able to say that they had been to those countries—and then they bent their way homeward through the Austrian territories, and tarried awhile at the sundry mighty little courts, which were afterwards conglomerated by Napoleon into "The Confederation of the Rhine." Among these, each of our heroes lived *en prince*, and, by their profuse expenditure, excited a "great sensation!" At length they parted, in the Netherlands, with mutual professions of interminable friendship, and a fixed resolution of keeping up a regular correspondence.

The French Revolution, however, which commenced almost immediately afterwards, revolved the whole machine of European polities with so rapid a whirl, as to throw England and France, like two balls impelled by centrifugal power, at the utmost possible distance from the central point of amity, at which they had lain sometime quietly together;—the consequence of this convulsion was, that although Charles and Louis had correspondent and corresponding inclinations, they found it extremely difficult, and at length dangerous, to attempt to correspond, and so gradually lost sight of each other.

Charles returned to London, where some tons of statues, coins, vases, paintings, bronzes, and bonzes, bas and haut relievos, mummies and mummeries, had arrived before him. Consequently, he walked amid a crowd of envious or admiring worshippers—a complete lion, like Juno amid the

'esser goddesses;—" *incedit leo*," as Doctor Panglos would say. The shipment he had made was a most lucky hit, inasmuch as it introduced him to the best society of the day, and obtained for him almost as many letters at the end of his name, as there are papers on the tail of a kite; so away he went shining among the "lesser stars," like a comet, for several years; and *then*——No, fair reader, it was not *then*—but long before, that he had discovered that, with all the excitement of unchecked pleasure, inexhaustible riches, and uninterrupted health, there was still a "something" wanting. And what? It was no less than the society, the friendship, the *love* of one, (if there be such another on the earth,) as good, as fair, and as virtuous as thou art. He saw the half-forgotten, or if not, only-remembered-in-dreams, form of Clara Haultaught, and he felt that he had done both her and himself an injustice, by supposing that it was the extent of her father's fortune which led him to fancy her so exceedingly beautiful, when he (then on the eve of bankruptcy) had danced with her at Leicester. He knew the old admiral's failing, (alas! that such an anomaly should exist, as a brave but avaricious man!) and one day, after dinner, told him that whenever he married—observing by the way that he had no such intention—he was resolved never to accept a penny of his wife's fortune, but to settle the whole upon her and her heirs, and even to double the amount, if her parents thought fit.

"Ah! my dear sir," said the admiral, "if all young men had your consideration—hem—let me see, there's poor Board'em of the Scourer; two years ago he got posted, and married Commissioner Green's daughter, who had her poor aunt Bet's savings all in her own hands, twenty thousand and more, got foul of the Lord knows how many d—d five-farthing, twopenny-halfpenny French merchant-men. You know what followed; I say nothing—the prize-court, and all that sort of thing—teazed, bothered, taken aback, kept ashore, chaise-and-four, d——n. You know the rest. Got to Boodle's, half mad. Not a shilling left."

An invitation was a matter of course, and one succeeded another, as waves upon the beach.

"I never knew happiness before," said Charles to Clara.

Clara seemed as if *she* had uttered the words, and blushed, (how Gothic!) and looked she "knew not where," she told Charles some weeks afterwards, "for there was a swimming mistiness before her eyes."

The old admiral happened at the time to be "missing," and so was every earthly object, for the space of three hours, to the eyes and recollection of the two lovers. All they beheld was each other, until—ding-dong went the discordant first dinner-bell.

"A moment—*one* moment longer, my *dear* Clara!" said Charles.

The moment seemed scarcely past, when the second larum awoke Clara from her dream, and, mechanically recollecting her father's extreme precision, she rushed from the presence of her lover. Absorbed in his dreams of future bliss, he was leaning his head upon his hand, when in stalked the old admiral.

"Ah, Charles!" said he, panting, "how are you, my lad? Devilish hot weather! One would think the good ship Britannia was afloat, and we were all crossing the line together. Ha! ha! eh?"

"True enough," observed Charles.

"Eh? What's that? What's true enough?" asked the admiral.

"I *have* crossed the line," said young Maxwell.

"The devil you have! When, where, how?" ejaculated the astonished seaman.

"Just now," replied Charles.

"*Now!* why, zounds, boy, you are mad or dreaming."

"Both," replied Charles, "but it is a dream and delirium that will, I hope, last all my life."

Then followed an explanation, told in as coherent a manner as could possibly be "expected under existing circumstances." The old gentleman affected gravity, although he experienced a sensation of extreme pleasure: but at length the generous feelings which, in spite of individual imperfections, seem ever to pervade the breast of a British seaman, rose triumphant above all disguise.

"Give me your hand!" exclaimed the admiral, and he clasped it with as much firmness and strength, as though he was grasping his sword on the quarter-deck in the day of battle. "But hold, young gentleman," he continued, recollecting himself, "we're running before the wind into a strange port, without taking soundings. You have exchanged broadsides with Clara, I see plain enough. I expected it, I must confess; so d—n all hypocrisy: there's an end of *that*. Her colours, my brave fellow, where are they? Lowered, eh?"

At this moment Clara entered the drawing-room.

"Hist! she comes," whispered Charles, anxious to save his beloved from the pain her father might at random inflict on her *sensibility*.

"La! How delicate," exclaims some lady's maid. Well, Miss, we can't help it: we tell the tale as 'twas told to us; but what a lady's sensibility is, exactly and precisely, we cannot satisfactorily define.

The admiral knew nothing of, or else had forgotten, for "old men will forget," all about such matters, and therefore repeated after, Charles,

"Ay, here she comes, sure enough! and seems taken a little aback. Come, Clary, my dear, the secret's all out. It's no use 'shamming Abraham' now; so, what say you, my own dear little——God bless you!" Here the old veteran's utterance was stopt by the close embrace of his daughter, who threw herself upon his neck and kissed him with a most vehement alacrity, yet, strange to say, all the while sobbing "to match."

"Come, come, my dear girl, Clary," gasped the admiral, "my love—nay, nay, dearest, don't cry. Have it all your own way; I won't, no not to be made commander-in-chief in the East. No, no—come, come, d—n it, girl, you'll choke me!—So, then, you won't strike your colours mayhap? eh?"

"Down, down to the ground, my beloved father," said Clara, and, sinking on her knees, she grasped those of her parent, whose eyes were suffused with tears, while his face exhibited a strange warfare. It seemed to have been "boarded" by "sensibility," striving hard to overcome its opponent, who had "assumed" the command, and every muscle was briskly engaged, fighting inch by inch. At last down fell the *streamers;* it was all over.

"What a d—d old fool I am," sobbed the admiral, sinking upon a sofa. Then up rose Clara, and down fell Charles upon one knee; and both of them hung over the old gentleman, and applied, or rather endeavoured to apply, smelling-bottles, &c.

"I'm a d—d stupid, lubberly, snivelling old fellow. I never did so but once before, and that was when the lilies came tumbling down first after I was posted—sinking, by G—d! not a shot left; sea running; couldn't board 'em; not a sail in sight; d—n it——see the Gazette. Why do you both make such a fool of me? Clary, Charles, give me

your hands; there, there; d—n these stinking bottles! I'm qualmish only, that's all. Go, Clary, go, there's a good girl, and—hem! ahem!—bring me a glass of brandy." Clara, like a dutiful child, did as she was bid. The patient swallowed the medicine as a patient ought, and the medicine did as all medicine ought; it cured the patient, who immediately walked briskly three times up and down the room, and then—they went to dinner.

In the evening of that day, the admiral was closeted with old Bagsby, his lean legal adviser.

"The young fellow's fortune equal to your's!" exclaimed the man of law. "It can't be, admiral."

"Why not, sir?" asked the veteran. "His father, you know, was a West India merchant; and a British merchant, let me tell you"——

"Pshaw!" said the other; "but here's a young fellow who is anything but a merchant—living like a lord. I don't suppose he has been to the counting-house half a dozen times since his father's death."

"Hem! perhaps not," replied the admiral; "however, the simple state of the case stands thus:—He is not to receive a penny with Clary—but, whatever I choose to settle upon her and her heirs, he offers to double."

"The devil!" exclaimed old Bagsby.

"And that's not all," continued the admiral; "we talked of sums—plain, point-blank sums. Clary's my only child, said I—and, for myself—with my habits—if I shouldn't get afloat again, and I don't see why not—my pay's enough. One hundred thousand, said I—Make it two, says he, if you like, admiral. Suppose, says I—it will save the legacy duty, when the old hulk goes to pieces—suppose we say three—Done, says he, I'll make it six."

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Bagsby.

"What's the matter?" asked the admiral.

"Matter!" muttered the lawyer; hem! matter! why, here have I, for more than half a century, been rising early and sitting up late, making the most of everything that came in the way; spending nothing—saving—scraping together, in hopes that in my old age"——

"Pshaw!" said the admiral, "you've feathered your nest well enough, I know—so, no grumbling—but, to business. How long will it take to prepare the deed?"

"Ah! ah! ahem! Let me see. In a case of such moment, my dear sir, everything should, you know, be arranged

with extreme caution. The amount is immense—it depends much upon the nature of the property—most likely some of the young gentleman's is in the West Indies—and—ahem! you know, my good sir, how precarious such sort of possessions are; particularly in time of war, when the enemy's fleets are wandering upon the sea, the Lord knows where"——

"The Lord knows where, indeed!" exclaimed the veteran; "I only wish we could catch 'em at it—'wandering,' as you call it—that's all; but, pshaw! d—n your six-and-eight-penny opinions about the war. See the lad yourself on the business—my money's all in the Bank of England, and the papers are in my strong box at Hamsley's."

The next morning, Charles Maxwell, having supplied himself with the amount specified, from the usual source, called upon the admiral; and they had scarcely exchanged salutations, when Bagsby was announced.

"By the by," asked the veteran, "has the old fellow called upon you this morning, with his bag, and papers, and tape, and the devil knows what?"

"Who, sir?" Charles inquired, in a tone of alarm, which raised a momentary suspicion in the mind of his father-in-law elect.

"My lawyer, sir—Mr. Bagsby," was the grave reply. "He was to call on you respecting the subject of our conversation yesterday, and is now here in the room below, by my appointment, in order to arrange the business."

"Oh! is that all?" said Charles, smiling; "let us have him up, by all means."

Accordingly, the man of parchment (to which epithet the texture of his skin alone might have afforded him a fair claim,) was shown into the presence of his two most wealthy, and, of course, most worshipful clients; towards whom he came bowing, and bending, and grinning, and worshipping, in their persons, his idol MAMMON, in a manner sufficiently ludicrous. After a thousand apologies, and such sort of tom-foolery, they proceeded to business, and the man of law inquired the name of young Maxwell's professional adviser, with whom, he felt no doubt, he should be happy to act, on the present occasion.

"Ay, ay! like a pair of shears," quoth the admiral; "ha! ha! eh! Bagsby—cut what comes between, eh? *not* each other, eh?"

"I *never* employed a lawyer since I was of age," said Charles.

"What!" exclaimed old Bagsby, as his rigid frame started into a perpendicular. ("A sensible young fellow!" thought the veteran.) "Hem! ahem! ahem!" repeatedly repeated poor Bagsby, ere he could proceed to state a few of the various reasons why it was "advisable to be advised, prudent and circumspect, needful, and absolutely necessary, &c., &c., in all such and the like and similar sorts and kinds of cases, where and wherein, and in and concerning which property, &c., &c., &c., and all such sort of thing, was various and of numerous descriptions and kinds, both as it regarded and concerned estimated value of estates, &c."——

Here Charles, having been too much accustomed of late to have his own way, became weary of listening, and interrupted the speaker with a most ungracious yawn, followed by a "Pish!" Having thus "caught the speaker's eye," as well as stopt his tongue, he proceeded.

"There can be no difficulty in the present case. I believe, admiral, we understand each other. I agree to settle on your daughter the same amount as you think fit to do yourself."

"Exactly," replied the veteran; "and I, to save legacy duty, mean to settle all I have, excepting this house and grounds, which are at an easy distance from the admiralty."

"Nothing can be clearer," said Charles. "The sum is, I think, three hundred thousand."

"Exactly so," said old Haultaught; "and"—coolly continued Charles, taking out his black morocco leather pocket-book, "there—there is the money."

"By the trident of Neptune, and the old girl that holds it!" shouted the admiral, "you're a noble fellow. If you hadn't a brass farthing, Clary should never——But, I'm afraid, my dear boy, you have been too hasty. Have you made your calculations about housekeeping, and so on? I should not like you and Clary to shorten sail; and, if we lock up such a sum as this, perhaps"——

"It will make no sort of difference, I assure you. I shall never miss it."

"Wonderful!" thought old Bagsby; "I'll try and get a share in some West India concern myself."

The "instrument" was immediately drawn up, "signed

sealed, and delivered," by the admiral and Charles, as their own "act and deed;" and the next act was marriage.

Then away flew time. Year rolled away after year. The old admiral went to sea again, and had a glorious brush or two, "short and sweet;" and gave Monsieur a smack in "the chops of the channel." Then he went to bask himself, like a dry old fish, as he was, on India's sunny shore; from whence, after the benefit of a seven years' fry, he returned, considerably increased in wealth. It was a proud day for the whole party when the veteran landed at Portsmouth, and Charles and Clara presented to him their first-born, a fine boy, then eight years of age, in a middy's uniform; and his sister Clara, a beautiful little wax doll, as her mother had been before her. So at least thought Admiral Haultaught, and, declaring that she was too beautiful and delicate as yet to be played with by a rough sailor, he seized upon the sturdy boy as his lawful prize; and many a ride, and walk, and gambol, and frolic, and quarrel, and reconciliation, had they together, both in town and country, till the youth was old enough to serve his king. Then—it was a hard task, but it must be the case with us all—they parted for the last time.

"Charles Haultaught Maxwell," said the old admiral, "remember that's your name, my dear boy. Fear God and honour your king. Look at the British flag; let it be your business to see *that* respected wherever it floats, either in a cock-boat or a first-rate; mind *that*, and d—n all politics. Leave them to the lubbers ashore. Remember poor Nelson's last signals——Well, well, I know you will. But mind—if ever you disgrace your name, d—n me if I leave you a copper bolt."

With this and the like advice the poor old gentleman blessed his beloved grandson, till he delivered him into the hands of an old messmate, and saw his young hero borne away upon the green billows from Yarmouth jetty, in the jolly boat of H. M. S. the D——. With his glass he stood watching her progress till all hands were safely on board. "He walks the quarter-deck now for the first time," thought the veteran; and a thousand images, created by memory and fancy alternately, kept him company all the way to London, as he sat reclined back in his travelling carriage. A few months terminated the old gentleman's mortal career. His effigies graced Westminster Abbey, and his Eastern wealth formed another immense accumulating fund, which his son-

in-law, for reasons we wot of, felt not so delighted with as is usual in such cases. The domestic felicity of Charles and Clara was perfect.

The termination of our late long-protracted war brought our happy couple to the afternoon of life. Young Charles was a fine young lieutenant, just of age, and with property and interest amply sufficient (to say nothing of certain musty Gazettes) to expect "to be posted," &c., &c., as soon as "propriety would allow." Clara was all that the fondest, ay, or the wisest (and the terms are not *always* synonymous, we fear) of mothers could desire. Had the old admiral lived, he might have altered his opinion—or, perhaps he might not. The fortune which he left her failed not, however, to throw around her every charm and grace—a dazzling halo, in which, like insects round a flame, a thousand gay, thoughtless, and fluttering ephemera sported, and were blinded, scorched, and "damaged" for their temerity.

But another year passed, and Charles Maxwell, that is, the "old original" Charles Maxwell of our tale, underwent a sad and melancholy alteration. Long fits of mental absence occupied him when in society. No more the well-turned repartee or mirthful jest issued from his now pale lips.

> Seldom he smiled—and then in such a sort,
> As though he smiled in scorn, to think that he
> Could e'en be moved to smile at anything.

"*Neque vigiliis neque quietibus sedari poterat*," as Sallust says of Cataline. In plain English, he was never easy, sleeping or waking. The consequence was, that in a very short space of time ("*colos ei exsanguis, fœdi oculi, citus modo, modo tardus; prorsus in facie, vultuque vecordia inerat*,") he got horribly pale, ghastly about the eyes, and became a disagreeable, shuffling, unsociable, uncertain sort of a fellow; more like a poor lunatic, who fancied himself hunted by devils, than a well-bred, easy-going country gentleman.

The reason for this change was, that he had been calculating, and had discovered that, by the tenor of his engagement with the Gentleman in Black—whom, by the way, we hope our readers will take especial care not to forget—during the silent and almost imperceptible lapse of nearly eight-and-twenty years, his tribute had increased, from the minute matter of a moment, to an *annual* demand of two thousand three hundred and thirty days and a fraction, calculating

eaeh day at sixteen hours in length, and *all* to be spent in sin. Such was the "demand" for sin in the then eurrent year. It was true that there had been no grumbling on the part of his ally or adversary; and supplies of money, when required—which had, however, rarely been called for of late—were never refused. There were, doubtless, past sins sufficient to keep all square, "as per agreement," hitherto; but Charles eould not *flatter* himself that he had suffieient "on hand" to make up an amount of four thousand six hundred and six days for the next year, and, for that which was to follow, nine thousand!—all was utter darkness and desperation. Yet all this arose from *agreeing* to sin for *one single moment* "per annum." Reader, take care you never make sueh a eompaet.

Charles had been to Paris the year before, hoping to diseover the fate of his fellow-vietim, Louis Desonges. The usual mode of finding rieh individuals, through their bankers, was, of eourse, in the present instanee, unservieeable, and the poliee knew no sueh person. As the erisis of his fate, however, was equally near with that of Charles Maxwell, it is fit we should run over the prineipal events of his life, from the eommeneement of the Revolution to the end of the war, or rather, wars, issuing therefrom, like snakes from a Medusa's head.

During the Reign of Terror, his rieches gained him both friends and enemies; eonducted him into prison, and purehased him out; he found that reformers from the crowd, or *canaille*, are ever vain and venal. The ignorant make sad use of power, the proper extent of which they eannot eomprehend; so they streteh it, as children will a piece of Indian rubber, till it snaps baek upon them and hurts their fingers, and then they are glad to let it fall out of their hands. Those among the French evanescent governors who had any *nous*, made their observations, and most attentively *marked* out those whose plethoric purses seemed to expose them to the danger of temptation, and falling off from their new (not as *we* have it, true) allegianee.

Louis wept over the misfortunes of his eountry, and, be it said to his honour, the rieches of whieh he had in so strange a manner acquired the command, were frequently devoted to the relief of those whose property had been swept away in the tumult. Among others, the Comte de Tien à la Cour, and his lovely daughter, Emilie, were indebted to him for their

safety, and for his company in their flight into Switzerland where he settled them in a beautiful and retired situation near Vevay, and on the borders of the blue lake Leman. With certain resolutions in his head, away then posted Louis towards the Rhine, and on the banks thereof discovered and purchased an ancient baronial chateau and estate, together with its title.

"How wretched a thing it is to have to do with lawyers!" exclaimed Louis to the *ci-devant* baron, whose honours he was purchasing, and who might literally have been said (according to the French term, *manger ses biens*) to have "*eaten* up" his estate: "they are dreadfully slow."

"Humph!" said the Baron de Braanksdorfischen, "I've sometimes found them too quick."

"When you were not in a hurry, then, I'll be bound to say," observed Louis.

"Ay," was the reply. "Do you purpose living here, Monsieur."

Louis replied in the negative.

"Then, perhaps, you'll allow me to shoot, and hunt, and fish on the estate?" asked the baron.

"With all my heart," replied Louis.

"Then I'm a happy man again!" observed the baron; "and so, d—n the old rook's nest, and the stones thereof, and the owls, and the ivy, and the"——

"*Doucement!* Monsieur le Baron," said Louis, fearing that a sort of Ernulphian curse, in which the purchaser might be included, was commencing: "it's hardly fair to wish them any ill *now*."

"If I had never seen them, it would have been all the better," replied the other; "but I must needs be like other fools; and so I 'kept up' my title by knocking it down. Well, never mind now—you say I may sport here?"

"Ay, and live here too, as before," said Louis, "as long as you think fit."

"The devil I shall!" exclaimed the other. "Then I don't care a straw for what's past."

And, on that day, it was the Baron of Braanksdorfischen's good will and pleasure to get drunk; from which it will be an easy matter for the reader to guess what sort of a man *he* was.

Louis completed his purchase, and returned with his new title to Switzerland, where he was most gracefully and most

graciously received by Emilie and her parent. And there—the very recollection of the place makes one poetical—

Upon the margin of that azure lake,
Whose limpid waves come rippling to the shore,
He vow'd he loved her for her own dear sake,
And she believed—what could a lady more?

They talk'd and saunter'd by that water's edge;
They talk'd and saunter'd on the mountain's side;
'Mid foliage, whispering, took and gave a pledge—
We say not what, for love was aye their guide.

And he, as usual, led them Lord knows where.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding divers exquisitely polished expressions of gratitude and friendship, which M. le Comte de Tieu à la Cour had, from time to time, addressed to M. Louis Desonges, there was ever a most superb stiffness added to his usual perpendicularity, whenever the said Desonges ventured upon anything like familiarity with Emilie in his presence. Like Juliet's father, he thought there *was* something in a name; and so, when Louis assumed unto himself the title of Baron de Braanksdorfischen, he was pleased to be extremely gracious. As for the matter of pedigree, Louis was of a very respectable family, and felt no sort of compunction at the ingenuity or research of a certain tracer of genealogies, who had undertaken, in consequence of weighty considerations propounded unto him, to delineate a tree of consanguinity. The new Baron was somewhat startled to find that his great grandfathers and great grandmothers were related to, and connected with, several of the most ancient houses in France; but, he was determined to believe, if possible; and that is a great matter in such cases. The document had its expected influence upon the Comte, for it was drawn out and blazoned in due heraldric terms and forms; and, perhaps, he likewise was resolved to believe. As for Emilie, like most of her sex, when once fairly in love, it would have been much the same thing to her had her lover changed his name to Bourreau; for she was much of Juliet's way of thinking, that "a rose with any other name would smell as sweet."

"My dear M. le Baron," said M. le Comte, "you must be well aware of the sincerity—I might almost say, the devotion

of my attachment and friendship. You are the only man upon the face of the earth, his Catholic Majesty alone excepted, from whom I would have deigned to accept any sort of assistance in the present state of things; but, my daughter is now, alas! the sole hope, the only remaining branch of an ancient and most illustrious house; and, indeed, I am glad to find, what, however, I never doubted, that you really are so closely allied to the Montmorencies, the Grammonts, and the Choiseuls. When we return to France, I have no doubt that I can, from my connexions at Versailles, have the affair of succession arranged; and that my title will descend when I am gone, which, in the common course of things, cannot"——

"I beseech you, my dear M. le Comte," exclaimed the Baron of Braanksdorfischen, "to spare my feelings. I trust you will long live to enjoy your title and estates. I see no reason why you should not marry again, and that they should descend in regular succession to your heirs male."

"Nor I neither, M. le Baron," said the Comte; "it is a good idea. We will see about it;" and forthwith he advanced to a large mirror, and paid his respects to his own respectable figure reflected therein.

The marriage took place immediately, and was, like most other marriages wherein money is abundant, conducted in such a manner as to give an extravagant idea of the happiness of the "happy pair." The most delightful part of the affair, however, was, that Louis and Emilie, now the Baron and Baroness of Braanksdorfischen, were really happy, and continued so for a considerable period of time: they say for nearly a month. After that, when the dream of rapture and perfect bliss had vanished, they lived much like other people, and each marvelled occasionally that they should have been so silly as to expect absolute perfection in any human being. They passed, however, many pleasant months in Switzerland: but the leaven of the revolution spread, and Italy was their next refuge—then Malta—then to France—*La belle, la glorieuse.* All was right again, for Paris was as gay or gayer than ever; so they fell down and worshipped the images which faction, or war, or fashion happened to set up, and thereby proved they were—born in France, the land of liberty and equality. In the profession of the latter *egalité*, they have been most singularly consistent; for, whether he has had a triumvirate, a consular, a regal, or an imperial

government, Monsieur has always been *equally* faithful. "*C'est egal,*" quoth he, on all occasions.

When Napoleon was very short of money once, the Baron de Braunksdorfischen was said to have waited upon Talleyrand; and it was hinted that the elevation of the Baron de Braunksdorfischen to the peerage of France, under the title of Le Comte D'Ormalle, was closely connected with that visit. Be that as it may, from that period our French hero attained a degree of popularity which he kept as long as he thought proper. His family affairs went on comfortably enough, since Emilie never had occasion to ask him twice for money, and he never grumbled at her expenditure. Like his *quondam* friend, Charles, he had two children, a boy and girl, who grew up most promisingly; being allowed to do all that seemed good in their own eyes, and to draw money "at discretion." Whether they spent it discreetly, is another affair, and one of which their parents took no cognizance.

The glory of the great empire—the emperor and king—the young King of Rome—the march of mind, and the march of armies—the invasion of that accursed *Angleterre*—the merits of Dâvid—the occupation of Spain—*the* Talma—the *Arcs des Triomphes—les grande battailes*—Venus de Medicis—the coronation—bridges over the Seine—charters—oaths of allegiance—operas—calembourgs—Apollo Belvidere—the overthrow of kingdoms, and the summersets of Monsieur Martin, the bear in the botanic gardens, and of MM. Pieddouble at the Port St. Martin—and such sort of important matters, equally and alternately occupied Monsieur le Comte de Tien à la Cour, the old grey-headed perpendicular grandfather of the family, Monsieur le Comte D'Ormalle, the Comtesse, and the two young sprigs of rising nobility.

Then away flew time, and with it away flew many of the above, and other, and such like matters—the emperor was *off*, that is, not *on*, his throne; though he kept his title with a tenacity which must have been truly gratifying to his veteran military associates, who could not but have felt convinced, that when he by *nominal* honours rewarded their services, he bestowed what he conceived to be for himself most desirable. Away flew the Apollo and Venus, and the king of Rome, for the march of mind and of armies had taken a new direction; the invasion of England was postponed

sine die; Dâvid brushed with his brushes to Brussels, for fear of a brush from the sweeping broom of the law; and the glory, the imperishable glory of the empire—its military glory—*that* might have remained to have embalmed the names of *les braves*, who fought and bled, and devoted themselves for their country, though a tyrant were their leader: but oaths of allegiance, sworn and forgotten, reiterated and broken, tarnished their hard-earned laurels: and——it is a pity that *filles de chambre* and coffee-house politicians should have cackled so much about the matter, and that obscure *demi-soldes* should claim for *all*, what *some* might yet demand, and will doubtless receive from posterity.

The Comte D'Ormalle had shared those honours which riches may ever command among the sons of men, whether under kingly, imperial, or republican governments. He hailed the return of Louis le Desiré; yet some thought his coffers were opened during the hundred days—the gentleman in black would scarcely have made any objection; but it is a point upon which we dare not speak positively.

When Napoleon "caught a Tartar" at Mont St. Jean, and all was settled, the Comte D'Ormalle settled likewise at his Chateau D'Ormalle, on the banks of the Loire, where a settled melancholy appeared to prey upon him, and he betook himself to wandering to and fro, like an unquiet spirit; for he, like Charles Maxwell, had taken his calculations, and was ever balancing, and thinking of a monastery, and—the gentleman with the black coat, Geneva cloak, &c., &c. To these meditations the Comtesse left him undisturbed, and pursued the now indispensable frivolities of the metropolis, where she became the nucleus of a most ancient coterie of the most ancient names and dignified personages; who, utterly despising the mushroom race of nick-named nobility, congregated where they could safely vent the spleen which they had for so many years been bottling up, while in a state of expatriation.

Having thus seen that the Comte D'Ormalle was not in better plight than Charles Maxwell, it becomes our duty to state their ulterior proceedings under such appalling prospects.

CHAPTER V.

In the long hours which poor Charles Maxwell now habitually spent in solitude, he indulged himself yet, occasionally, in the dreams and visions of hope; and, in one of these reveries, he luckily recollected old Bagsby, the late admiral's lean legal adviser, of whose shrewd exploits he had heard many a singular tale.

"If the old fellow is yet living," thought he, "and has been going on steadily in the same way, ever since I saw him last, he must, by this time, be a match even for the gentleman in black himself."

With such reflections, he lost no time, but posted to the old fellow's chambers in Lyon's Inn, where he sat, half buried among piles of dusty books and papers, like a lion ant at the bottom of his inverted cone of crumbling sand, ready to seize on any poor animal unconsciously approaching its verge.

Bagsby was delighted to see our hero; for he had not forgotten the three hundred thousand pounds. So he shook him cordially by the hand, entreated him to be seated, adjusted his own wig, stirred up the four square inches of smoking cinders huddled together in one corner of the grate, bowed and grinned, rubbed his hands and his spectacles, bowed and grinned, and bowed and grinned again.

At length Mr. Maxwell did "a tale unfold," which had an effect almost as tremendous as that described by Shakspeare, in the well-known passage, the commencement of which we have just quoted. But old Bagsby had been so long accustomed to intricate cases, that, let him be thrown where he might, he always contrived, as it were, like a cat, to fall upon his legs, and find some place to cling to. So, after a long pause, he thus addressed his client.

"Hem! my dear sir, this is an ugly piece of business. Hem—I have certainly heard of this gentleman in black—hem—I remember once fancying that I saw him: but we have many strange characters to deal with in the way of our profession—perhaps I was mistaken. Hem! But, however, to the point—I think I understood that you could yet obtain supplies—money, I mean, to any amount?"

"I can demand any amount," replied Mr. Maxwell; "and, were it not immediately forthcoming, the contract would then

be broken on his part: an event of which I have very little expectation."

"Hem!—hem—hem," resumed Bagsby: "in all such and the like cases, my dear sir, money has a great effect—it is, in short, one of those things without which even the law of the land itself, beautiful and simple as it is, cannot always take its course. But—really—ahem—this is a very ugly piece of business! *very* ugly. However, we must not despair. It is astonishing what a free and judicious application of money will sometimes effect: and, as you don't mind expense, I really think we may perhaps contrive to pull you through."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Maxwell; "my dear sir! I cannot express my gratitude. But, I remember you were the admiral's friend—Oh, why did I not come to you before?"

"Never mind," rejoined Bagsby; "better late than never. Eh?—Hem. But—to business—no—no, I haven't lived all these years to be frightened at a little intricacy. Many a tangled case have I unravelled. So, hem—in the first place, allow me to inquire if there were any witnesses to this singular contract?"

"None," ejaculated Mr. Maxwell, gasping the first breath of hope; "no, my dear friend, there was nobody but myself and—you know who."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said the dark gentleman, stepping forward from a gloomy corner of the room, with his black coat, black waistcoat, black Geneva cloak, black bag, black-edged papers tied with black tape, and all the rest of his black paraphernalia; "it may, perhaps, save you much trouble if, in this early stage of business"——

"Early, indeed!" exclaimed Bagsby, somewhat irritated at the idea of so good a thing being snatched out of his hands; "why, we have not yet *commenced* proceedings:—but, I beg your pardon, sir; pray take a seat."

The gentleman in black sat himself down at the table, and drew forth from his black bag a bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, which, in a most business-like way, he proceeded to untie and lay before him.

"You know, sir," said Mr. Maxwell, "there were no witnesses to the transaction."

"*I* know there were, sir," replied he of the Geneva cloak, with a malicious smile; "see," he continued, showing a paper to the lawyer, who immediately discerned two signatures, as of witnesses, which, however, he could not exactly decipher.

"Hem!" said Bagsby, adjusting his spectacles, and giving his wrinkled old mouth a peculiar twist, which, as it had no particular meaning in itself, might be intended to conceal any outward indication of what was passing within. "Ahem! allow me, sir, just to run my eye over the paper a moment. Ay, ay—I see—Charles Maxwell—ah—hem—em—bless me, what a cold morning it is. Pull the bell, Mr. Maxwell Here, Jerry, my boy," he continued, addressing a lean, spider-like, daddy-long-legs sort of an old man, who answered the summons; "bring some coals, Jerry—Ahem! Let me see, where did I leave off!"

"You may as well leave off where you are," observed the owner of the black-edged papers; "keep your coals to warm your chilly old drum-sticks, after I'm gone—I'm not so green as to suffer you to keep that writing in *your own* hands after the fire is lighted."

"What do you mean to insinuate, sir?" asked old Bagsby, waxing wroth; "a man of my standing and respectability, sir! Do you dare to say that I would be guilty of so"——

"Precisely so," answered the other, coolly.

"Sir, sir," stammered the lawyer, "I'd have you to know there is such a thing as law."

"Precisely so," observed he of the black bag; "I *do* know it."

"And justice," continued Bagsby.

"That's more than you know," retorted the other.

"And damages," roared the incensed lawyer.

"*Your* clients have long been convinced of the truth of *that* position," drily observed the dark gentleman, taking a pinch of blackguard.

Old Bagsby's rage was at its acme, and he swore by all the furies and devils in the infernal regions, that he would commence an action for defamation forthwith. But his antagonist took it into his head to relate a certain fable concerning a smoky kettle and its black neighbour, a boiling pot; whereat the lawyer, like a snail, drew in his horns, being assisted in the retiring movement by Mr. Maxwell, who requested that his business might not be neglected.

"In mercantile matters, I remember," said our hero, "that, when any difficulty occurred, we used to refer it to arbitration."

"Good," observed the gentleman in black; "choose your own men, and I'll meet them."

"That's fair, however," observed Charles Maxwell.

"Humph!" said Bagsby, "we must first find fit men for the purpose:—but, ten to one, they'll make a bungling affair of it. There's nothing like regular legal proceedings, straight forward, as a body may say."

"Precisely so," observed the dark gentleman, "may *say*;—but what you call straight, is as crooked as my tail."

To a reference, however, they at length agreed. Mr. Ledger was appointed as the umpire; and, on that day week, the gentleman in black was to give them the "first meeting" at old Bagsby's chambers. When this matter was settled the lawyer ventured to hint that he should find it necessary, or rather think it most consistent with the interest of his client, to take the opinion of counsel on two or three points which had already occurred to him; and, as money was no object——

"Very true," observed Charles, feeling in his pocket, and finding he had omitted to bring the needful with him; "how very thoughtless! However, sir, directly I get home, I'll send a hundred pound note or two"——

"Pooh!" said the gentleman in black, taking out his black morocco pocket-book, "how many will you have—only say; just to save trouble, you know—it's all the same between us." So he gave Charles Maxwell five notes of one hundred pounds each, which he immediately paid to the lawyer, who immediately marked them with his own mark; and then the meeting broke up.

On the appointed day, Mr. Ledger, our hero, and the gentleman in black, were all punctual to a minute in their attendance at old Bagsby's chambers. The wary lawyer having taken his seat, and opened the business of the day, the gentleman of the black Geneva cloak presented his account, with a sardonic grin, to the individual who had expressed his inclination to settle it. Ledger cast his eye, in a hurried and agitated manner, at the amount, and, addressing himself to Maxwell, inquired if it could possibly be correct?

The poor gentleman cast his dim and floating eyes up and down two or three sides of the tremendous paper, which was carried over and over and over, with dismal tautology; he could deny nothing; and many of the items he but too well remembered. His heart sank within him.

"Give me leave," said Bagsby, stretching forth his lean arm.

"By all means," replied the gentleman in black

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Maxwell," continued old Bagsby; "I have no doubt we shall pull you through:" and he prosed a few minutes over the account, whilst his opponent sat smiling most contemptuously.

"You don't specify here," said old Bagsby, "in what manner these various sums were paid; whether in specie, or bills, or notes."

"Pshaw!" replied the gentleman in black, "that's perfectly immaterial; the amount is stated explicitly enough."

"I beg your pardon, sir," rejoined the lawyer; "it makes all the difference in the world."

"Bank notes are a legal tender," quoth he of the black Geneva cloak.

"No doubt; but we are not met here to discuss rigmarole theories about the paper currency, which neither you nor I can make head or tail of."

"Precisely so; I confess myself bothered on that point. It is most delightfully mystical."

"Well, well, to business," said the man of law, somewhat testily. "Do you mean to give us a clear, specific account, or not, with the dates of payment, number of the notes paid, and every particular? If not, let me tell you"——

"Pooh—pooh!" replied the other, "it is not worth while for you and I to quarrel about a few sheets of paper." So saying, he dipped his hand into the huge black bag, which he had placed on the ground, between his legs, and drew from thence an immense bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, which he then threw across the table, exclaiming, "There, there it is—made up to yesterday. I hope that will satisfy you."

The veteran of the law conned over some of the items, hemming and coughing as he went along; and then, without uttering a word, arose and placed the bundle in his iron chest, which he carefully locked; then put the key in his pocket, and resumed his seat at the table.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman in black, who had been attentively watching him, "what are we to do next?"

"We must proceed to business," replied old Bagsby; and, ringing a little silver bell, that stood beside him, in came old Jerry.

"Jerry, my boy," said his master, "show in that gentleman from the city."

"From the city!" exclaimed Ledger; "who is he? Remember, Mr. Bagsby, I should not like to be seen"——

"Never fear," said the lawyer; "show him up, Jerry." Accordingly, a well-dressed young man was ushered into the room.

"Well, Mr. Crabseye," said old Bagsby, "are you as confident as ever?"

"It is impossible *we* should be mistaken," was the reply.

"This gentleman," continued the lawyer, laying his spectacles on the table, and looking triumphantly around him, "this gentleman comes from the Bank of England, and has examined the five one-hundred pound notes which you, sir," looking at the gentleman in black, "paid to my client here, this day week; which he immediately paid to me, and which I immediately marked. This gentleman pronounces them to be forgeries."

"There is not a shadow of a doubt thereof," observed Mr. Crabseye.

"Show me the difference between one of them, and one of your own issuing," said he of the black Geneva cloak, which moved not a wrinkle on the present occasion.

"Pardon me, sir," replied Mr. Crabseye, "it is well *we* have some private mark, that such gentlemen as you are not exactly aware of:—for upon my word, as it is, it would sometimes puzzle the devil himself to tell the difference."

"Precisely so," observed the gentleman in black.

"Well, sir," inquired the lawyer, "you don't mean to deny paying those five notes to Mr. Maxwell?"

"Not I," was the reply.

"Then, Mr. Crabseye, you know I have your affidavit, ay—here it is—'I, Mieros Crabseye'—ay—and the more needful papers too"—and again the old lawyer tingled his ancient bell; and again popped in the head of his ancient Jerry, who exchanged a significant nod with his master, and drew himself back again. Then, anon, came stalking in a portly-looking man, followed by two athletic figures, who looked most marvellously, as though they could not understand a joke.

"There, gentlemen, is your prisoner," moved Mr. Crabseye, and old Bagsby seconded the motion, both pointing to the gentleman with the black coat, waistcoat, Geneva cloak, bag, and various other black appendages, who sat wonderfully composed, after his first fidget.

The officers of justice proceeded to handcuff their prisoner, who smiled thereat with a most supercilious smile; and, when they had completed their operations, begged that

they would do the same kind office for his friend Mr. Maxwell, who, for a series of years, as he could prove by creditable witnesses, and even by Mr. Crabseye himself, had been in the habit of passing forged notes. His poor victim felt as though his death warrant was signed, for he knew that at his own house many would be found, and that all his tradespeople must, with one accord, bring forth witnesses against him, if they produced any of the notes he had paid. Even old Bagsby twisted about his lower lip and jaw, most portentously, for many seconds; but, recovering his composure, exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed, my dear Mr. Maxwell; I told you we should be able to pull you through this business, ugly as it is." Then, turning to the pinioned gentleman, he continued, "what you say, sir, may be very true, for aught I know; but we have forms, sir, forms of law, which must be attended to."

"Precisely so; I perceive it;" and he glanced at his bolted arms.

"In the first place, you must take your oath."

"I—what?" exclaimed he of the black bag.

"Your oath, sir," resumed the lawyer; "and here is a Testament."

The gentleman in black hereat drew his hands from their cuffs as easily as from a pair of gloves, took a pinch of blackguard, and said, that if that were the case, he must, from a scruple of conscience respecting swearing, decline to proceed any further in the affair. He then burst into what seemed, to Mr. Crabseye and his satellites to be, under existing circumstances, a most unseemly fit of merriment and laughter, swearing (notwithstanding his recent scruples,) that old Bagsby was a boy after his own heart, and wishing he might live to be Lord Chancellor!

"Gentlemen!" said the man of sables, after his unseasonable mirth had exhausted itself, "I am sorry that this meeting has been so unpleasantly broken up. I must, of course, attend these good people (pointing to the officers) for the present:—but, make your own appointment for the final arrangement of what we first met to discuss. You will manage it, Bagsby. *Cras aut cum velles—sed ut redirem hâc nocte fieri non potest.*" Which, fair reader, simply means, that though he could not return that evening, he would attend old Bagsby on the morrow, or at any other time; and, having thus spoken, he was led out of the room by his attendant genii.

No sooner was the door closed upon them, than Bagsby congratulated his client on their success so far. "Never fear, sir," said he, "we shall pull you through this business, ugly as it is. I've another poser or two for old Sootikins. But first, my dear sir, these notes, you see, are worth nothing, and those you have at home"——

"Shall be destroyed this instant," cried our hero, snatching his hat.

"Stop—stop a moment, my dear sir. If you do, how are we to proceed? For money, you know, constitutes, as one may say, the sinews of the law."

"Never fear," observed Mr. Ledger, "I've brought my cheque-book with me."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Maxwell.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" exclaimed Mr. Ledger. "To see how the enemy may 'pack up,' as it were, a man's mind in darkness and ignorance! That a British merchant should not know what a cheque-book is!"

"Oh! ay! I remember now," said Mr. Maxwell; "it's one of the books we used to hire the clerks to write in."

Mr. Ledger sighed, but was too much a man of business to leave old Bagsby without presenting him with one of the magic leaves from his book, which was received most graciously. He then accompanied his unfortunate friend and partner to his elegant mansion in Portland Place, the furniture and entire arrangement of which paralyzed him with astonishment.

They destroyed the forged notes, and Mr. Maxwell was furnished with a cheque-book, and instructed in the use thereof; which appeared so easy, that he wondered why he should ever have preferred any other way of raising money, to the real value of which his unlimited supplies for so many years had utterly blinded him.

He once more repaired to old Bagsby's chambers. That worthy practitioner spoke at great length about a great variety of papers, parchments, and deeds, with a greater variety of hard names than it would be worth while to enumerate on the present occasion; but they were all *necessary*—at least so old Bagsby said.

Another meeting was appointed, and, as before, the high contracting parties met at old Bagsby's office.

After the usual salutations, the gentleman in black begged to thank the lawyer for having given him a view of the

inside of Newgate, "at the doors of which," he remarked, "*we* are generally much incommoded by the ejaculation of certain words and supplications excessively unpleasant to our ears;—many of my oldest friends among you, whom I should never have suspected of praying, have there been visited with such a paroxysm of religious feeling, that one would imagine they had served a regular apprenticeship to craw-thumping and psalm-singing. We *nick*-name them the doors of repentance. But I beg your pardon: let us lose no time, for I have some particular business on the Stock-Exchange to-day—*we* have a new company or two starting, and have a scheme for a train-road and cast-iron pavement, and locomotive engines of fifty legion power, traversing between us and——allow me to present you with a Prospectus, Mr. Bagsby."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the lawyer; "I don't admire such presents—hem! I'd much rather not have any share in your concern—ahem!—I beg leave respectfully to decline."

"Well, well—of that hereafter," said he of the black Geneva cloak; "so, to the matter in question. Have you anything to propose?"

"Why, my good sir," replied old Bagsby, "we have been examining your account against my worthy client here, and, really—upon my honour—I must confess it all appears perfectly clear—ahem! It is an ugly piece of business."

"It is quite correct, sir, I'll warrant," said the other, rubbing his hands, and then applying himself to his black snuff-box.

"Ahem!" continued Bagsby, "Ahem! In the first place, sir, we take exception to every item paid by you in forged notes, which form, with some trivial exceptions, the whole of what my client has received in England."

"Do you call this *fair*?" asked the other; "he might have had gold if he had chosen."

"It is *legal*—sound law," replied Bagsby, firmly; "not a penny of *that* will we pay. Bring your action; we are ready."

The gentleman in black employed himself for a minute in looking over his own copy of our hero's account, where he beheld sums amply sufficient, he doubted not, for his purpose, which had been advanced to the unfortunate man in Louis, Napoleons, florins, crowns, ducats, &c., &c., among which

those paid for antique statues, paintings, vases, medals, &c., &c., were delightfully prominent.

"We will," said he, at length, "leave the legality of my paper money to be discussed hereafter—or even, for the sake of argument, allow your position; what have you to say to the rest, advanced in hard cash, to the tune of some million or so of your pounds, in France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy?"

"This comes, as I said before," ejaculated Mr. Ledger, "of visiting Popish countries."

"Let me tell you, sir," replied Bagsby, "I have strong reason to suspect that the whole were of base coinage."

"Prove it," quoth the gentleman in black, in a tone of calm defiance.

The lawyer sat humming over the lots of parchments before him, like a bee buzzing over and bussing a cluster of flowers, dipping his proboscis alternately into each, but settling on none. This disagreeable silence was broken by Mr. Ledger, who addressed the gentleman in black in a manner which somewhat startled his dinginess. "Sir," said he, "you may consider the matter as settled. I hold myself responsible to you for the amount; and my word, sir, is sufficient. I am willing now to give you a cheque for half the sum, and the remainder shall be paid as soon as my clerks, with Mr. Maxwell, and our mutual friend Mr. Bagsby, shall be satisfied of the accuracy of your account."

"Upon my word, sir," replied the gentleman in black, while his countenance assumed a decidedly blueish tint, and, for the first time, he had recourse to his black cut-glass smelling-bottle in a black ebony case. "Upon my word, Mr. Ledger—really. Ahem! Your way of doing business is so different from what I am accustomed to, that, really upon my darkness, I don't exactly understand it." And again he put his smelling-bottle to his nose.

"We'll pay you off and close the account—draw a line under your name, and so cut the connexion for ever," said Ledger.

"My dearest sir, my much honoured and highly respected friend!" whispered old Bagsby, "are you serious? can you positively raise the wind to such a tune? almost a million and a half?"

"I have said the word," replied Mr Ledger; "write out a receipt in full of all demands."

The gentleman in black hereat waxed extremely fidgetty, and felt somewhat like a huge conger eel which the tide has left in shallow water, among rocks, and which is attempting to wriggle itself out. Mr. Maxwell's heart was full, and so he spake next, addressing his good friend and partner, Mr. Ledger; thanking him most sincerely for the extraordinary offer that he had made; but declining altogether to accept thereof, as, let the consequence be to him what it might, he was determined not to involve his friend in utter ruin.

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Ledger; "if you had attended the counting-house but once a year, just to look at 'the balance sheet,' you would know better; but this comes of going abroad, and travelling in Popish countries. What do you suppose I've been about with *your* share of the concern all this while? Make yourself easy, my dear sir, for, after this is all settled, we shall still be found, like the beginning of our old friend's parchment clauses, 'always provided, nevertheless;'" and the worthy old merchant, in the pride and joy of his heart, laughed at his own joke, and gave a careless glance towards the gentleman in black, who had been employed with his blackguard and his black smelling-bottle, snuffing and smelling, to hide his disappointed malignity. But, like the conger eel aforesaid, he soon shifted his position, and, addressing the lawyer, said, "You'll please to observe, sir, that I have not given up my claim to the bank notes: I merely waived the discussion."

"Remember Newgate," replied old Bagsby.

"I do," said the other, recovering himself; "and have no sort of objection to pass another night there; I felt myself quite at home, I assure you. But," he continued, turning to Mr. Ledger, "do you mean to pay me for the notes?"

The old merchant now, in his turn, looked somewhat confused; but old Bagsby took up the cudgels, and replied, "*We* will do nothing of the kind."

"I make my demand," continued the other; "and, if it be not complied with, you must abide the consequences."

"And so must you," rejoined Bagsby; "let me recommend you to accept my good friend, the worthy Mr. Ledger's offer."

"I want none of your advice," said he of the sables.

"Once more, as the mutual friend of both parties," continued the lawyer, "I request you to accede to so fair and honourable a proposition."

"It is neither the one nor the other," said the gentleman

in black; "I will never agree to it;" and he looked round with an assumed air of carelessness, in his turn. The discussion was like the game of see-saw—one up and the other down—but old Bagsby had yet, as he whispered Mr. Ledger, his "great gun" to fire. Wherefore, "attention" being called, he pulled off his spectacles, hemmed three particularly loud hems, stiffened himself as near to a perpendicular as might be, screwed up his courage to the "sticking-place," and, in a voice as stentorian as his shrivelled, whistling old pipe could compass, (*sic ore locutus est*) thus spoke he to the opposite party.

"Then, sir, you must abide the consequences."

"With all my heart," replied the other, with a sneer; "do your worst."

"Very well, sir," said old Bagsby; "then listen! I shall immediately throw the whole business into CHANCERY."

"Into where?" cried the gentleman in black, starting upon his legs, upsetting his black snuff-box and blackguard, letting fall his black smelling-bottle, oversetting his black bag, and disarranging his black-edged papers, while his black hair stood erect upon his head, and his black Geneva cloak swelled out rigidly behind, as though thrust forth and supported by a mop-stick.

"Into Chancery," repeated old Bagsby, gravely; "Mr. Ledger will pay the money into Court."

"From whence it will never come out in my time," roared the gentleman in black, like a lion taken in the toils. "No, no—I accept the merchant's offer."

"It's too late now," observed old Bagsby, sorting out some papers; "I expect a Chancery barrister here immediately."

"Then I'm off," said the other; "but remember, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Ledger, "your word is past."

"Ay, ay," replied the wary old merchant, "and you shall be paid too—that's my way—always better pay money than go to law about it. Know the worst of it then. But, remember, a receipt in *full* of all demands.

"Ay, ay," said the other, whose nervous system was dismally affected, "I'll sign anything."

Accordingly, much to the surprise and gratification of our hero. Mr. Maxwell, the venerable old merchant produced his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for half the amount; and then, with exchequer bills, bonds, and a tolerable variety of shares in mines, railways, gas-lights, steam-washing,

shaving, shearing, earding, and shuffling companies, (in most of which the gentleman who was so partial to a pinch of the blackguard, had already a share,) he made up the other moiety. A regularly verbose receipt in full of all demands was drawn up by old Bagsby, and signed by the gentleman in black. The bonds of sinning were then rent asunder, and committed to the flames, and, once more, Mr. Maxwell breathed freely, as a free Christian ought, and walked arm-and-arm with his partner into the city. The gentleman in black pocketed his recovered treasure, (*minus* about five hundred pounds, which Bagsby deducted for stamps, &c., due from the receiver, and with which his conscience would not allow him to charge his clients,) and with it went upon his favourite haunt, the Stock Exchange, where, report says, he laid it out *well*, by enriching some "Sir Balaams" of the present day, and giving others the furor for becoming *suddenly* opulent.

CHAPTER VI.

While the transactions related in the last chapter were in progress in London, the Comte D'Ormalle, better known, perhaps, to the reader as Louis Desonges, was rusticating at his chateau, on the banks of the Loire; and had become as dull and melancholy as it was possible for a Frenchman to be.

One evening, being reduced absolutely *au désespoir*, he was leaning upon the battlement of an ancient terrace, which overlooked the adjacent country for many a league, and his eye rested upon a fresh object, at the entrance of the neighbouring town. "What can it be?" thought he. In his frame of mind, any sort of excitement was a momentary relief: so he went for his telescope; and it exhibited to him a cross of the mission, recently erected in the place of one which had been destroyed at the revolution. He gazed for awhile thereon, and then threw himself upon a seat, and became absorbed in thought for the space of at least five minutes. "I have it," he cried, at length; "I will send for him immediately;" and, starting from his revery, he walked towards the chateau, for the purpose of writing a note, to request a visit from the abbé of the adjacent monastery.

"It would be a useless exposure of yourself," observed the

gentleman in black, advancing from a recess wherein the statue of some sylvan deity was placed: "it could not possibly have any other effect than frightening the old bigot out of his senses."

"Monsieur!" said Comte Louis, somewhat sternly, "I am unused to interruptions of this kind. Had I wished for your advice, I probably might have requested the honour."

"Monsieur Le Comte," replied the gentleman in black, "I perceive my error, and beg to apologize; but the fact is, I have lately been in England; and really, one's manners are apt to be influenced by the sort of society with which one mixes. No one can dislike their what they call 'straightforward' manner, more than myself. I beg ten thousand pardons. I hope I have the honour to see your Excellency in good health, and that the amiable Comtesse and your dear young people are well?"

Although there was little in all this, yet there was something so graceful in the manner of the dark elderly gentleman, who, by the by, appeared not a day older than when they first became acquainted, that the Comte changed his tone, and politely requested him to walk into the chateau. Indeed, there arose a vague hope within him, that he might be able to make some sort of fresh agreement, and mystify his dark ally; for he had, at one period, dipped a little into the arts of Gallic diplomacy. But it seems that he was not an adept, or else that the gentleman in black was more deeply versed in the science; for, after half an hour's conversation, he still, like Shylock, seemed averse to speaking of any terms not specified in the bond.

"Then," said Comte Louis, "I shall instantly apply to the church, for there is no time to spare."

The gentleman in black shrugged up his shoulders, and took snuff, and politely handed his black box to the Comte, who had no sooner partaken of its contents, than he remembered some very fine old hock which was in his cellar: and forthwith the two allies began a sort of carouse, and the Comte's spirits became unusually elevated.

"You may rely upon it," said the dark gentleman, "that good old wine is the most certain cure for lowness of spirits. I really feel myself much better already. Don't you?"

"Why," replied the Comte, "I cannot say but what I feel a sort of a kind of a"——

"Precisely so," added the gentleman in black, "and so, as you were saying about the Comtesse"——

"Excuse me," said Louis, "I did not mention her name."

"It's all the same thing," observed the other, "you were *thinking* of her. The bottle stands with you! The fact is, that she has all the benefit of the contract. You really don't spend anything yourself: and it would save a vast deal of trouble if she were able to make use of the black morocco pocket-book herself. If you will obtain her signature to this," (here he produced a small black-edged scroll, tied with black tape,) "it might be a great accommodation to all parties. But the bottle stands with you! It's a mere matter of form; but really it would oblige me: and, to convince you of my friendship, I pledge myself to require not a single moment of sin from you for the next seven years, if you will merely do me the favour to tell her to sign her name just here. Nothing can be more liberal!"

"Seven years!" repeated the Comte, "hem—seven years —there's something in that!" and he filled his glass and tossed it off. "Seven years—eh—well! Let me see, what is it that I am to do?"

"Nothing more," replied the gentleman in black, "than, as she is your wife, to tell her to put her name to this paper."

"You may as well put it in your pocket again," said the Comte, sighing, "she has not done anything that I have told her to do for these ten years."

"Bah!" ejaculated the gentleman in black, "that comes or your never refusing to pay her bills. Break down her carriages, and get somebody to burn her lace; and then stop the supplies, and I will engage—the bottle stands with you!—I'll engage that she'll sign anything rather than be without those indispensable articles."

"Hem," said the Comte, "there may be something in that—(Hiccup)—You are a devilish, knowing, extraordinary, dark, old, elderly, gentleman, and I protest that the idea of the lace is excellent! I'll burn it all myself."

"And I'll engage to find plenty more," observed the gentleman of the black silk purse, "for, to tell you the truth, I was the original inventor. She'll not be the first woman whom I have caught in that sort of a *net*. Ha, ha! You'll excuse the pun!"

The Comte's recollection was not now perfectly clear: but it seems that he took the black-edged paper, and put it into his black morocco pocket book, and, shortly after, fell asleep.

The next day he departed for Paris, and, on his arrival, was informed that the Comtesse had joined a party of her father's friends, in an excursion to Fontainebleau. Thus compelled to remain in inaction, he began to feel doubtful whether his

once mild and gentle Emilie might be persuaded to favour him with her signature. He felt that she was an altered being, and little like the lovely partner of his walks by Lake Leman's side: but there arose within him a painful conviction, that he had not been altogether without change himself; and then he began to indulge in reminiscences, which ended in the ejaculation, "Poor Emilie!" and he resolved, at all events, to delay his intended solicitations for her signature, and see, in the meanwhile, if anything could be accomplished in his favour by the church.

The summons of M. Le Comte D'Ormalle had not long left his hotel, ere there appeared before him, in consequence thereof, "a little, round, fat, oily man of God," Dodun by name, a zealous ecclesiastic, who was always happy to wait upon both poor and rich—particularly the latter. He entered Comte Louis's apartment with a most benignant and refreshing smile, and bowed as gracefully as it was possible for such a droll little body to bow; and then, obeying the waving of the Comte's hand, deposited himself upon a chair But he had not sat long thereon, listening to Louis's account of the past, ere his "too solid flesh" began, as it were, to "melt, and dissolve itself into a dew;" and, withal, he trembled exceedingly, for he, like old Bagsby, considered the thing to be "an ugly piece of business."

He, however, had been brought up in a very different school from that in which the crafty old lawyer had acquired his resources, and was utterly unable to divine how the Comte might be "pulled through." So he sat, gasping for awhile, looking unutterable things, and then rose up, or rather slid down, from his chair, and commenced a retreat by no means so graceful as his entrance.

"The old fellow was right," sighed Comte Louis to himself; "I have merely frightened the bigot out of his senses, and rendered myself no sort of service—but, *àpropos*"—and he recollected that, in all former difficulties, gold had effected his desired purpose. So he forthwith apologized to the poor ecclesiastic, for having introduced the subject without a proper prelude; and told him, that he could not, of course, expect the interference of the church, before he should prove himself a dutiful son; and, moreover, that, as he had immense sums at his command, he thought that the erection of a church, or an abbey, or the redemption of some of the church lands, might be acceptable, as a token of his sincerity.

At these words the retrograde movements of the worthy

priest were suspended, and he seemed much impressed by such evidences of sincere contrition: and, anon, he ventured to resume his seat, and the Comte prevailed upon him to eat a biscuit, and take a glass of champagne, and to become the bearer of a few rouleaux *pour les pauvres*.

Poor Dodun was unused to Champagne; he had never before been the bearer of so much money, nor ever before sat *tête-à-tête* with a peer of France, or any man capable of building abbies and cathedrals at his own expense; and, certainly, he had never before heard such a tale about the gentleman in black. Each of these causes might have wrought somewhat upon him; but their united effects produced a singular confusion of intellect, insomuch, that he took leave of the Comte with many expressions of respect, and a series of rolling bows, during the enactment of which, he averred that the power of the church was immense; that he was an unworthy and humble son thereof: but, yet, M. Le Comte might rely upon him; and that, in short, he would repeat his visit on the morrow.

The bewildered priest told, that night, to his superior, a most wondrous tale, concerning the probable erection of a new abbey, and the visible bodily appearance of the gentleman in black, at which the said superior shook his head, and seemed greatly scandalized, and commanded brother Dodun to retire incontinently to his cell: and brother Dodun retired accordingly, and was grievously troubled in his dreams, until the morning, when he endeavoured to persuade himself that the whole affair was a dream altogether; and probably might have succeeded, but for the presence of the rouleaux, which bore too weighty an evidence to the contrary. So he took them to his superior, who, notwithstanding the irregular proceedings of the last evening, received them and their bearer with great benignity; for brother Dodun was, as his inclination to obesity indicated, a pleasant and harmless sort of fellow, and, withal, an agreeable companion, when the brotherhood met in the refectory, and one who understood the meaning of *desipere in loco*.

When, however, the poor fellow repeated his tale, the dignitary's countenance underwent a considerable change; and he called for holy water and a pair of scales, wherewith the pieces of gold were scrutinized, and each found to be perfectly *comme il faut*.

"We have no right to refuse that which is given *pour les pauvres*, said the abbé, "let it come from where it may."

Dodun bowed assent.

" As for this Comte D'Ormalle," continued the other, " I feel it to be my duty to wait upon him myself. It appears to me that he is much to be pitied; and, I have no doubt, is a very amiable man."

The abbé, consequently, paid his respects to our hero, and told him that it was an ugly piece of business; but that the church was very powerful, and that he was a humble son thereof; yet that, nevertheless, he should not despair, but immediately proceed to consider the case.

" In the meanwhile, I should advise," said he, " that M. Le Comte would take into consideration the state of the chapel of Notre Dame de * * * which is really in such a state of dilapidation, that the faithful are in a perilous situation."

" Might I ask the favour of your becoming my almoner in such a case?" asked the Comte, taking sundry billets de Banque from his black morocco book; " I request it as a favour; for, upon my honour, I understand nothing of architecture."

The abbé condescended to grant the boon, and, notwithstanding his numerous engagements, promised to see that the money was properly laid out: and then he went his way, well pleased with the result of his morning visit.

But the business in hand was of too great importance to be settled by an abbé; therefore, the abbé went to his bishop, and communicated the interesting particulars of the case; whereupon the bishop, who was somewhat advanced in years, and moreover of *la vielle cour*, crossed himself in divers directions, and shook his head, while his whole body vibrated in unison thereunto. When he was somewhat recovered, he gave it as his opinion that such transactions had been but too common during the revolution, and in the absence of the Bourbons.

" We must take time to consider and examine into the case," said he; " it will probably throw some new light upon many of the affairs of that dark period of our national history, when religion existed scarcely even in name. As for the Comte D'Ormalle, I have no doubt, from what you state, that he is a very good subject, and a very amiable man. Indeed, I feel much interested in his situation, and shall make a point of calling upon him; therefore, Monsieur L'Abbé, you need not give yourself any further uneasiness or trouble in the affair. What you have done is exceedingly proper and judicious—you may now leave the case with me."

The bishop forthwith ordered his carriage, and paid a visit to our hero, who, *malgré* the honour thus bestowed upon him, felt a little annoyed at the transfer, from hand to hand, of his somewhat urgent business. The bishop, however, conducted himself with the most courtly politeness, and assured him, upon his honour, that it was a very ugly piece of business; but, that the power of the church was immense, and that, though he himself was only a humble individual son thereof, he would, nevertheless, take upon himself to counsel the Comte not to despair, particularly as he was possessed of the means of doing good.

"There never, my dear Mons. Le Comte," continued he, "was a time when so many opportunities of evincing sincere contrition presented themselves. The sacrilegious estrangement of the church lands from their original pious and charitable owners, is a crying national evil. I think thereof frequently with alarm. There is an abbey now, which I have the best means of knowing the value of. It is on the banks of the Loire, and formerly its revenues amounted to more than one hundred thousand livres; but now they are merely nominal—some few hundreds, perhaps—as the best and largest portion of the land has been sold and re-sold, half a dozen times, and changed its name as often; and now, I am told, it belongs to some upstart *parvenu* of the revolution, who bought himself a chateau and title somewhere in Germany: I forget the name—Braanks-something—but that's of little consequence. We have made some overtures to his agent, because it seems that the fellow himself never troubles his head about business. However, I won't trespass on your time, Mons. Le Comte. I merely throw out a hint: nothing can render the church more essential service than the redemption of her lands. It is far better than wasting money on buildings which must come to decay, whereas land will always, if well managed, produce the means of supporting the establishment respectably, in all its departments. I merely offer the suggestion; you will reflect upon it. As for the estate I mentioned—really I am getting old—I have forgotten the name; but, if you can devise how anything can be effected, it matters little to me individually. At my time of life, and with the accumulated and important duties of my arduous office, one has other matters to think of; but my secretary can furnish you with particulars. I will have the honour of waiting upon you again in a few days; and, in the meanwhile, will take your singular case into consideration."

Had the bishop mentioned any other estate in France, probably the Comte would have immediately advanced the money for the purchase thereof: but his chateau on the banks of the Loire, with all the improvements and plantations thereon and thereabout, which were the work of his own head and hands; the "Babylon which he had built;" the place where, he trusted, that his sons and his sons' sons, for many generations, would dwell long and respected, in happy ignorance of the manner in which the family estate was acquired; that, and and the thousand dreams thereon dependent, were too dear to be parted from in a moment.

"Besides," thought the Comte to himself, "I know not if the sacrifice would benefit me in the least. In all probability the old bishop would act like the abbé and the monk; and, having effected his own immediate purpose, hand me over to some archbishop or cardinal, who, in his turn, might transfer me to the inquisition or the Pope."

Possibly the Comte's *amour propre* might have been somewhat wounded by the epithets used by the bishop. No man likes to be called a *parvenu:* and few dislike the term more than the man who has lately mounted a coronet. When left to himself, he again began to reflect. The idea of going to England had frequently occurred to him before; for, to do him justice, he had not entirely forgotten his former youthful friend, Charles Maxwell; he had, however, generally given up the scheme as hopeless, from a notion of the impossibility of finding an individual in a country where there are no passports, even if his friend were in England; but it had been represented to him, that all our countrymen, who were possessed of adequate means, or who were not engaged in some office, were travelling and scattered abroad in all quarters of the globe.

"No doubt," said he to himself, "Maxwell, if yet living, has bought some unpronounceable title, and is now roaming through Mesopotamia, or Siberia, or China, or Timbuctoo, or Terra del Fuego, or to the North Pole. One might as well think of finding the wandering Jew as a wandering Englishman. But *c'est egal!* I may as well go to London as remain here while the bishop is taking 'my singular ease into consideration.' However, I will first see Emilie and the children."

Accordingly he went to see his children that day; and, if we wrote for the purpose of exciting the compassionate feelings of our readers, we should describe the particulars of his

interview with each. As it is, suffice it to say, that, ere they parted, he pressed them to his bosom, bent over them and sighed; and, as his sumptuous equipage rolled back with him into Paris, he hid his face in his hands, groaned in spirit, and wept bitterly.

Yet, when his carriage was stopped, for a few moments, in the Boulevards, by a crowd collected round a bear and three well-dressed monkies, the Comte D'Ormalle's head issued therefrom, and he applauded their ape-ish tricks in great apparent glee, and threw a louis to the savoyard, and was, in return, applauded by the populace, who made way for his carriage, and shouted "*Vive Monsieur Le Duc!*"

Next day the Comtesse came back from Fountainebleau, accompanied by her most perpendicular father, the Comte de Tien à la Cour, the abbé Beneton, his now constant companion, and some half-dozen of that highly favoured class which most do congregate about the precincts of a court, pluming and glorifying themselves in the name of ancestors, who would most assuredly, if allowed to revisit "the precincts of the cheerful day," be especially ashamed of their posterity It seems that the whole party were particularly fond of "news," or, as we familiarly say, "gossiping;" a science which, with the usual adjuncts of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," flourisheth greatly among those who are somewhat curtailed in their means, but who have, or fancy they have, great claims and pretensions to respect and consideration.

The Abbé Beneton was an excellent jackall for these *soi-disant* lions; and he had scarcely been an hour in Paris, ere he picked up some shreds and patches of the Comte D'Ormalle's "singular case," from the brethren of brother Dodun, who was reported to have seen divers strange visions, and to have uttered sundry marvellous and portentous outcries during his feverish slumbers.

These "odds and ends," the Abbé Beneton, as in duty bound, related, in confidence, to his patron, the Comte de Tien à la Cour, who saw fit to extend that confidence to his valet, charging him to examine more particularly into the business, and to report progress at the next sitting. The valet whispered thereof into the ear of the Comtesse's waiting woman, who was quite shocked at the idea of something dreadful, she knew not what; and her imagination and fear were extremely active during the brief interval which expired between the communication of the valet, and her being summoned to attend the Comtesse.

"What's the matter with you, Lisette?" asked her mistress, "you look as if you had been overturned. Did the carriage break down? where was it? Has Blousseau brought home that dress yet? There—that silk, you see, is all manner of colours. They have lost the art of dyeing, I think, or the sun is getting nearer the earth. Ah! that's it. I remember Monsieur Salamander's lecture—we shall all be broiled. Don't you think so? Why don't you speak?"

"I'm afraid we shall" said Lisette, "but it's a good thing to have a clear conscience. Indeed I should be very sorry to leave so good a mistress; but—here he comes!" and she began muttering a prayer and handling a crucifix, as she saw her master crossing the court.

"What can ail the silly girl?" exclaimed the Comtesse; "tell me, Lisette, speak out! you terrify me!"

"I am terrified myself," sobbed Lisette; "oh, the Virgin! who would have thought it? So nice a gentleman!"

"Who? what?—what are you talking about? I insist on knowing," said the Comtesse.

Lisette forthwith revealed all she had heard, and a little more; whereby it appeared that the Comte was haunted by some evil spirit; and the Comtesse averred that she felt no doubt the report was perfectly true, for she had written to him twice for money, and he had taken no notice of her letters.

"I am glad you bear it so well," observed Lisette; "for my own part, if the devil was my husband, I should go mad."

"You are mad already, I think," replied the Comtesse.

"Oh no, indeed," said Lisette, "I wish I was; but it's all true. For you know, my lady, where an evil spirit has got into a man, they are all one, and therefore"——

"Nonsense! Then all men are devils," added the Comtesse.

"Very likely," observed Lisette, looking demure; "I am not married, however, to one—that's some comfort."

"Nay, then," said the Comtesse, "if you are thankful because you are *not* married, something *very* strange *indeed* must have happened to you; so, sit down like a good girl, and tell me *all* you have heard."

Lisette had no more to tell; but, thus commanded, she repeated what she had said before, with certain alterations and additions tending to support her theory, that when a devil had possession of a man, the said man was thereby transformed into a devil. The Comtesse, who had never before known the want of money since her marriage, had been not a

little nettled at her lord's neglect, and felt previously disposed to confer upon him the benefit of conjugal discipline; so, being a good Catholic, she now resolved to commence with the new and extraordinary accusation against him, which had just met her ear.

When she entered the apartment in which the Comte was sitting, although they had not been separated for more than three months, he arose, and hastened towards her with almost lover-like alacrity, and was much surprised at her recoiling from his embrace.

"My dear Emilie," said he, "what ails you?"

"Oh, Louis! Louis!" exclaimed she, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, "how dreadfully you have deceived me! Are you not ashamed to look me in the face?"

"Ashamed, madame!" exclaimed the Comte; "may I be permitted to have the honour of inquiring what you can possibly mean?"

"May I," asked the Comtesse, drawing herself up into as commanding an attitude as might be, "may I be permitted to have the honour of inquiring who you are?"

"Who I am!" ejaculated the Comte, and glancing aside at a mirror, as though, for the moment, dubious of his own identity.

"Yes," said the Comtesse, "who you are. Tell me, who are you?" and she held her handkerchief and fan with as much formality as, in ancient paintings, kings and queens uphold the *insignia* of royalty, for she had resolved to get up a scene.

"Really madame," replied the Comte, "there is something utterly incomprehensible—I had almost said ridiculous—in all this. Will you do me the favour to explain?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "the explanation must come from you. Once more I ask you, who are you? what do you call yourself?"

"I beg to be excused from making any reply," said he, somewhat haughtily, for a sudden thought struck him. He had heard of ladies who, when enervated by the fatigues of dissipation, were in the habit of reviving their drooping spirits by Eau de Cologne, Rosolio, &c., &c., and sometimes, by accident, mistaking the proper quantity. It was a painful and degrading reflection, but he could not tell otherwise how to account for a lady's not knowing her own husband. Therefore, he likewise drew himself up into an erect position, and added, in a cold and constrained manner, "it is quite

useless, Emilie—Madame, to continue this conversation *now*. To-morrow, perhaps, you will be more yourself; at present, you are evidently under the influence of—of"——

"Of—of what?" exclaimed the Comtesse, reddening with anger.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," replied the Comte, cavalierly; "I suppose it is the fashion, Madame—only of—of—evil spirits."

"I possessed by evil spirits!" ejaculated the Comtesse. "You are pleased to be facetious, Monsieur! But, no! I will not be turned from my purpose. Listen! (here the lady assumed what was intended to be an awe-imposing attitude) listen and know, wretched man! that thy secret is discovered."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Comte, and a sudden qualm rushed across his mind, as he thought, that between the monk, and the abbé, and the bishop, and the bishop's secretary, and all their official and confidential friends, it was barely possible. The consequence was, a visible agitation, and an involuntary ejaculation of *Le Diable!*

"Precisely so," said the Comtesse; and the Comte was convinced, by that phrase, that the gentleman in black had betrayed him. "Yes," continued the Comtesse, *Le Diable*, indeed! That is the very thing. I know all about it."

"Then, Madame," said the Comte, after some hesitation, "you cannot but pity me. You must be aware that I have, hitherto, concealed the truth from you, merely to save your feelings, and that I have made use of my wealth and consequent power, to promote your happiness."

Here the lady was quite overwhelmed by the violence of contending emotions; for she had only pretended to believe Lisette's tale, for the purpose of producing effect. Now, however, her husband had, as it seemed, confessed his devilhood; and, therefore, on that hint she spake, and called him by a great variety of names, and vowed that she had been entrapped. and deceived, and most exceedingly ill-used, and withal, that she had always suspected that there was something very mysterious about him.

It would seem that the habit of having her own way for so many years had changed the Comtesse, when delivering her sentiments; and her spouse could not help comparing the cutting vituperations, to which it was his fate to be now exposed, with the silvery tones of his beloved Emilie before marriage; and he rashly ventured to say something thereupon. The consequence was a repetition of the epithets before mentioned,

with the addition of a few more which happened to occur to the Comtesse's recollection; and the whole was terminated by something very like hysterics, (but not precisely so, for the Comtesse was not much given to nervous affections,) and the angry avowal, that, had she known or suspected the truth, notwithstanding his riches, rather than have married him, she would have seen him in the very worst and deepest part of a very bad place, that shall be nameless here.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Comte, who felt somewhat exasperated in his turn.

"Don't you, Monsieur Diable?" exclaimed the incensed Comtesse; "but you shall see that I have a spirit; for I vow that you shall never see my face again;" and, with these words, she rushed out of the room.

Whether the lady meant this as somewhat more than a mere lover's vow, or whether the Comte really believed she would keep it, can scarcely be ascertained; for she instantly began to collect some unpaid bills, respecting which she had been lately annoyed; and he, immediately on being left alone, took a pinch of snuff, shrugged up his shoulders, and observed that "something worse might have happened;" and then summoned his valet, and ordered him to prepare for a journey to England, which he had resolved to commence immediately.

CHAPTER VII.

When the Comte arrived in London, he found no difficulty in obtaining the address of his *quondam* youthful friend, Mr. Maxwell; and their meeting was such as might be expected between two persons who have frequently, during a protracted separation, thought upon the days of "auld lang syne."

Comte Louis listened to the particulars of his brother bondsman's escape, with a degree of patience which is seldom bestowed upon long stories: and was not the less anxious for an introduction to old Bagsby, because he could not exactly comprehend the nature of the threatened Chancery suit, with which that ancient limb of the law had so effectually alarmed the gentleman in black.

The two friends accordingly repaired forthwith to Lyon's Inn, where they found the lean veteran at his post, and received that sort of welcome which rich clients usually experience from experienced legal advisers.

Mr. Maxwell introduced the Comte and his business: and the Comte himself endeavoured to elucidate the subject; but he spoke such an odd sort of English, as might have tended to perplex any one, except an old lawyer, who had lived more than half a century in the midst of botheration and intricate investigation.

"Humph!" said the man of parchment, after patiently listening to his client's statement, "Humph! This is an ugly piece of business!" and he pulled off his spectacles, and laid them on the table, and threw himself back in his chair, and projected his under lip, and began to pull it with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand, while the two friends, but more particularly the Comte, watched his motions with no small degree of anxiety, and a most profound and respectful silence.

After a brief pause, there appeared a gleam of cunning exultation lighted up in the old fellow's eye; and his wrinkled mouth, in spite of the hold upon the under lip, pursed itself into somewhat like a corresponding smile. Divers other contortions followed, such as one might have supposed to have been in fashion among the Sybils; and, at length, he spoke oracularly.

"Humph! This is an ugly piece of business! But, however, sir, if you will put yourself entirely in my hands, and follow my directions implicitly, I think we need not despair. Indeed, I have no doubt we shall be able to pull you through."

"*Est il possible?*" exclaimed the Comte; "my dear sir! What a fool I have been to waste my time in parleying with ignorant monks and priests, instead of coming to you! I am perfectly enchanted and astonished at your abilities! It is a disgrace to your highly-polished and polite nation, that you are not Lord Chancellor!"

We have here given the substance, rather than the words of Monsieur Le Comte D'Ormalle, and mean, during the recital of what happened to him in England, to adopt the same plan, inasmuch as, if we were to repeat his Gallicisms, the effect produced might be somewhat too light and ludicrous for the serious nature of our tale. It is not to be expected in any case, that foreigners can talk like natives. Indeed, the gentleman in black had told our heroes, many years before, when they were commencing their travels, that, notwithstanding

his friendship and wish to oblige them, he could not assist them in that particular.

"For," said he, "in spite of the constant intercourse which I have with various nations, the continual alterations in idioms and phraseology, and the coining and changing of words are such, that I am frequently puzzled myself."

In the present case, however, the Comte's bad English was of little importance, since most persons can understand flattering speeches, however indifferently they may be expressed.

Bagsby, therefore, bowed his acknowledgments, and muttered somewhat about its being a man's duty to be satisfied, if, "in these times, he could get bread and cheese, and make both ends meet!"

Mr. Maxwell, who had now, under the instruction of his father's old friend and servant, Mr. Ledger, become somewhat like a man of business, requested Bagsby to communicate his plan for the discomfiture of the gentleman in black: and the Comte, having declared, upon his honour, that he would act, in every respect, as he should be directed, the man of law made him produce his black morocco book, and compare some of the notes therein with others which were in the office, and which had been brought directly from the Bank.

Spectacles and magnifying glasses were used, but the trio were unable to discover the smallest difference; and Bagsby could not refrain from heaving a sigh at the recollection of the toil and difficulty which he had experienced in amassing the few he was able to call his own; while the Comte had only to open his book and take out any number he thought fit. He knew that there was not a word about interest mentioned in the bond, and strange visions came over his mind, of the immense profits which, with his knowledge of things in general, he could make of an unlimited capital under such circumstances. "I'd be bound very shortly to pay the dingy gentleman his principal," thought he, "and realize a handsome fortune." And again he sighed, and appeared, for a few seconds, lost in a revery, from which he was aroused by Mr. Maxwell, who said that he had business in the city, and must be moving.

The lean limb of the law forthwith began to unfold part of his plan, and instructed the Comte to purchase bullion and foreign specie with the notes aforesaid. "We will never," said he, "allow any of the forgeries to be carried to account

against you by the gentleman in question; and you may very shortly, in this way, realize a sufficient sum to set all straight with the old fellow."

The Comte was highly delighted with the scheme, and immediately commenced operations, by going into the city and buying, at a somewhat apparently dear rate, divers weighty packages of Napoleons, louis d'ors, &c., &c.: and, when the market was somewhat thinned of gold, he began to speculate in silver.

These transactions, which we here briefly relate, occupied many days, and caused a rise of no small magnitude in the prices of gold and silver bullion. Indeed, the subsequent scarcity of the precious metals throughout the British empire, and the depreciation of paper money, respecting which so many opaque pamphlets were written, have been supposed by some to date their origin from these and similar transactions; that is to say, from endeavours to pay the gentleman in black, what appeared to be his due.

In the mean while he did not remain idle. The demands of the Comte D'Ormalle upon the black morocco leather pocket-book, were too frequent to escape the notice of so nice a calculator; and, after some inquiry, finding how matters were going on, he called upon Bagsby, and had a long private interview with him, during which it is said that high words past between them: but the exact particulars never transpired.

The immediate result, however, was, that old Jerry was despatched with a letter to the Comte, desiring him instantly to change his quarters, and take lodgings in some retired part of the town, and, on no account whatsoever, to show himself in public.

With the former part of this advice his client instantly complied, being assisted in his research for a snug retreat by Mr. Maxwell: but, alas! all men have their weak sides; and there are certain pleasures so bewitching and fascinating to us all, in our turn, that even the dread of the gentleman in black himself, is not sufficiently powerful to deter us from the enjoyment thereof.

The Comte found it utterly impossible to absent himself from the opera: and, having made up his mind to go, he found little difficulty in persuading himself that he should be as completely concealed in the midst of a crowded audience, as in his own lodgings. Therefore he went to see his countryman, Monsieur Piaffeur, achieve a complicated dance

with the two Mademoiselles Rebatins; and was so delighted with the performance of the trio, that he could not avoid exclaiming, "*Superbe et magnifique! Bravo! et encore!*"

Some half score pair of eyes were immediately turned toward the enthusiastic applauder, who, with a chilly and uncomfortable feeling, recognized among them those of an old acquaintance, who had formerly sported a pompadour coat in the Palais Royal.

The Comte, who was considered somewhat of a proficient in the art, resolved to "cut" him, and accordingly armed himself with his snuff-box and eye-glass, and acted his part *à merveille*, gazing as unconsciously as possible at the individual in question, and then turned away to look at something else, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, which said, as plainly as shrug could speak, "No, sir, I certainly have never had the honour of being introduced to you."

But the gentleman in black, instead of being put out of countenance, seemed much diverted by this display of *sang froid*, and forthwith repeated the poor Comte's exclamation, "*Superbe et magnifique! Bravo! Encore!*"

Whereupon the Frenchman again hoisted his shoulders, and said "*Bourgeois!*" and redoubled his efforts to appear perfectly at ease, and consequently drew upon himself a double share of notice.

Now it happened, fortunately, that Mr. Maxwell was at the opera that night; and it was yet more fortunate that his attention was drawn to the spot where this little scene was enacted in the pit. He had become, as we have observed before, under Mr. Ledger's tuition, somewhat of a man of business, and, therefore, he knew that delays were dangerous; so he instantly despatched a friend who was in the box with him, to summon old Bagsby to the scene of action, feeling, no doubt, that the gentleman in black was contemplating a *coup de main:* and it was well that he did so, for the lean and learned man of law arrived just in time to witness the caption of his client by Messieurs Tappem and Grumps, two of the legal "operatives" on such services, who acted under the orders of Mr. Micros Crabseye, of whom we have had occasion formerly to speak.

Mr. Maxwell offered bail to any amount in behalf of his friend; but Mr. Crabseye declared bail to be quite inadmissible, as the prisoner's offence was of a capital nature. "Indeed," said he, "if it were not so, and the proofs were much less plain, there have been so many forged notes

in the market lately, that it is our duty to the public, as well as to ourselves, to make an example whenever we have it in our power."

"Humph!" coughed Bagsby, whose presence then was first perceived; "humph! this is an ugly piece of business! But," he whispered to the Comte, "keep up your spirits! I have no doubt that we shall be able to pull you through."

"Who sent for you?" exclaimed the gentleman in black, who appeared much ruffled, and forgetful of his habitual politeness, at this unexpected and unwelcome apparition of one of the very few persons in the world, by whom he had been outwitted.

"What's that to you?" asked Bagsby, with the same degree of urbanity; "if you had agreed to my reasonable proposition, and let me have a pocket-book"——

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the gentleman of the black books, interrupting him; "reasonable, indeed! I'm not such a fool as to pay a high price for what I'm sure of getting for nothing. No, no;" and he began to laugh at his own joke, as was very customary with him, and to take snuff with great glee, while Bagsby appeared to be trembling with passion, and literally foaming at the mouth.

"We can't waste our time," said Mr. Micros Crabseye; "come Tappem! come Grumps! Do your duty."

"There is no occasion for violence," said Mr. Maxwell. "Let the gentleman be treated according to his station in life, which is that of a peer of France."

Messrs. Tappem and Grumps receded two steps at this information, but kept their eyes steadfastly upon the prisoner, while Mr. Crabseye very inelegantly remarked, that it was all gammon and humbug, and that he had no notion of foreign counts and marquesses.

The scene had hitherto been enacted in the lobby of the theatre: but, as a crowd began to collect, Mr. Maxwell offered the use of his carriage, by which, and a hackney coach, which Mr. Crabseye had in waiting, all the parties were speedily removed, "as per agreement," to a neighbouring hotel; Bagsby taking an opportunity, during the transit, of recovering his lost temper, and whispering certain instructions into Mr. Maxwell's ear, in consequence of which, immediately on entering the hotel, that gentleman gave orders for wines and refreshment to be placed on the table.

When they entered the room it wanted precisely twenty

minutes to twelve o'clock. It was an anxious time for the poor Comte, who had his black morocco leather pocket-book about him, containing many of the notes in question, the discovery of which upon his person would, he knew, render his case absolutely desperate.

But neither Mr. Maxwell nor old Bagsby had forgotten that, provided the said notes were not previously produced, they would, according to the bond, vanish at midnight.

The former, therefore, politely addressed Mr. Crabseye, telling him that he had frequently heard of his extreme vigilance, and that it was much better that, as in the present case, an innocent man should be put to inconvenience, than that the guilty should escape. "Really, my good sir," he continued, "the Bank of England, nay, I may say the public in general, are greatly indebted to you. For my own part, as a partner in a house of some eminence in the city, I feel a degree of personal obligation, which, upon my word, I hardly know how to express."

"Very likely not," observed the gentleman in black, who was as well aware of the value of time as any of the parties. "Do me the favour, Mr. Crabseye, just to cast your eye on that gentleman; and then, perhaps, you will recollect certain forged notes being traced to him some time since."

"I know the gentleman and his firm—Maxwell, Ledger, and Co.," replied Mr. Crabseye; "we have kept a sharp look out, I promise you: but all's right there. I don't know a more respectable merchant in the city, than Mr. Ledger."

"He's an old hum-drum, line-ruling, dot-and-go-one, calculating, plodding, sneaking, inanimate, old-fashioned, rusty, old square-toes!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, forgetting himself for a moment, in his rage against Mr. Ledger, of whom he never liked to hear. But recollecting himself, he continued, "I beg your pardon for being warm. I never had but one transaction with the person of whom you speak, and that was anything but satisfactory. However, he is not here now—that's one comfort!—So I beg leave to observe that the prisoner ought immediately to be searched; or, *even now*, the ends of justice may be defeated."

"There can be no occasion," said Mr. Maxwell, "for treating a gentleman with such indignity."

"He knows better" observed the gentleman in black, sarcastically.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Maxwell.

"Ay, ay," cried Bagsby, strutting forward, "What do you mean by that insinuation? I beg you to understand that a British merchant"——

"Confound all British merchants!" exclaimed the man of the black cloak; "really, Mr. Crabseye, if you do not immediately order these men to do their duty, I will not answer for the consequences."

Here old Bagsby jogged Mr. Maxwell's elbow and whispered, "Pick a quarrel! Kick up a row! Go it! Anything for the sake of time! it wants only ten minutes!" and then the cunning lawyer lifted up his own voice, and addressed the gentleman in black, saying, "I'll tell you what, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, a British merchant is not to be lightly spoken of by such fellows as you. What are you? Where do you come from? Pray, Mr. Crabseye, my worthy friend, where did you pick up this ragamuffin of an informer?"

"It can be of little consequence," replied Mr. Crabseye, with much dignity; "we are not in the habit of revealing the sources whence we obtain our information. This gentleman has lately made several discoveries of importance to us. Perhaps he may have had a hand in some awkward business; but what of that? we *must* have evidence, and we *must* make examples of some; and you know the old adage, 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' eh?"

"Ay, ay," cried the gentleman in black, he knows that proverb well enough, and its application too: for, if it were not for that feeling, there would be little enough to do in his office at Lyon's Inn. He! he! he! However, pray, my dear sir! don't lose any more time, but begin to search. It will be of no use presently."

"That's all my eye and Betty Martin!" ejaculated Mr. Grumps; "I've got my eye-teeth about me, I'll promise ye; and if so be as the gemman goes to throw anything away without my seeing it, I'll eat it—that's all."

"The thing's morally impossible," observed Mr. Tappem. "He an't the first noble gentleman we've had hold on, by a pretty many."

"These men have been tampered with!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, angrily.

"What does he say?" cried Bagsoy, "what! my friends Tappem and Grumps! I'll be bold enough to say that they are as worthy and honourable men as any about the courts A pretty sort of a thing it would be indeed, if honest men's

characters were to be at the mercy of a fellow like this! But I'll tell you what, gentlemen," he continued, whispering to the officers; "he's got plenty of money, I know; and, if I was in your place, I'd make him pay pretty handsomely, or bring an action against him. For (here he elevated his voice, and spoke as loud as possible) character—character, gentlemen, is everything—

> 'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something—nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.'"

"Ay, ay," roared Grumps, strutting up to the gentleman in black, "who steals my purse, steals trash—but as for my good name, why, it—has been—slave to thousands—what is it? I don't understand poetry. Howsomever, the short and the long of the business is, I shan't stand no nonsense; and so, if you don't make an apology"——

"Ah, to be sure," said Tappem, "an apology, or else come down pretty handsome; why, look ye, Mr. Black-and-all-black! mayhap you may find you have met with your match—that's all. Ah, to be sure, he who filches from me my character, robs me of that which an't of no use to him nor nobody else, and it's a burning shame."

The moment Tappem was silent, Grumps resumed; and the instant Grumps was silent, Tappem spoke; and sometimes both spoke together; and, as they waxed warm, their language became more obscure and *slangish;* so that, after a few minutes, the gentleman in black, who had in vain endeavoured to stop them, found it utterly impossible to tell what they were talking about, although he was himself strongly suspected of having lent a helping hand in the compilation of a "flash" dictionary.

Bagsby having thus succeeded in making a diversion in favour of his client, helped himself to a glass of wine, rubbed his hands, smacked his lips, and indulged himself in a sort of cackling laugh, as he witnessed the perplexity of the black bond-holder; and then he put his fore-finger to the side of his nose, and winked and nodded at the Comte, and said, "Never fear, sir! never fear! It's an ugly piece of business, but I have no doubt we shall be able to pull you through."

The gentleman in black perceiving, by this time, that he had no chance of silencing the two orators of the handcuff, appealed to Mr. Crabseye; but that gentleman, assuming an

air of *hauteur*, coldly observed that it was utterly out of his power to interfere; yet, that he could not help remarking, that gentlemen could not be too cautious in their remarks, and that all sorts of insinuations against men's characters, unless they could be substantiated by evidence, were highly improper; and he concluded by averring that, to his own belief and knowledge, Messrs. Tappem and Grumps were most highly respectable and honourable men. Hereupon the two gentlemen last mentioned, evinced their approbation by a simultaneous cry of "Ay, ay!" and, a moment after, the clock struck twelve.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mr. Maxwell.

"Bravo! bravissimo! very good!" exclaimed Comte Louis.

"Tol lol de rol," squeaked Bagsby, apeing the gaiety of his companions, by snapping his fingers and holding up one of his shrivelled legs as if about to cut a caper.

"I told you how it would be!" said the gentleman in black, addressing Crabseye.

"Told me what?" inquired the inquisitor of bank notes.

"It is of no use to search him *now*," observed the gentleman in black, sullenly. "I told you how it would be."

"Told me what?" repeated Crabseye.

"It's past twelve," was the reply.

"He, he, he! ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Bagsby. "Ho, ho, ho! why, you don't understand the gentleman, Mr. Crabseye: he told you the clock would strike—ho, ho, ho! oh dear!" Here his cough interfered to prevent any farther remarks, and the gentleman in black, having tapped his black snuff-box and taken a pinch of blackguard, appeared to have recovered his equanimity, and calmly told Mr. Crabseye that he had nothing more to observe on the business, as the prisoner was secured, and the law would, doubtless, take its course.

He then shook hands with Messrs. Tappem and Grumps, and the contact of his fingers with their palms had an almost magical effect; for they not only ceased to ask for apologies relative to the injuries inflicted upon their characters, but declared that they thought all along that he was "a real gentleman." He then gracefully folded his cloak about him, and politely took his leave of the party. Mr. Micros Crabseye very shortly followed his example; and Mr. Maxwell, after listening, with evident satisfaction, to something whispered in his ear by old Bagsby, went next.

The remaining four then sat down to table; and the Comte, implicitly obeying every direction of his skinny lawyer, called

for champagne, which came at his call, and disappeared forthwith in the hands of Tappem and Grumps, whom Bagsby proceeded to address:—"Gentlemen! my friend here is a Frenchman, and doesn't understand a word of English; therefore, it's no sort of consequence what we say before him: so, first I must tell you, for the sake of your consciences, he is no more guilty of forging notes than I am. Perhaps he may have passed one or two innocently—that might happen to any man—but, as for forging, he has no notion of it—indeed I suspect that fellow that gave the information."

"What!" said Grumps, "him as just went away, whom we jawed a bit about our characters?"

"The same," replied Bagsby; "I have my reasons."

"Come, come, that won't do," cried Tappem; "we're not to be bamboozled in that way. He's a gentleman every inch of him, and I wish you were as much of one, that's all! Come, here's to your reformation, (and he filled himself a bumper) you sly old fox! You're up to some gammon or other now, I can see, by the twinkling of your eyes, and your jaw-pulling trick. Ay, ay, what! you're laughing, are you? Well, well, you may as well tell us what it is at once; for we're all friends, and it's getting late."

Upon this hint Bagsby spoke to the officers in terms by no means ambiguous; and a very brief interval elapsed ere the party were proceeding along the streets in a hackney coach, towards Mr. Tappem's private residence, wherein it had been previously arranged with Mr. Crabseye, the person of Comte Louis was to be secured for the night. Ere they mounted the vehicle, Mr. Grumps had walked round it, to see that the straps and other matters were in good order; for Bagsby observed that several of his friends had met with unpleasant accidents, from the shocking inattention of hackney coachmen. This precaution, however, seemed to be in vain, though we dare not say it did not answer the purpose, for, in passing along a narrow street, something gave way, and the crazy vehicle heeled over on one side. The Comte, Bagsby, and Tappem, found little difficulty in extricating themselves, as from a trap-door; but poor Grumps lay at the bottom, and declared his leg was broken, and his humane comrade was peeping pitifully into the dark abyss, and lamenting so grievous a disaster, when the Comte, under the directions of Bagsby, discharged the contents of his snuff-box into his face.

"My eyes! oh, bless my heart! I can't see!" said Tappem, clapping his hands before his eyes.

"This way," whispered Bagsby, taking the Comte's arm, "it's all right;" and he led him through one dark alley into another, and turned to the left and the right, and the left about, and the right about, for the space of about half an hour; and then they suddenly emerged into a wide street near a bridge, where they found Mr. Maxwell waiting for them in a chaise and four. So the lawyer took a *brief* leave of his client, who took a seat in the vehicle, and arrived in his native land in good time for dinner.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning after the events related in the last chapter, old Bagsby found himself very lonely in his gloomy office in Lyon's Inn. The magnitude of the Comte's transactions, in which he had so recently been engaged, made the "six and eightpences" appear exceedingly insignificant; and he conned and looked over the petty items of his regular clients with a languid eye, then pulled his lip, thrust the papers from him, threw himself back in his chair, looked at the accustomed thrifty modicum of small coal in one corner of the grate, and sighed.

While he was in this frame of mind, the door opened, and the gentleman in black made his appearance, and politely expressed a hope that he saw his learned friend in good health and spirits.

"Middling," replied Bagsby; "I believe I caught a bit of a cold last night. Heugh! heugh! I don't like late hours."

"I am particularly partial to them," said he of the black cloak, placing a chair near the fire-place, and seating himself therein in a quite-at-home sort of a manner; "I recommend them particularly to all my friends."

"Humph!" grunted the lawyer, "very likely. But what's your business here? I am engaged, you see, and have no time for visits of ceremony. The case in which we were engaged, is now removed into another court, and I hate morning calls."

"There again," exclaimed the gentleman of the black-edged papers, "that's very extraordinary! I am particularly partial to them. The sort of conversation which generally passes on such occasions, pleases me exceedingly, that is, in

a small way. Somewhat in the same manner as the *six and eightpences* contribute to your comfort, eh? You comprehend? When there is no business on a large scale to be done, eh?"

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired Bagsby, doggedly turning to the table, and rummaging among the papers and deeds, as though seeking for some document of importance.

"Not exactly," replied the other. "You managed that business last night with your usual skill, and I wish to express to you, that I do not feel the least animosity on account of the event. I confess myself to have been out-generalled. But, my dear sir, (here he drew his chair somewhat nearer the lawyer,) now the Comte has returned to his own country, of course you do not any longer consider him as your client?"

"Humph!" said the old limb of the law, "that depends upon circumstances. There is no process against him at present—but—ahem, hem! my cough is very troublesome."

"Well, well, never mind," continued the gentleman in the black suit, "I like to come to the point at once, with those who understand business; and so, without farther preamble, as the Comte's business in this country may now be fairly considered as terminated, you cannot, in any way, be concerned in the ultimate arrangement of his affairs."

"Hem, heugh, ahem!" coughed Bagsby, "that depends upon circum—ahem! my cough is exceedingly troublesome."

"Precisely so," observed the gentleman in black; "I perceive it. Well, my dear sir, the simple matter is, that, from what I have witnessed of your talents, and considering you now to be perfectly at liberty, I wait upon you this morning for the express purpose of putting myself into your hands."

"What!" exclaimed Bagsby, thrusting back his chair, and starting with his body erect therein, while his arms were stretched forth to their full extent, and his shrivelled hands grasped the elbows thereof, with a violence which seemed to threaten dislocation to the ancient seat of his plodding industry. "What?" cried he again, and his lean limbs appeared stiffened beneath their parchment covering, into an unnatural rigidity."

"Precisely so," calmly resumed the gentleman of the black paraphernalia; "in three words, I wish to ask your advice."

These words had an almost magical effect on the man of law. He immediately got the better of his rigidity and surprise, recovered his self-possession in an instant, and even his

troublesome cough appeared to be very considerably amended; for he, forthwith, commenced a speech of no small length, in which he acknowledged that he felt sensibly affected by the confidence which his new client was disposed to place in him: that he was aware how frequently he was engaged in suits of various descriptions, and that really the offer was too flattering—too tempting—too—and then, and not till then, he began to hem, and again complain of his cough.

"Precisely so," observed the gentleman in black. "Well, there must be a beginning: so now, as the Comte, by running away from the country, has left you perfectly at liberty, I wish to know what, in *his* case, you would advise *me* to do?"

"Humph!" said Bagsby, "it is an ugly piece of business! but, my dear sir, as we are, comparatively speaking, utter strangers—that is, I mean, in comparison with what we may be in future"—

"Precisely so," observed the dark gentleman; "proceed."

"Well," continued the man of law, "under such circumstances, I am sure, my dear sir, you will excuse my freedom—but, ahem, hem, my cough is very troublesome! under these circumstances, I say, I am sure you will excuse—but it is a rule that I laid down for myself many years ago, when I first went into business—I am sure you will excuse, but really, there are so many—hem, hem! my cough is very troublesome."

"Then come to the point at once," said the gentleman in black, somewhat testily; "are you willing to assist me with your advice?"

"Not unless I have something in hand to begin with," replied old Bagsby, speaking as plain as though he had never coughed in his life.

He had so frequently, in the course of his practice, experienced the potency of this proposition, in putting an end to many a promising conference, that even the knowledge of his client's wealth, could not prevent him from watching his dingy countenance with some anxiety.

But the dark gentleman was evidently gratified by this display of the ruling passion, and his eyes twinkled as he replied, "Precisely so. Nothing can be more reasonable! I have no idea of cheap law. It would be a pretty sort of thing if justice were to be *given* away! quite contrary to *my* ideas of propriety, I assure you. Shocking! just as if it was a thing of no value. Ho ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! upon my darkness, you're a capital old fellow; I admire your rule

exceedingly, and hope it will become general throughout the profession. So here goes!" Uttering these words, he began to pull out from the pocket of his black inexpressibles, the long black elastic silk purse, of which we have so frequently had occasion to make mention, while the lean lawyer sat with greedy eye, as fold after fold came forth from its dark abode, like a cable from its tier on shipboard, and were arranged in voluminous coils upon the rickety old office table, which literally began to groan beneath their weight. Yet still the interminable process went on, while the black purse-bearer, to whom the work was as easy as though he was handling gossamer, diverted himself by watching the changes in old Bagsby's countenance as the heap accumulated.

At length, the dark elderly gentleman suspended his labours, though the end of his magical purse had not yet become visible, as it extended from the table to his pocket like a rope. What its precise length might be, Bagsby could not guess: but, judging from other purses, it might be about half way out, for the owner thrust his finger and thumb into an opening, such as may be seen in the centre of every-day money-bags, and drew forth a coin of the value of seven shillings, which he placed before the admiring lawyer, and, in a serious, business-like tone, and with a face of surpassing gravity, said, "I shall thank you to give me change, that is fourpence."

The ancient lawyer had been gazing upon the wonder working heap that was piled upon his table, with a strange intensity; and his feelings were of a most complicated nature. He had some indistinct notion that a great part, if not the whole, might fall to his share; but, nevertheless, there stole upon him an inward misgiving that there might be some danger in receiving a fee from such a client; and, withal, a chilliness and fear, and trembling, took possession of him; the rigidity of his muscles gave way, and his knees smote one against the other. Therefore, the words which were addressed to him, for the purpose of contrasting his usual gains with the prospect before him, fell unheeded upon his ear.

Not receiving any reply, the gentleman in black looked up, and instantly perceived the state of the case.

"Smell this, my dear sir!" he exclaimed, handing one of his black glass bottles. "There—there—you are better now, I'm sure. What has been the matter with you?"

"Yes—hem—yes," replied old Bagsby, sniffing at the specific, "oh, ah—it was nothing. I was subject to such fits

when I was a boy: but it is a long time, a very long time, since I have had an attack of the kind."

"What do you call it?" inquired the gentleman in black.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied the lawyer, endeavouring to appear quite at ease; "it was only a recurrence of early prejudices."

"*Only* a recurrence of early prejudices!" exclaimed he of the elastic sable purse. "Do you call that nothing? Allow me to tell you, sir, that there is scarcely anything to which I so decidedly object as such reminiscences. And, permit me to say, sir, that a gentleman of your experience and good sense ought to be above such follies and weaknesses. What old woman's tale have you got into your head? Really, my dear friend," (here he changed his tone, which had been somewhat harsh, into one of mild entreaty and persuasion,) "I did not expect this from *you*. You have now been acquainted with me for some years; and I should have imagined that the ridiculous fables of the nursery, which represent me as a remarkably ill-behaved personage, and positively frightful in appearance, had long since been eradicated from your recollection."

"One is not able," replied Bagsby, in a sort of semi-apologetical manner, "to command one's feelings at all times."

"So it seems," observed the gentleman in black, drily; "but, one would think your own senses sufficient evidence to contradict the trumpery fabrifications to which I allude. Look at me, and say if you perceive anything disagreeable or even ungentlemanly in my appearance."

Bagsby looked up, and such was the effect of the slight attack which he had undergone from "early impressions," that he spoke but the truth when he replied, "I must say that I have seen you look better in every respect."

"If such be your opinion," said the dark elderly gentleman, "it is useless for us to attempt to proceed to business this morning;" and he immediately began to haul home the coils of his long black silk purse from the table, into his black breeches' pocket.

Bagsby looked on and sighed, and was just in the act of calling out "Stop!" when the door of his office opened, and in walked Messieurs Maxwell and Ledger. The scene now changed as quickly as in a pantomime. The black purse rushed like a live thing into its place, and its owner arose and took a polite leave of the lawyer, and, bowing to the two other

gentlemen, ventured to remark that he would not interrupt their business with Mr. Bagsby, as he was just about to take his departure.

"The sooner the better," replied Mr. Ledger, sternly, pointing, at the same time, to the door; and straightway the gentleman in black sneaked off in a very crest-fallen sort of manner—as the vulgar saying is, "with his tail between his legs,"—insomuch that the lawyer was astonished at perceiving the extreme diminution of his importance, and the mean and abject manner in which he made his exit, keeping ever at a most respectful distance from the stern and upright old merchant.

Old Bagsby is not the only individual who has been saved from the machinations of the gentleman in black, by the recurrence of "early prejudices" and the company of those whose presence is particularly objectionable to that personage.

If any consolation were requisite to the man of law for the disappearance of the long black purse, it was immediately forthcoming in the shape of full and liberal payment for all expenses, charges, attendances, consultations, stamps, messages, &c., &c., incident upon the case, and in the transactions of the Comte D'Ormalle during his visit to England. When these matters were arranged, Mr. Maxwell stated that, although the Comte had left England, it did not follow that he should be forsaken by his friends; and therefore he proposed that, as soon as Mr. Bagsby could make it convenient, he should follow him to Paris.

To this suggestion the lawyer would not, at first, listen for an instant; but rose from his seat, and paced the room in very evident and great agitation, muttering, "Me—me—what? I go abroad? Me! why, I never was more than ten miles out of town in my life, except once, and then I'd better have been in bed all the while:" and forthwith he began a long and tedious tale about a journey to Bath, which was attended with inconveniences, incivility, over-charges, narrow escapes, impositions, and all the various *et cetera*, by which "shabby" or inexperienced travellers are beset, and with the narration of which they inflict no small penalty on such as are compelled to listen thereunto. The listeners in the present case, however, had an interest at stake in keeping the story-teller in good humour; and Mr. Ledger gave a significant nod to his partner, which said, "Let the old fellow have rope enough! give him time."

So, when the elaborate tale was ended, they extolled him exceedingly for the judgment and discrimination of character that he had evinced in the said journey, and declared that he was perfectly competent to travel into any part of the known world. And so it was that old Bagsby was caught in his own trap, for he had really, while speaking of his unfitness for locomotion, been endeavouring to show off; and, like most of us, he was highly delighted at receiving a compliment upon his knowledge of that, respecting which he was in utter ignorance. In common with the generality of men who live apart from the world, he had a very sufficiently good opinion of his own talents and acquirements. Therefore, when he spoke of his ignorance of French customs, manners, and laws, it was a mere feint or *ruse* to enhance the value of his services; for he verily believed himself to be a match for the gentleman in black, in whatsoever part of the world he might happen to meet him. Such being the case, he was soon persuaded, by liberal promises held out to him by those who had ever acted liberally towards him, to proceed with the business in question, even into the French courts; and, immediately the consultation was at an end, he began to make preparations for his departure.

On the fourth day after these events, a packet sailed from Dover for the opposite port of Calais, with what is termed a side wind; and on the lower or leeward side of the said packet sat the lean lawyer of Lyon's Inn, in a woful state of agitation, both mental and corporeal. It was the first time that he had beheld the sea; and, consequently, as the little vessel heeled and pitched about upon the face of the billows, he imagined that she was in imminent danger of upsetting, and was, literally, undergoing the horrors of a storm. The keenness of the sea breeze, moreover, affected him not a little, and rendered it very desirable that his poor body should be enveloped in certain paraphernalia, which he had purchased for an expected nocturnal journey overland, and which, for economy's sake, he had packed up in his portmanteau. But that was deposited in the cabin below, whereunto his legs refused to carry him; and, alas! there was no ringing the bell for Jerry. So the poor old fellow sat and shivered, and thought of that meagre worthy, and of the quiet and steadiness of Lyon's Inn, and, ever and anon, peeped through his watery eyes upon the lessening cliffs of his native land. From this deplorable state of helpless endurance, he was roused into activity by the imperative

demands of the God Neptune; therefore he arose, and, much to his mortification, superadded to the usual tribute, a pair of spectacles and a new hat and wig, which went floating astern amid a burst of laughter from some of the unfeeling crew. But there were other good Samaritans on board, who pitied the lawyer's case; and he was soon enveloped in a seaman's coarse blue coat, and a striped woollen cap was placed upon his head; and, thus metamorphosed, he sat in doleful dumps, as though he had been regularly enlisted into the sea service.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a deep hollow voice close at his elbow; "why, old Jerry himself would hardly know you now, my dear sir. How do you find yourself? Allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff."

Bagsby turned sharply round, and was not a little startled to find the gentleman in black sitting at his side, apparently quite at ease. "What!" continued the dark intruder, "you are surprised, eh? precisely so! I perceive it; but, the fact is, my dear sir, I am a great traveller—at home—everywhere. Quite a cosmopolite; and, wherever there is any business to be done, there I am. So I thought, as you would be quite at leisure during the passage, and we shall be secure from interlopers, we might as well take this opportunity of talking over the affair in which we are respectively engaged."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the lawyer, distantly, and assuming as much dignity in his new, or rather, old dress, as if enveloped in the Chancellor's robes, "I am *not* at leisure."

"Precisely so," said the gentleman in black, in a most imperturbed manner; "that is as you think. But the fact is. I have a proposition to make to you, which, as a man of sense, observation, and calculation, I am confident you will find much more to your advantage than going on this wild-goose chase. I have made a brief memorandum on the subject. Just do me the favour to look over these papers."

"I have lost my spectacles," replied old Bagsby, sulkily.

"My dear sir," said the man of the black-edged papers, "I will lend you mine with pleasure," and, dipping his hand into the black bag, which stood as usual between his legs, he drew forth a black shagreen case, from which he took a pair of spectacles, mounted in black tortoise-shell, and politely handed them to the lawyer, who forthwith began reading, and seemed much interested in what he read: and, in the

meanwhile, the gentleman in black walked up and down the deck, taking snuff with as much *sang froid* and ease, as though he had been on *terra firma*. An ejaculation from Bagsby, however, effectually disturbed his equanimity, and he snatched his spectacles from the old fellow's eyes, and exclaimed, "You know, sir, I have a particular antipathy to swearing!"

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "allow me to finish. The scheme is wonderful!"

"Precisely so," replied the owner of the spectacles, resuming his seat. "Loans to young and thoughtless spendthrifts, are by far the best speculations in which you can employ yourself. What with immediate profits, accumulating interest, extended connexion, introductions and future contingencies—upon my darkness! I know nothing equal to them. And, as for the needful, I am sure I shall always be ready to advance on your *own* security. But read on"—— and, thus saying, he returned the spectacles.

It has frequently been a matter of doubt with old Bagsby, whether he really did read anything on that occasion, or whether the spectacles he wore had not a magical effect upon his optics; for he seemed, as in a vision, to behold a succession of individuals, many of them personally known to him, approaching and proffering him securities for immense loans. Then came others of the higher class of commoners; and anon, followed nobles of the first rank, either for the same purposes, or to effect exchanges of immense extent and value. And, as he looked on, the old lawyer's self-importance gradually increased: and he beheld his professional duties so much extended, that his offices, instead of being confined to three dark rooms in Lyon's Inn, seemed to occupy the whole of one side of one of the new squares, including separate departments for conveyancing, and every other species of legal transactions. On and on went the process, and princes, dukes, and marquesses appeared to be waiting his convenience, till at length, in the portly form of one, he recognized Majesty itself; and, so utterly was the old fellow lost in the delusion, that he exclaimed, "It is the King himself, God bless him!" In an instant the spectacles were snatched from his eyes, and, instead of being, as it were, enthroned in the midst of his suite of gorgeous rooms, he sat, a poor lean, shrivelled, meagre old man, trembling and helpless as a child, at the mercy of the winds and waves, while the gentleman in black stood scowling over him.

There are certain poisons, which, when exhibited in too great quantities, have a tendency to counteract their own deadly effects on the human system: and thus it was with the wonderful prospects which the dark designer had presented to his intended victim. He had overdosed him; and he plainly perceived his error, and was about to plan a remedy, when the lawyer's good genius interfered in the shape of a somewhat mountainous wave, which broke over the little vessel and pitched him forward upon the deck, where he fell upon his knees, and, in that position, under the influence of bodily fear, he uttered his third and most fervent ejaculation.

Thus, in consequence of his loyalty and seasonable fear, Bagsby was freed, for a time, from temptation to swerve from the path of duty. The gentleman in black was no more seen on board during the voyage; and, when they arrived at Calais, there was no small uproar among the sailors at missing the "dingy fellow that seemed to have his sea legs on board," and who, they vowed, must have fallen over-board, as they would defy even the old one himself to "bilk his passage, or escape the Douaniers on landing."

CHAPTER IX.

Previous to Bagsby's arrival in Paris, it will be necessary to look a little into the state of things there.

After the Comte's departure, matters went on much as usual at his hotel, for the space of a week; and then M. le Comte de Tieu à la Cour, who prided himself not a little on his skill in such matters, was much scandalized at the manner in which that most important meal, dinner, was served; and he could not avoid saying some severe things, to certain of the servants in waiting. He had, however, too much of the (good in that respect) old school about him, to begin scolding regularly in the presence of a few guests, who did him the honour of taking their commons with him *en famille;* and, therefore, satisfied himself, for the moment, with a glass of champagne, and pulling a face and pushing away from him portions of certain dishes which, truth to tell, well merited the name he gave them of "detestable," inasmuch as they

were sent in by the *marchand* of *patisserie*, for the express purpose of (as we say in England) "getting up a row" for the sake of coming to an explanation. The fact was, that the said *marchand* had heard an extraordinary tale relative to the Comte D'Ormalle's connexion with the gentleman in black, which tale he had most stoutly taken upon himself to contradict, because he had had the honour to serve the table of M. le Comte (and no nobleman, he was confident, kept a better table) for many years, and had been always regularly paid whenever the Comte visited Paris. But, alas! such is the fleeting nature of even a good name, that, when M. le Comte suddenly left Paris without discharging his bill, he began to doubt. Therefore, when the Abbé Beueton called upon him, (as he felt himself bound to do, seeing that his patron the Comte was but ill-disposed toward the *fricandeaux*, &c., of the said artist,) the said artist spake of his wife and his large, and increasing, little family; and, after a brief explanation, came to the usual issue of "a large bill to make up," "disappointments," "arrangements to make, &c. &c.," all which the abbé said had nothing to do with the matter in question; but which, nevertheless, he should represent in the proper quarter.

The poor Comtesse Emilie had never, since her marriage up to that period, known what trouble or anxiety were. She had spent her time in a constant round, or rather, a series of circles of gaiety and dissipation. As for money, she had no idea of its value. It seemed to her merely a sort of custom to put one's hand in one's pocket if one lost at cards, or hold it out and receive something if one won. And as for bills, they were to be referred to the steward or the Comte. The case now, however, was very different. She had no money, the steward had no money, and Monsieur le Comte was gone nobody knew where. At first it struck her as a very good joke, an exceedingly ridiculous sort of distress, and so she went and told her most perpendicular father, who averred that, so far from conceiving the thing to be a joke, he considered it to be a very serious, or, as Bagsby would have said, "a very ugly piece of business."

"But, nevertheless, my dear Emilie," he continued, "as it really makes very little difference to me where I live, I shall make it a point not to leave you unprotected in your present situation, but wait and see the end of the affair. In the meanwhile, despatch your toilet as quickly as possible, or we shall be late at the Duchesse de Chercelcon's select party."

To that party and divers others they went; and day after day passed on, yet the Comte D'Ornalle came not, and the poor Comtesse remembered with grief, and something very nearly akin to self-reproach, the manner in which they had last parted. Duns became more frequent, and less polite and ceremonious; and even her own maid, Lisette (who, by the way, firmly believed that the Comte had been carried off by the gentleman in black) began to exhibit symptoms of peevishness and disrespect.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!" The Comtesse sat alone, removed from the summer flies of her prosperity, and thought on by-gone days of happiness with her dear Louis—how he had anticipated her every wish: and then she recollected the princely style in which, without hesitation or remark, he had so long supported their, or rather *her* splendid establishment in Paris. It had been the envy of all. What was the consequence? Where was poor dear Louis? Had he destroyed himself? No! That was too horrible. She would not believe *that*. "And, yet," she continued, "when I think on my extravagance! But, oh! I dare not look to the future!" and then the poor repentant lady wept.

Let it not be supposed that her nature was so completely altered as to be ever in this frame of mind. But in such a mood she was, when Comte Louis, after his narrow escape from London, arrived in Paris. She had been thinking of him alone for, at least, ten minutes, and had even murmured his name, and said, "Oh! what would I give to see him!" when he rushed into the apartment, and in a moment she was in his arms, vehemently sobbing, and expressing, as well as she could at intervals, her delight. And the poor Comte! he perceived there was no "acting" in the case, as he had whilome suspected in by-gone days. All was real; and he pressed her to his heart in fervent joy and gladness. Neither of them had been so happy for years.

The next morning all the duns were dismissed in a way perfectly satisfactory to their feelings; and then the Comte visited Messieurs Lafitte, Barillons, and the other bankers to whom remittances had been sent in consequence of his transactions in England, and found the amount of his balances so immense, in French livres, that he began to think he should have a handsome surplus, after discharging the whole of any accounts on black-edged paper which the gentleman in black could produce against him. A little consideration, however, convinced him of his error on that head, and, for a short

time, depressed his spirits. Indeed, there are very few of us who would not be somewhat startled at beholding the sum total of what *all* our expenses and extravagances would amount to in eight-and-twenty years. So the Comte D'Ormalle sighed, and ordered his carriage, and took a ride with his dear Emilie in the Boulevards, in order that his arrival might be generally known; and the consequences of his re-appearance were a multitude of calls from the Comtesse's dear friends, and a visit from the old bishop to himself, on particular and private business.

The ancient and formal ecclesiastic was far too tedious to be endured in detail by the reader. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that he still kept harping upon the alienated Church lands, declared that he had thought much on the Comte's singular case; but really—he scarcely knew, &c. &c.—and finally, that he had thought fit to convene a sort of council—a few learned friends, men of distinguished parts, who had already held several meetings on the subject, and were to assemble again on the morrow—when he trusted that the Comte would have the politeness to attend.

On the morrow, while the Comte was debating on the subject within his own mind, he was most agreeably surprised by the appearance of his lean legal adviser, poor Bagsby, who, in spite of the alarm, fatigue, and battering that he had undergone, instantly decided on attending "the Committee," as he called it.

"There will be no business done in our first interview," said he: "I understand the nature of such meetings, and shall plead fatigue as a reason for not entering deeply into the subject. But I shall have an opportunity of making my observations, and of judging what sort of people we have to deal with."

The council in question were assembled in a circular Chapter-house-looking building, connected with one of the religious establishments in Paris, which it would scarcely be correct to name. The Abbé of Grandesdimes was president, and the lowest place at the board was occupied by brother Dodun, who was admitted among his august superiors, in consequence of his having been the first person intrusted with the business in question.

"So we may expect to see the Comte to-day," said the president, taking his seat. "What time do we dine? Whose turn is it to order dinner? Ah! I remember now; my dear Franchelippe—we may trust to you always. But really, it

seemed to me, that the last time we dined at Very's, we were not precisely treated with that sort of respect which I could have wished. These miserable English at the *restaurateurs* are quite a nuisance!"

"*Les bêtes!*" exclaimed the abbé Nigaudin, shrugging up his shoulders, and elevating his eyebrows, in an attempt to look wise.

After a few more observations and questions equally important, a lean, cadaverous-looking member of the council, Rateleux by name, put on his spectacles, and, opening a huge manuscript volume that lay before him, said, that, if the president would give him leave, he would read a few extracts from certain scarce works of the ancient fathers, which appeared in some measure to bear upon the case in point. And then, after hemming three or four times, he began his task in a slow monotonous tone; and, doubtless, the hearers were much edified thereby, as what he read was written in good old monkish Latin.

"When this process had gone on for some time, it was interrupted by a gentle tapping at the door; and brother Dodun, by virtue of his office, as no menials were allowed to be present at this important consultation, went to ascertain the cause.

"The Comte D'Ormalle is come," said he, gently, on his return to the table. Then followed a whispering conference among the brethren, whether they should awaken the president; but that pillar of the church missed the soothing tones of brother Rateleux, and saved them the trouble of deciding.

"Admit the Comte by all means," said he, most graciously, as soon as he understood the state of the case: and brother Dodun forthwith performed his office, and requested the Comte to walk in. The Comte accordingly stepped forward, and, with a slight nod of acknowledgment to the humble brother, *en passant*, advanced towards the table where the dignitaries were sitting. Dodun then attempted to close the door, but, finding some obstacle in the way, peeped behind to ascertain what it might be, and was in no small degree astonished and dismayed, at finding his face close to that of our old friend Bagsby, who pushed forward without ceremony, and followed the Comte.

A fearful exclamation from the janitor communicated his alarm to the council board, and there was a general *sauve qui peut* movement among their reverences, which was with some difficulty arrested by the Comte, who assured them, on his

honour, that the gentleman was *only* his lawyer. Yet, for some minutes, there was a dead silence at the board, and the members thereof eyed the intruder and his bag with looks of suspicion: and it must be confessed, that Bagsby's appearance was far from prepossessing: for, not being able to procure a wig of his own pattern, to supply the place of that which had gone to sea, he had cheapened a second-hand "Brutus," thinking it would do very well till his return home. Now, the said "Brutus" was black, and large, and full made, and overshadowed, with a profusion indicatory of much earlier life, the pale and shrivelled face of the ancient lawyer; so that the *tout ensemble* was most unnatural. Added to this, Bagsby, like most other men who do not often enter into a joke, when he did relish one, enjoyed it exceedingly; and the mistake which had just occurred, tickled the old fellow's fancy so much, that he could not avoid chuckling and cachinnating to himself, in a manner that appeared very unseemly in such august presence.

Brother Dodun, obeying a graceful wave of the president's hand, placed a chair for the Comte, and Bagsby thereupon, without waiting for any invitation, took one for himself: and then the abbé of Grandesdimes, in his official capacity, addressed the Comte D'Ormalle in a set speech, wherein he took occasion to say much of the condescension, paternal feelings, learning, &c., &c., of their venerable and noble diocesan, by whom they had been deputed to examine into this very mysterious affair. "We have," he continued, "already made considerable progress: but there yet remain certain deep and knotty points to be investigated, on one of which we were deliberating at the moment of your arrival. I assure you, Monsieur Le Comte, the laity have little idea of the way in which we of the clergy occupy our time—the midnight oil—the"——

Here old Bagsby's cough was exceedingly troublesome, and the Abbé Nigaudin muttered "*Bête!*"

"But," continued the president, "far be it from me to arrogate, either for myself or brethren, any other merit than what we may fairly claim for patience and perseverance. For those qualities, my son, you may faithfully depend upon us, and, in the meanwhile, remember that the power of the church is immense. It is true, that I and my brethren here, are but individual and humble sons thereof; but, nevertheless, we venture to counsel you not to despair; particularly as you are possessed of the means of doing good."

Here the president sat down in a state of exhaustion, and then there was a whispering and looking at watches round the table, and then an adjournment until the following day. On rising from table, each of the members paid their respects to the Comte, and each in his turn, rang the changes upon the old topic, "the immense power of the church, &c.," except brother Rateleaux, who squeezed the Comte's hand, shook his own head, and said it was an ugly piece of business.

Bagsby attended the council on the following day, in the character of plenipotentiary for the Comte, and caused a great sensation by affirming that he would not advance a single louis, on account of any expenses that might be incurred, until the business was settled.

This determination, in which the lawyer was inflexible, caused the despatch of a messenger to Rome, from whence he returned laden with official documents called absolutions, indulgences, &c., which professed to exonerate the Comte from the consequences of the various sins which he had agreed and been compelled to commit: and then the gentleman in black made his appearance before the board, to argue the case in person. The uncomfortable feelings that simultaneously took possession of all the ecclesiastics, when he first introduced himself, very soon subsided: and he, after making his obeisance in a style of courtly elegance, took a seat at the board, and pulled a variety of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, from his black bag, and, placing them on the table, looked round him with an air of calm composure that seemed to say, "Here I am, ready to answer anybody who has anything to say to me."

In the meanwhile, Bagsby had attached himself to a member of the council, who was likewise a Jesuit, and, consequently, well versed in the science of "mystification." These two worthies sate opposite the gentleman in black, to whom the lawyer nodded in a knowing oblique manner, which spake as plain as nod could speak, "I'll bother you yet, old fellow!"

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read over, the president made a speech, during which, we are sorry to say, old Bagsby's cough was again exceedingly troublesome, and the dingy plaintiff himself was compelled to take a pinch of blackguard, to prevent him from being guilty of the ungentlemanly vice of yawning.

At length the packet from Rome was produced in due form, and the various documents were read, by which it

appeared that the Comte was relieved from all the consequences of the past, and was freed from all allegiance, suit, service, &c., towards the gentleman in black for the future, any bonds, promises, &c., &c., to the contrary notwithstanding.

When the reader was silent, the president arose, and, waving his arm with great dignity, exclaimed, "Behold the power of the Church! Great, wonderful, astonishing, marvellous, merciful, infallible is the—hem—In short, the business is now at an end—Monsieur Le Comte is perfectly freed from the toils.—Ahem. As for you, Monsieur, (turning to the sable-vested gentleman) you have no longer any demand on, or control over him; therefore—therefore, allow me to recommend you to retire."

"By no means," replied the gentleman in black, "I cannot admit, for a moment, that those documents in any manner affect the validity of the Comte's bond, voluntarily entered into with me. I consider him to be in the same situation, as regards me, with that of a subject towards his sovereign to whom he has sworn allegiance."

"Bah!" exclaimed Franchelippe. "And supposing he were? The Pope, you know, has the power of excommunicating the sovereign, and absolving the subject from allegiance."

"As to the matter of excommunication," replied the gentleman of the black bag, "it may be as you say, for aught I know or care; but, from the best authorities, I learn that he has not the power of absolving any subject from his allegiance."

"You are in a state of deplorable ignorance, Monsieur, relative to the power of the Church," said the president; "I remember to have read a great deal upon that very subject. Perhaps, brother Rateleux, you will have the goodness"——

Rateleux, who, according to the Cambridge term of the present day, had been "cramming" himself upon the subject, commenced a long, learned, and tedious dissertation upon papal supremacy; and spoke of the donation of Constantine the Great; and quoted divers ancient chronicles, deeds, speeches, and received opinions—related how Clement the Fifth (who, as Pope, was of course *infallible*) declared in the council of Vienna, that "all the right of kings depended upon him alone." How Boniface the Eighth, and Innocent the Fourth, had made similar assertions relative to various kingdoms, the former particularly claiming the kingdom of France as "a fee of the papal majesty."

When this erudite display of brother Ratcleux's reading and industry terminated, there ran a general buz of approbation and triumph round the board, and then the president declared it to be utterly impossible that anything could be said which should have the smallest weight against such authority. But the gentleman in black appeared in no degree dismayed; and, after a cool and deliberate pinch of snuff, begged leave to make a few observations.

"They would be perfectly useless," said the president; "a mere waste of time, I assure you."

"We cannot sit here all day," observed Franchelippe, somewhat impatiently, and looking at his watch.

"I will not detain you long," said the black bond-holder, "for, although I have no trifling knowledge of many works quoted by the learned gentleman, I will not refer to them. But the fact is, I am a great traveller, and have lately been much in England and Ireland, particularly the latter; and I find that the best authorities, and the most zealous among those of your own church there, declare that the pope has not"——

Here the president's curiosity got the better of his politeness, and he interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, "Well! and how does the good cause go on? It is a sad thing to think of the heretical state of those kingdoms. Abbies, cathedrals, most excellent benefices I am told, all, all in the possession of heretics! Ah! our poor brethren! But, tell me, I beg, are things likely soon to be better?"

"As for that, Monsieur," replied the dark advocate of his own cause, "I dare not speak positively: but I rather think they will. In the meanwhile, however, what is more to the business in hand, which I always like to stick to, they have agreed that the pope does not possess the power of"——

"We cannot listen to anything of that kind," said the president.

"*Les bêtes!*" exclaimed Nigaudin.

"To think of prescribing limits to the power of his holiness!" cried brother Dodun, turning up his eyes, and concluding with an emphatic "Oh!"

"Let me tell you," said Ratcleux, whose zeal now burst forth, in consequence of the approbation which he had just received—"Let me tell you, it can be of no consequence what *they* say. What! shall it be allowed that a few isolated members of the universal church, shall presume to limit the powers of its supreme and infallible head? Bah!

What can their opinions, even supposing them to be sincere weigh against the authorities which I shall, with the permission of our learned president, now proceed to quote?"

Here the hard-reading member produced a paper, on which an abundance of closely written extracts, from ancient authors, were drawn up in dark array: but he was prevented from proceeding in his review thereof, by brother Sapeur, the Jesuit, with whom, as we stated before, Bagsby had formed an acquaintance.

"I should recommend an adjournment," said the son of Loyola, briefly: and the influence of his fraternity was so great, that the president seemed disposed to attend to the suggestion; and even brother Rateleaux, at a significant glance from the Jesuit, deposited the important paper calmly amid the heap that lay before him. The other members of the council felt that there was a mystery in the business, and, as they could not comprehend it, were wise enough to hold their peace, thereby evincing a degree of prudence worthy of imitation in higher quarters. So, after a short silence, the council was broken up.

"You have taken a strange method of *assisting* me," said Bagsby, when he next found himself alone with the Jesuit.

"I am sorry to have disappointed you," replied brother Sapeur, "but it was a very delicate matter; as you would say, a very ugly piece of business. The point in question was one which, just *now*, it would be exceedingly imprudent to agitate. We must act according to circumstances. The time may come—ahem—no matter—*that* is not *exactly* the business between *us*."

"Have you anything to propose?" asked Bagsby, "or do you mean to leave me in the lurch, after all your promises?"

"I have no such intention," said Sapeur; "I propose to have an interview with the gentleman in black upon the Comte's case, as I feel myself deeply interested therein."

"Then the sooner the better!" exclaimed the individual in question, as he entered the room in which this colloquy was held, in his usual unceremonious way—"the sooner the better, as I have much business in hand;" and he seated himself at the table.

The Jesuit looked for a moment at Bagsby, as though he felt uncomfortable at his presence; but, as the lawyer would not take the hint, he proceeded to address the gentleman in black in the Spanish language. His speech was slow, monotonous and mystical, and seemed to make no small impression

upon the hearer, who, after looking round for a moment in evident embarrassment, said, "Perhaps—hem—precisely so—I suppose from your dialect you are a Spaniard?"

"I am generally thought to be so, when I speak in that tongue," replied Sapeur.

"Precisely so," said the gentleman in black: and then muttered to himself in an under tone, "A double-tongued Jesuit, and an old, wily, slippery English lawyer! Fearful odds! What chance have *I* between them? I don't feel myself at all comfortable!" and he applied to his black snuff-boxes and smelling-bottle with unusual vigour, while the Jesuit and Bagsby conversed aside for the space of five minutes, to the great satisfaction of the latter, who was, however, too prudent to allow any evidence thereof to appear on his tutored countenance.

"I can draw up the deed immediately," said Bagsby, speaking out—"nothing can be fairer."

"If the gentleman does not think fit to agree to the proposition *now*, I will not engage to offer it again," observed the Jesuit, in a cavalier tone.

"I have a great objection to delay," said the gentleman in black.

"Rashness is frequently more prejudicial to one's interests," rejoined Sapeur; and old Bagsby began pulling his under lip, as was his wont when concocting any new device.

"Half the sins remitted! Half the monies paid!" murmured the gentleman in black.

"Precisely so, to use your own words," replied the Jesuit, "subject to the appropriation of the sum I named for the prosecution of certain schemes, during the progress of which, whatever the end may be, you must be well aware, many of your own interests will be served."

"I acknowledge the truth of your remark," said the dark gentleman. "I confess that the stirring up of men's passions is gratifying to me."

"I am confident that a person of your good sense must come to a right conclusion," observed the Jesuit.

"But to postpone my claim to that which is, as it were, within my grasp!" added the other.

"As it were, indeed!" said Sapeur. "You will soon find that I and my worthy friend opposite have not exhausted our resources."

The gentleman in black sighed, and cast a glimpse at Bagsby, and muttered, "Fourteen years!" and then some

sudden and not unpleasant idea appeared to cross his mind: and he sat musing and tapping the lid of his black blackguard snuff-box for the space of a minute, when he exclaimed, "Well—then, be it so! The first loss is the best when one gets into such hands."

"I beg leave to observe that that is a very ungentlemanly observation," said Bagsby.

"Never mind," quoth the Jesuit; "we must make allowances. Draw up the deed."

"Ay, ay," muttered Bagsby, shuffling up to the table, on which were writing materials in abundance; "let me see. Half the monies to be returned. They are entirely under my control, and I shall give a cheque. Half the sins remitted—half the time—that is fourteen years—and at the end of fourteen years more, the question to be resumed as left on this day."

"Precisely so," said the gentleman in black.

"We may as well take a walk in the gardens while our friend is engaged," observed the Jesuit, "and breathe a mouthful of fresh air."

"With all my heart," replied the dark gentleman; "it will perhaps do me good, for, to say the truth, I don't feel quite myself this morning."

On their return it was evident that the spirits of both were much improved, whether from the effects of the air, or anything they had seen in the gardens of the Tuilleries, or that they had been complimenting and mystifying one another, must remain a matter of uncertainty.

The lawyer, in the interim, had not been idle, for the deed was ready for signature, and he presented it to the gentleman in black, and requested him to look over it.

"Bah!" exclaimed the man of sables; "what a rig-marole! Four long pages! I never could comprehend these endless, senseless phrases—provided—nevertheless—hem—ha! I see the heads are right. 'Fourteen years'—ah—'half the amount of'—'renewed in fourteen years'—hem—well—here goes then, for once, to remit my just and lawful claims. Give me a pen."

The document was regularly signed, and witnessed by Sapeur the Jesuit, and Bagsby, and the cheque handed over to the gentleman in black, who put it carefully up in his black morocco leather pocket-book, and then, throwing himself back in a chair, gave vent to one of his startling fits of immoderate laughter.

Hereupon the Jesuit looked somewhat blank, and uttered an expressive "Humph!" while Bagsby's ancient and meagre countenance underwent not the shadow of a change.

"Do you know," asked the gentleman of the dark suit, addressing the latter, as soon as he had recovered from his hilarious paroxysm, "what was my principal reason for signing the paper which you have in your pocket?"

"Not I," replied the lawyer; "I neither know nor care. All I know is, that my purpose is answered, and that is sufficient for me."

"Then I'll tell you," said the gentleman in black; "I have been calculating, that before the expiration of fourteen years, *you* will have ceased to be in a condition to oppose me."

"Humph!" grunted Bagsby; "*Literæ scriptæ manent*—you may, perhaps, have no great cause for congratulating yourself when the time comes."

"What do you mean?" inquired the dark gentleman, briskly.

"Nothing more," replied the lawyer calmly, "than that I have taken proper care of my client's interest. All demands on either side, either for money or sin, cease for fourteen years, and, at the end of that period, as I have reserved to the Comte an option of cancelling whichever half of the eight-and-twenty years he pleases, I suppose he will find no great difficulty in sinning for a second on the first year of your renewed claim, and two seconds during the second, and so on; and moreover, in case he should have become particularly religious in his latter days, he will have the advantage of the clause introduced by yourself into the original bond, by which 'all sins committed before, and all sins which he may commit in future, over and above the stipulated agreement, are to be taken into account.' So, altogether, if he makes proper use of the money yet remaining in his hands, what with interest and compound interest, I think you might almost as well be in Chancery. He, he! Why don't you laugh?" and the old fellow cackled most triumphantly, till a fit of coughing put an end to his merriment.

The gentleman in black in the meanwhile sat sadly crestfallen and disconcerted, while the Jesuit appeared to be absorbed in some deep and abstruse calculations, his dark brow and pale cheek supported on his left hand, as he murmured at intervals, "Fourteen years—and fourteen—

twenty-eight—the mission—the Bourbons—Ferd—inquisit—emancipation—a glimpse of former—hem—*magna est veritas et*—hem—twice fourteen—a general—why not?"

"Fool that I was!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, rising and stamping violently on the floor, "to think of signing any paper without bringing my own lawyer."

"It was very imprudent, certainly," replied Bagsby, "but what is done cannot be undone, and you should not bear malice. I must now go and report progress to my client;" and thus saying, he arose and took his hat.

"I shall not lose sight of you," exclaimed he of the black habiliments, somewhat angrily; but, in a moment curbing his passion, he made an effort at apparent magnanimity, and, assuming his usual courteousness, continued, "I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you at Lyon's Inn ere long. I admire your talents, and shall cultivate a more intimate acquaintance: for you have convinced me that, notwithstanding a considerable portion of self-conceit to which I plead guilty, I have yet much to learn. People say that I have a very extensive circle of friends among gentlemen of your profession, but I assure you that the report is not to be relied on. Indeed, considering the facilities of introduction which I possess, and the inducements I frequently have in my power to hold out, I am often surprised that I have not more on my list."

"I wish you a good morning," said Bagsby, taking his leave.

"*Au revoir*," replied the gentleman in black, bowing politely. And so they parted.

A grand entertainment was given at the Comte D'Ormalle's hotel, whereat Bagsby "sported" a new wig, and was introduced as the Comte's most particular friend, to many noble personages, and *gens comme il faut;* but a whisper of the story of "a gentleman in black" had gone abroad, and he found himself alone in a crowd, though the "admired of all admirers." The ladies, in particular, reversing the usual custom of *place aux dames*, made way for him wherever he moved. His was a painful pre-eminence, and therefore he lost no time in returning to the quietude of Lyon's Inn, where he and old Jerry were alive some years ago, and going on in the old six-and-eightpenny style.

Considering his nation and his habits, it will not appear surprising that the Comte D'Ormalle did not concern himself

about what might happen in about eight-and-twenty years. The ecclesiastical council on his case was broken up; and the only individual of that body who appears to have taken any further interest in the matter is brother Ratcleux, who was long employed in a deep investigation and learned dissertation upon the probability and possibility of the gentleman in black urging his claims, should the Comte have arrived in purgatory before the expiration of the period during which he had agreed to allow them to remain dormant. We are happy to say that the decision to which he came was, that, in such a case, which, according to the usual tenor of human existence, may probably occur, the gentleman in black will be nonsuited. But if the learned brother has made a false conclusion, or the Comte should survive the stipulated period, his ultimate fate must depend entirely upon the question of the pope's supremacy, which may, perhaps, then be argued at full length. But, it is an inquiry of too deep importance, and involved too much in the labyrinths of historical investigation, for us to venture an opinion thereupon.

In the meanwhile they are going on in Paris as if they cared nothing about the matter.

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

THE MAGIC PHIAL;

OR, AN EVENING AT DELFT.

" Now," said the portly Peter Van Voorst, as he buttoned up his money in the pockets of his capacious breeches—" Now I'll home to my farm, and to-morrow I'll buy neighbour Jan Hagen's two cows, which are the best in Holland."

He crossed the market-place of Delft as he spoke, with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets which led out of the city, when a goodly tavern met his eye. Thinking a dram would be beneficial in counteracting the effects of a fog which was just rising, he entered, and called for a glass of Schiedam. This was brought, and drank by Peter, who liked the flavour so much, that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of a capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasing spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and, for the first time, perceived that the only person in the room, besides himself, was a young man of melancholy aspect, who sat near the fire-place, apparently half asleep. Now, Peter was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He therefore took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

" A dull evening, Mynheer," said the farmer.

" Yaw," replied the stranger, stretching himself, and yawning loudly, " very foggy, I take it:"—and he rose, and looked into the street.

Peter perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of orass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly, indeed, were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high-heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of maskers, represented in a picture which hung in Peter's parlour at Voorbooch. The stranger was of a spare figure, and his countenance was, as before stated, pale; but there was a wild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Peter, and sat down.

"Are you a burgher of Delft?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply; "I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voorbooch."

"Umph!" said the stranger, "you have a dull road to travel—See, your glass is out. How like ye mine host's Schiedam?"

"'Tis right excellent."

"You say truly," rejoined the stranger, with a smile, which the farmer thought greatly improved his countenance; "but here is a liquor which no burgomaster in Holland can procure. 'Tis fit for a prince."

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and, mixing a small quantity of the red liquid it contained, with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Peter's empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drank. Its effect was soon visible: he pressed the hand of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

"You are perfectly right," said his companion, "these fogs are unusually heavy: they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them. How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just left."

"You have travelled, then?" said Peter, inquiringly.

"Travelled! ay, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews, and Tartars."

"Eh, but does it please ye to travel always in that garb, Mynheer?"

"Even so," replied the stranger; "it has descended from father to son, through more than three generations. See you this hole on the left breast of my doublet?"

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light,

perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger's doublet, who continued—

"Ah! the bullet that passed through it lodged in the heart of my great-grandsire, at the sack of Zutphen."

"I have heard of the bloody doings at that place from my grandfather, Heaven rest his soul!"

Peter was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played over the countenance of the stranger, on his hearing this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word *Duyvel!* but was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried—"Come, come, Mynheer, you look sad; does not my liquor sit well on your stomach?"

"'Tis excellent!" replied Peter, ashamed to think that the stranger had observed his confusion: "will you sell me your phial?"

"I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead," replied the stranger; "he strictly enjoined me never to *sell* it, for, d'ye see, no sooner is it emptied, than, at the wish of the possessor, it is immediately re-filled: but, harkee, as you seem a man of spirit, it shall be left to chance to decide who shall possess it." He took from his bosom a bale of dice: "I will stake it against a guilder."

"Good," said Peter, "but I fear there is some devilry in the phial."

"Pshaw!" cried his companion, with a bitter smile, "those who have travelled understand these things better. Devilry, forsooth!"

"I crave your pardon," said Peter, "I will throw for it;" and he placed a guilder on the table.

The farmer met with ill luck, and lost. He took a draught of his companion's liquor, and determined to stake another guilder; but he lost that also! Much enraged at his want of success, he drew forth the canvass bag which contained the produce of the sale of his corn, and resolved either to win the phial (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses,) or lose all. He threw again with better luck; but, elated at this, he played with less caution, and in a few minutes was left pennyless. The stranger gathered up the money, and placed it in his pocket.

You are unlucky to-night, Mynheer," said he, with provoking indifference, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; "but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger; will you not venture that against my phial?"

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend—yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner; what would Jan Brower, the host of the *Van Tromp*, and little Rip Winkelaar, the schoolmaster, say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser in any game, for he was reckoned the best hand at nine pins in his village; he therefore took the ring from his finger—threw again—and lost it!

He sank back in his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled. The loss of his money, together with this ring, had nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance indicative of anything but good will; while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

"You grieve," said he, "for the loss of a few paltry guilders; but know, that I have the power to make you amends for your ill-luck—to make you rich—ay, richer than the Stadtholder!"

"Ha! the fiend!" thought Peter, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting, of course, to see them, as usual, terminate with a cloven foot; but he beheld no such unsightly spectacle; the feet of the stranger were as perfect as his own, or even more so.

"Here, said his companion, "read over this, and if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at foot." The farmer took the parchment, which he perceived was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye glanced hastily over the first few lines, but they sufficed.

"Ha! now I know thee, fiend!" screamed the affrighted Peter, as he dashed the scroll in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned quickly, thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him, whom he now supposed to be no other than the foul fiend himself, when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red-hot coals. A deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer, as he staggered back several paces.

"Avaunt! avaunt!" he cried, "Sathan, I defy thee! I have not signed that cursed parchment!" He turned and fled in an opposite direction; but, though he exerted his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal.

and leaped into a boat which was moored alongside. Stiffius pursued, followed, and Peter felt the iron grasp of his hand on the nape of his neck. He turned round, and struggled hard to free himself from the gripe of his companion, roaring out in agony, "Oh, Mynheer Duyvel! have pity, for the sake of my wife and my boy Karel!" But, when was the devil ever known to pity? The stranger held him tightly, and, spite of his struggles, dragged him ashore. He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, while his hot breath almost scorched him; but, disengaging himself, with a sudden bound, he sprung from his enemy, and—— pitched headlong from his elbow-chair on to the floor of his own room at Voorbooch.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hollander, aroused his affrighted helpmate from the sound slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours: during which time, her husband had been indulging in potations deep and strong, until, overpowered with the potency of his beloved liquor, he had sunk to sleep in his elbow-chair, and dreamed the hellish dream we have endeavoured to relate. The noise of his fall aroused his *vrow* from her slumbers. Trembling in every limb on hearing the unruly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming loudly for help, into the room where she had left her spouse when she retired to rest, and beheld Peter, her dear husband, prostrate on the stone floor, the table overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream from the stone bottle, which lay upset on the ground.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

> "Oh grief! beyond all other griefs, when fate
> First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
> In the wide world, without the only tie
> For which it loved to live or fear'd to die;
> Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken,
> Since the sad day its master-chord was broken."

In the little village of E——, in Wiltshire, stands a small chapel, which, although it has not found a place in "The Beauties of England and Wales," is an object by no means devoid of interest. The supposition entertained by the local

antiquaries, that it was one of our primitive churches, (although modern innovations had rendered it subordinate to the unarchitectural mass designated as the parish church,) is borne out by its shape and indisputable antiquity: and the few ornaments which time has left still undestroyed on the walls serve to strengthen this opinion.

Many associations, too, are connected with the spot on which it stands; tradition asserts it to have been formerly the site of a Roman encampment; and the existence of a deep and extended trench which reaches to a river winding round the base of the hill on which the chapel stands, strengthens the supposition. The burial ground, where

> " Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

contains many tributes to departed worth, erected by those whose children shall in turn perform for them the same melancholy duty. But there is one lonely, though not wholly forgotten grave, to which is attached a tale which furnishes a striking illustration of the manners of the period during which the unfortunate Charles incurred the displeasure of his rebellious subjects, and the country was disturbed by the strife of the contending parties; when the ties of friendship and kindred were severed by the violent factions, then known by the several names of Cavaliers, Independents, Anabaptists, Fifth-monarchy-men, Presbyterians, &c., all professing to be guided by their zeal for religion, or their love for the king; the licentious freedom of one party being exceeded in iniquity only by the cool and deliberately atrocious acts of the other. But to return from our digression. The small stone slab, which covers the grave alluded to, is now cracked in many places, whilst around its margin the grass has risen, so as to screen it from view, and the weeds, forcing themselves through the fissures, spread over the tablet, from which time, assisted, perhaps, by the foot of the wanton schoolboy, has long since erased the inscription.

It was only during my last visit to this spot, that I received from the old sexton the materials which enabled me to present the following tale. I tell it because it is of other times; to the relations of which, I have, from my infancy, been most passionately attached.

Emma Walgrave was the only child of a country gentleman, in the village of E——, who had sacrificed his life, and

nearly the whole of his property, in the cause of Charles the First. At the commencement of the "troubles," as they were then emphatically called, he mortgaged the greater part of his estate to a grasping attorney in the neighbouring town, and with it equipped a troop of horse, which did good service for Charles in the desperate engagement at Naseby; but their leader, and the chief of his company, perished in the field. One of those who escaped the disastrous conflict was Everhard Champernowne, the son of a wealthy yeoman of Purton; and it fell to his lot to be the bearer of the sad tidings to the widow and child of the fallen royalist. With a heavy heart the young soldier returned home. The mission was doubly painful to him, for he was the betrothed of the gentle Emma. Those who are lovers can tell how they met, after absence on a service fraught with much danger; and those who have loved may still call to mind such scenes; but the pen cannot describe such moments of rapture. The maiden's second thought was of her father, (and who will not pardon its being her second thought?) when her joy was suddenly clouded by her lover informing her of his death. Her widowed mother, her first burst of grief being over, saw with alarm their destitute condition; whilst Emma consoled herself in that particular by a reliance on the honour of her lover, whose conduct became more marked and affectionate than it had been, even in the lifetime of her father. Everhard returned to his family at Purton, but made frequent visits to his beloved, during which time nothing occurred to interrupt their tranquillity. The Prince, afterwards Charles the Second, had, after many hair-breadth escapes, evaded his pursuers, and reached the Continent in safety. But this state of things did not last long; news soon arrived that the exiled Prince had landed in Scotland, and was advancing with a powerful army to claim his just rights. The intelligence once more aroused both friend and foe to monarchy; and, while some of the royalists set out to join their Prince, the Parliamentarians assembled their forces in that prompt, yet steady manner, which always characterized their proceedings, and strongly contrasted with the headstrong zeal of the other party, and prepared to resist him, "to whom," says the author of 'Boscobel,' "they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart." It was then that the young soldier tore himself from the arms of his beloved, and hastened to prove again that valour which had gained for him the applause of older and more experienced cavaliers.

We shall not follow Everhard through his journey, which was one of neither pleasure nor security—for the Prince had many bitter enemies, who were continually on the watch to entrap his adherents—but return to her, in whom all his earthly hopes were centered. Many months passed away, during which period no tidings were heard of Everhard. At length it was known that the Prince's army had entered England. All was anxiety and excitement; Emma had heard that a battle would soon be fought, and her heart sunk within her when she reflected, that though the victory might be given to the royalists, her lover might be one of the victims in the fight.

She remained for some days in torturing suspense, when intelligence arrived that the army of Charles was advancing upon Worcester. Anxious, yet dreading to hear the issue of the contest, the maiden would, for hours, sit at her casement, and watch the landscape till the sun had descended, and left every object undistinguishable. She had thus watched one evening, whilst the sun was yet above the horizon, intently gazing on every figure that appeared in sight; but the form of her lover met not her gaze. The rays of the setting sun still lit up the latticed windows of the small chapel, and glowed in the stream which wound round the base of the hill. In the distance stood the town, the spire of its noble church rising majestically above the houses which surrounded it. Not a breeze moved a leaf of the stately elms which shaded the house of the once happy family. Twilight succeeded, and the light-shunning bat flitted in the cool evening, and flapped its leathern wing as it flew in fantastic circles round their dwelling; but the hour had no charms for its inmates: Everhard had not appeared to remove their anxiety, and the widowed lady, as the night arrived, sought consolation in her Bible, a chapter of which she was reading to her daughter who sat absorbed in her own meditations, her inward prayers directed to the great Author of all things, when the distant clatter of horses' hoofs arrested their attention.

"'Tis Everhard!" exclaimed the maiden, in a half-smothered tone, partaking both of pleasure and doubt—and her hand was upon the bolt of the door, ere her mother was aware of the cause.

"Wist, child, what would ye do?—Are we not alone, and unprotected?—What if it should be some of the wild and lawless troopers abroad? would ye give such as them entrance? Pr'ythee withdraw thy hand from the fastening, and come hither.

To these remonstrances the maiden made no reply, but, turning from the door, was about to resume her seat, when the noise of footsteps was heard, and a gentle knock was given on the outside.

"Who's there?" demanded the matron, shutting her Bible, and looking over her speetacles, while she motioned her daughter to keep the door fast.

"'Tis I," replied a well-known voice; and the next moment the bolt was drawn, and, Everhard Champernowne entering, received in his arms the almost fainting form of Emma. In a few brief words he informed them of the issue of the battle, and of his own danger. His buff coat, the sleeves of which were sprinkled with blood, was cut and torn, and but a remnant of the feather in his morion was left; his face looked wild and haggard, and his whole appearance gave evident token that he had not been idle in the bloody strife.

"All is lost!" he mournfully exclaimed; "our army is dispersed, and the Prince has fled, Heaven knows whither! I have ridden hard to escape from the bloodhounds, who may be even now at my heels, for they followed me and Ockle of Marston for twenty miles. The poor fellow had his arm broken by a harquebuize shot; but he is safely housed now, and may escape."

"You will remain here to-night?" said the widow and her daughter.

"'Tis impossible," replied Everhard, "I must get to Purton before day-break, and conceal myself, or——ha! what noise is that?" he suddenly cried, as the distant clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear; "by Heaven! the blood-hounds are here; whither shall I fly?"

"To the secret place," cried Emma, eagerly; "there is a sliding panel in the wall of the little red chamber above—there you may lie secure." As she spoke the noise became more distinct, and the voices of several men were heard. Without loss of time they proceeded to the little chamber of which Emma had spoken, when the hangings were drawn aside, and the maiden, touching a spring in the oak wainscot, a panel slid back, and discovered a recess capable of holding two or three persons. Everhard had scarcely entered it when voices were heard under the window, and, immediately after, a loud knocking sounded at the door. To have remained with the fugitive would have tended but to excite the suspicion of the pursuers: the widow and her daughter therefore hastened down, just as a female servant (their only domestic)

had opened the door, and five or six men, habited as troopers entered the house. The state of their dress and accoutrements told that they had been engaged in the work of death and, as the light flashed on their grim and determined features, the terrified women shrunk from their gaze in alarm.

"Woman!" said the foremost of the troop, "where is the young malignant ye have sheltered?"

What mean ye, sir?" inquired the matron, endeavouring to conceal her agitation.

"It is not for thee to interrogate," replied the trooper; "waste not our time, but tell us where he is hidden, for the Lord hath this day delivered into our hands these sons of the ungodly, whom we have smitten till the going down of the sun."

"He is gone hence," said the maiden, in an almost inarticulate voice.

"Daughter of Moab," replied the trooper, taking a light, and holding it before her beautiful face, as a tear glistened on her blanched cheek; "thy trembling frame and faltering voice tell me that thou hast spoken the words of falsehood. In, brethren, in, and search the dwelling of these Moabitish women." As soon as the signal for havoc was given, the rest of the troopers drew their swords, and dispersed themselves over the house, whilst the females remained in the room below, half dead with fear; but in a short time they were summoned to open the several cupboards and presses, in which the rebel troopers imagined their victim might be concealed.

The room to which they principally confined their search was that in which Everhard was secreted; and they hesitated not to tear down and destroy those pieces of furniture which they supposed might furnish a shelter for the fugitive; while the females remained in a state of frightful apprehension. Some of the troopers tore off the bedding, and pierced the furniture with their swords; while others struck on the panels of the oak wainscot, in the hope that they might discover, by the sound, the hiding-place of their victim, whom they knew, from the agitation of the women, must be somewhere in the house. On a sudden, one of them struck the panel which concealed the recess, with the hilt of his sword, when a hollow sound was returned, which plainly indicated that it did not cover the wall alone.

"Come hither, brethren," cried the trooper, in a tone of exultation, "and lend me your aid to tear down this wainscot,

for I have a shrewd suspicion that a secret place is behind it. Zebulon-fear-the-Lord, pr'ythee lend me thy dagger, it is much stronger than mine, and will serve to force out this panel."

The dagger was handed to him; but his efforts to break the hard oak, of which the panel was formed, proved abortive.

"Hold," cried one of his companions, as he drew a petrionel from his belt, "this will tell if any one be concealed behind it. I will fire through the wood."

These words were like an electric shock to the nerves of the poor maiden, who, in a frantic manner, besought the ruffian to spare the life of her lover, and, falling on her knees before them, she entreated them to have mercy, while her fair eyes streamed with tears, and her heaving bosom betrayed the agony of her mind. But she spoke to men whom a gloomy fanaticism had rendered callous to human misery, and a grim smile played on their countenances as they beheld her distress, for it told them their victim was already within their grasp.

"Daughter," said the first trooper, as he coolly wound up the lock of the large horse-pistol, or petrionel, he held in his hand, "we are none of those who do their work negligently; the Lord of Hosts hath delivered him into our hands; is it not written, 'the ungodly shall be cut off,' even as"——

"Oh spare him! spare him!" cried the agonized girl, clasping the knees of the trooper; "spare him, and all we have is yours."

"Tempt not a soldier of Emanuel with the riches of this world," replied the trooper; "away with thee, thou child of the ungodly!" and, striding forward, he fired at the wall. The report shook the house, but high above it rose the shriek of the almost frantic Emma; the glass in the latticed window showered down on the floor, and the chamber was filled with smoke. The terrified youth, uninjured by the bullet—which, however, passed near him—during the confusion gently drew aside the panel, and emerged into the chamber. He immediately made towards the door, thinking to escape unobserved, but two of the troop were already there, and shouted loudly at his appearance, while their drawn swords were presented at his breast, and he was desired to surrender. They pressed forward to seize him, when, quickly drawing a pistol from his belt, he presented it at the foremost, whilst with his right hand he drew his sword.

"Down with the son of Belial!" cried the sergeant of the troop; "smite him dead!" but Everhard's menacing attitude kept them at bay, when the serjeant fired his pistol. The shot was deadly: the unhappy youth, staggering back a few paces, fell prostrate, and a torrent of blood deluged the floor. Who shall describe the anguish of the hapless Emma at this moment? As her lover fell, she burst from the arms of her mother, and threw herself upon the corpse, with a shriek so loud and shrill, that it sounded like no human cry. It was followed by a death-like silence, interrupted only by the convulsive sobs of her widowed parent.

"Thus perish the ungodly," said the serjeant, in a drawling tone. "Now, brethren, get to your horses, for it waxeth late, and there are more abroad, who must be smitten with the edge of the sword; tarry not, but let us away, lest, peradventure, the son of the late man, whom the ungodly call king, escape from the land. But, first," he continued, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, "let us possess ourselves of the vessels of gold and silver which this Midianitish woman hath."

He quitted the room as he spoke, after casting a glance of satisfaction on the corpse of the ill-fated young royalist, from which the distressed lady, assisted by her servant, was endeavouring to raise her child. The heavy tramp of the troopers was heard throughout the house, and the violence to which they resorted to obtain everything of value, was indicated by the crashing of the various articles of furniture which contained anything portable. At length their footsteps were heard in the court in front of the house; immediately after, the trampling of their horses told that they were mounting, and, in a few minutes, they quitted the place at a round trot. The agonized mother listened to the hollow sound of the horses' hoofs, until it died away in silence, and then again endeavoured to raise her child, who still remained in a state almost as death-like and as pale as the corpse of her lover. Having succeeded in removing her from the body, they bore her to her chamber, where she remained for several days in a state that left but little hope of her recovery.

Intelligence of Everhard's murder was conveyed to Purton, from whence, however, the Champernownes had fled, to escape the vengeance of the Parliamentarians, who, from their having espoused the cause of Charles, were much incensed against them. The corpse of the murdered youth

was interred in the church-yard of E——, and was attended to the grave by the widow and her daughter. It was not until this awful ceremony took place, that Emma returned to a state of consciousness; her tears then relieved in some degree her heart's anguish, but no smile was ever seen on her fair cheek; her once cheerful and melodious voice was changed for a tone of melancholy and sadness; her form wasted, and, as each year revolved, those who knew her saw with sorrow that death was gaining fast upon his victim. At length her slight strength began more rapidly to fail, and showed that the affectionate anxiety and attention of her beloved parent were of no avail. The only request she was wont to make was, when the evening was drawing in, to be supported to the porch of the door, where she had often sat with her lover in happier days.

She was thus sitting one evening, while her mother read, from a volume of tracts, a passage in which the afflicted are told to look for comfort through the merits of Him, whose life, while on earth, was one of sorrow and suffering, when a horseman was seen approaching. As he drew nearer, the widow perceived that it was her brother, who had fled from England with Prince Charles. The cavalier, dismounting, received her in his arms, and, with a smiling countenance, informed her that the exiled Prince had returned, to fill the throne of his fathers. His attention was next drawn to Emma, whose condition he beheld with evident sorrow, and, affectionately pressing her hand, he bade her take comfort, for that her friends were hastening home, and the Prince was now in quiet possession of the throne. The maiden feebly returned the warm pressure of her uncle's hand; her pallid cheek flushed for a moment; a smile (her first since the death of her lover) illumined her wan, though still beautiful countenance; she essayed to speak, but the sound died away in a scarcely audible murmur, and, bowing her head, her gentle spirit fled for ever!

* * * * * *

Her remains, and those of her lover, have long since mingled with their kindred dust, in the church-yard of E——, and the mutilated and defaced slab, which covers their grave, is all that remains to tell of their ill-fated love!

FRIAR RUSH

A TALE OF FAERIE.

"Will who bears the wispy fire,
To trail the swains among the mire."

PARNELL.

In days of yore (or gossips lied) England was inhabited by those tiny gentry, yclep'd, in most countries, elves or fairies. Indeed, some contend that this frolicsome race is not extinct, but that fairies are now grown timorous and shy, and rarely visit the earth until those of mortal mould are slumbering in the arms of Morpheus. How often have we been told that the rings of high grass, which may be seen round the trunks of huge oaks, are the places where they have footed it till cock-crow, where their reels have been danced to the measure of an elfin pipe!

This harmless superstition is, however, fast sinking under the powerful attacks of time and the march of intellectual acquirement.—But to our tale.

In days of yore (we admire that word yore, which gives so wide a field, and screens us from the eye of the critic, who sits with cat-like watch, prepared to pounce upon our anachronisms)—In days of yore, then, there lived (no matter in what county) an ancient knight, who was the guardian of a maiden of rare beauty. She was the daughter of a deceased relative, and had been left under his protection for several years, daily improving in beauty and those accomplishments which add to the charms of a young and lovely girl.

To conceal beauty is both difficult and dangerous; for, the more rigorously doth a guardian watch over the safety of his ward, the more doth the fame of her charms increase, and her protector, wearied out by sleepless nights and frequent false alarms, curses the cares of guardianship, and inveighs against that beauty he cannot contemplate without envying his youthful fellows.

Sir Simon experienced the truth of this, and was daily exposed to the mortification of beholding a crowd of gallants, who each morning came to inquire after her health, and bask in the sunshine of her beauty. The old knight watched

GC

them intently, as each pressed the hand of his ward to his lips, and each bouquet that was presented to her he examined himself, to see that no billet had been secreted in it. Such a life of continual watching and anxiety would have worn out the most patient of mortals, much less Sir Simon, who had not much of that in his composition, which has been called by some a virtue, and for which Job was so eminently distinguished.

The knight deliberated for some time upon the most expedient means of alleviating his cares, when, after due cogitation, he resolved to get rid of his anxiety by marrying her himself, without delay. Alas! poor man. he had not in his eye the famed fable of Scylla and Charybdis, or he would not have thought of such a dangerous resolve. But fate, assisted by a little being, whom we shall soon introduce to our readers, willed it that Edith should not become the wife of her guardian. Among the gay and handsome youths who crowded round the beautiful and innocent girl, was one Sir Edmund, a knight of comely presence and undaunted valour. He alone had found favour in the eyes of Edith, and many schemes were thought of to deceive her guardian, and escape from his advances, which were now becoming still more disagreeable to his lovely ward; but, like another Argus, he was constantly upon the watch.

Things stood in this posture, when, one fine evening, long after the evening bell had rung, the Fairy king, Oberon, with his queen, and elfin subjects, were assembled together under the shade of a large oak in a neighbouring forest. The full light of the harvest moon shone over hill and dale, and the beauty of the evening made amends for the warm and sultry day which had preceded it. Many gambols and antics were performed by the elves before their monarch and his queen, when the king bade them disperse; but ere they departed to perform their deeds of good or evil to the sons of men, as their own minds prompted them, his Elfin Majesty begged to know their several destinations. Various were the answers given, but only those of two of them are known. The first was that of Puck, or Robin-good-fellow; the other, of the renowned Will-o'-the-Wisp, to whom the *alias* of Friar Rush has been given by the inhabitants of Great Britain. Whether that cognomen was bestowed upon this mischievous being as a sort of side blow at the qualities which have before now been known to lurk under a cowl, we are not able to determine; but certain it is, that he was

more commonly known by that name than any other. Puck advanced at the command of his sovereign, and, in a shrill voice, sung or rather chanted, the following rude and irregular lines:—

"O'er the dewy mead I'll sweep,
To yonder turret high,
Where its weary inmates sleep,
Snoring heavily.

"I'll dance upon yon maiden's breast,
Who of her lover dreams;
Then wake her from her peaceful rest,
And fly to lowlier queans.

"Ploughmen's noses
I will tweak,
Their hair I'll pull,
Their rest I'll break.
Maidens I'll pinch black and blue,
Ere the cock cry doodle doo!"

As Puck concluded, Friar Rush advanced, and sung in a musical voice as follows:—

"Sire, this night I am resolved
Some shrewd disport to make;
When in a lambent flame dissolved,
I'll dance o'er bog and brake.

"In yonder castle dwells a knight,
Guardian to a maiden fair,
I'll lure him from his hall to-night,
And conduct her lover there."

While these lines were reciting, several dark clouds were sailing across the heavens, and, as the second speaker concluded, the moon was entirely obscured. Instantly the whole company of elves vanished with a loud shriek, which made the forest echo, and started the owl from her favourite tree; while Will, rejoicing at the change, suddenly transformed himself into a thin purple flame, in which form he flitted across the meadows, and entered the garden of the castle where Sir Simon dwelt. Here he underwent another transformation, and took the shape of the Lady Edith, who had long since retired to rest. Not so her guardian. He was upon the watch for any gallants who might be seeking a nocturnal interview with his lovely ward. As he sat at his

chamber window, the white dress of Edith caught his eye—a second glance assured him that it was she.

"Fire and furies!" exclaimed the knight, starting from his seat, "my ward abroad at this hour!" He snatched up his sword, to be prepared for any gallant who might be upon the watch, resolved to annihilate him, and descended with speed into the garden. As he advanced upon the figure of his ward, it receded from him, and bounded through a hedge on one side of the garden. The knight followed, roaring out—

"Edith! stay! stay! ah, thou graceless quean, have I cherished thee so long to be treated thus?"

But he was unheeded by what he supposed to be his ward, and, after following it across a meadow, it suddenly vanished, and, immediately afterwards, a pale light appeared at a short distance on his right hand.

"Thank Heaven! this is my knave, Will, come to light me home," exclaimed the knight, whose rage and astonishment were gradually giving way to fear, on finding himself at such a distance from his castle at so late an hour. He advanced towards the light with all speed, but it retreated from him, and the next moment he found himself up to his knees in water. In spite of his hallooing, no one approached. At length he ran with all his speed towards the light which he gazed upon; when, great was his astonishment at perceiving a small figure, habited like a grey friar, and bearing a lantern, from which a pale light shone, or rather flitted. The face of this little being (who was no other than Friar Rush) was round and chubby; but the short elf-locks which curled on his forehead, and the wild and peculiar expression of his eyes, alarmed the knight, who recoiled from the unearthly object with affright, while the following words rung in his ears:—

"Sir Knight, Sir Knight,
Don't angry be,
Your path I'll light,
So follow me."

"Never! thou damned tormentor of the human race!" cried Sir Simon, his courage awakened by the jeering of the tricksy spirit. "Wert thou of mortal mould, my good sword should revenge me, and thou shouldst mislead the sons of men no more!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the elfin friar. "So valiant, old sir?—Then, as you refuse my assistance, you are likely to lay in the meadow to-night; for see, the moon is hidden, and not a star peeps out to light you home again."

The knight looked around him, and perceived that the sprite spoke truly. The moon was entirely obscured, and not a star sparkled in the heavens; all was pitchy dark, and nothing could be seen but the dusky outlines of several tall trees, whose height seemed magnified through the gloom. Sir Simon groaned bitterly, as he saw his utter incapability of regaining his home. His tormentor had disappeared, so that he was now deprived of the faint light which the lantern of the mischievous spirite had afforded him. He prayed and swore by turns; at one time cursed the friar for leading him such a dance; the next moment supplicated all the saints in the calendar to relieve him; offering them, as a remuneration, wax tapers as long as his rapier; but all in vain! his prayers and entreaties, oaths and curses, were alike unheeded! The night air blew chilly, and Sir Simon felt the return of another tormentor, the *rheumatism*, which, awakened by the cold, racked him in every joint. This was beyond mortal endurance. The knight had often thought that pain sufficiently exquisite when sitting in his arm-chair before a good fire, but he had never felt it to such a degree before. His whole frame ached, and, shaking the damp from his clothes, he started off in the direction, as he supposed, of his castle; but he had not proceeded many steps before he found the ground sinking under him, and the next moment he plunged into a bog up to his girdle; at the same instant his tormentor appeared skimming over the bog, in a fantastic manner, and singing in a wild tone, as follows, while his victim floundered in the mire:—

"Sir Knight, Sir Knight,
Come follow me,
Through miry bog,
And swampy lea.

"Through bramble and brier,
O'er hill, through hollow,
My mysty fire
You fain must follow."

"Leave me! leave me! thou accursed sprite!" cried Sir Simon, in agony; but the elfin friar laughed at his entreaties, and sung, in mockery:—

"O fear not for your ward, Sir Knight,
She'll weep not for your stay,
For another cheers that lady bright,
While you are far away."

"Ha! thou imp of Sathan!" roared the knight, "dare thou taunt me thus?"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed his tormentor. "You are chafed, Sir Knight! Hasten home, or your ward will grieve for your absence."

"Away with thee! away!" cried Sir Simon, "and cease to torment me." He dashed forward as he spoke; but his heart sank within him as he found himself gradually sinking deeper in the bog, while his tormentor flitted round his head like a blue-bottle fly round the ears of a jaded horse. Dreading to move further, Sir Simon remained for some moments in a state of very unenviable suspense, whilst the sprite continued to jeer him; now flitting close to him, now darting off to a little distance, to lure his victim still further into the bog; but the knight would not move a step forward in the same direction as his tormentor. At length, after deliberating for a while, he made a retrograde movement, and, with some difficulty, backed out of the bog in a most deplorable condition. No sooner, however, had he gained the firm ground, than he received several smart buffets on each side of the face, from an unseen hand, and sundry pinches on that part of his person which the inhabitants of upper earth designate the seat of honour. The pain made him roar, for, in the art of pinching, your fairy far exceeds mortals. Sir Simon was highly sensitive, both mentally and bodily, and this insult to both feelings roused him almost to frenzy. He ran with the speed of lightning across the meadow, pursued by a host of invisible beings, who renewed their attacks upon him with increased vigour. The unfortunate knight bounded forward, and reached the extremity of the meadow. This inspired him with some hope that he should be freed from his tormentors after he had crossed the ditch: but, alas! just as he was about to spring over it, Friar Rush flashed the light of his lantern right in the face of Sir Simon, and he fell headlong into the ditch with a terrible splash.

The hapless knight scrambled out of it in the best manner he could, and, gaining the opposite side, renewed his flight, still followed by the elfin crew, whose shouts of riotous laughter rung in his ears, while their buffets and tweakings

were continued with still greater violence. Sweating at every pore, and goaded almost to death, the knight gained a small thicket; but this would not shelter him from the attacks of his pursuers: he passed through it with the loss of his silk robe, which was torn to shreds by the brambles. The rest of his apparel was most wofully endamaged and saturated with water, and his shoes were full of the same cooling fluid. It would be tedious to detail the many turnings and windings Sir Simon made to avoid his pursuers, who still followed close at his heels. After sustaining a chase of some hours, the hapless knight sunk exhausted at the door of a small cottage. At that moment a cock loudly crowed the first hour of morning, a streak of light appeared in the east, and his elfin pursuers quitted him with a loud shriek, which echoed loudly over the country, and awoke the cottager and his wife from their slumbers. They descended, and, opening their door, raised the knight from the ground, and bore him into the cottage, where, under their kind treatment, he soon recovered his senses. A few hours' sleep were necessary to recruit his exhausted frame; after which, the knight departed for his castle, having borrowed a horse and a cloak to conceal his torn and soiled apparel. The morning had far advanced, when he arrived in sight of his castle, round which the pigeons winged their flight, and the windows blazed in the morning sun. As he approached nearer, sounds of laughter and merriment struck on his astonished ear. Arriving at the gate, he was smitten with amazement at beholding a number of servants, whom he knew did not belong to his household. They were all well armed, and Sir Simon's mind misgave him on beholding them. The impudent knaves laughed at his grotesque appearance, when the knight, dismounting, cried in a fierce tone—

"What do ye here, varlets? am I to be flouted at the gates of mine own castle?"

"Thou art mad," said one of the fellows, with an impudent stare;—"*thy* castle, forsooth."

"Away with thee, thou malapert slave!" cried Sir Simon, greatly incensed. He brushed past the fellow, and entered his castle, where he beheld Sir Edmund and his ward standing at a temporary altar, and the priest delivering the nuptial benediction upon the already *wedded* pair.

A few words from Sir Edmund explained the whole business. He was on the watch when the mischievous sprite had decoyed Sir Simon away, by assuming the appearance of his

ward, and, during the knight's absence, had pleaded so eloquently to the lady Edith, that, without waiting for the consent of her guardian, she determined to be biassed by her own feelings, and blessed the gallant Sir Edmund with her hand.

Sir Simon gulped his rage and looked glum; but, finding there was no remedy for the mischance, he pronounced their pardon, and gave them his blessing.

The story says, that the old knight lived many years afterwards, and had very few sleepless nights, having with his ward lost for ever the cares of guardianship.

GHYSBRECHT, THE FREE-LANCE.

> And hurry-skurry forth they go,
> Unheeding wet or dry;
> And horse and rider snorte and blowe,
> And sparkling pebbles flie.
>
> BURGER'S *Leonora.*

THE long and violent struggles for the crown, maintained by Stephen, Earl of Blois, against Prince Henry, must be familiar to the reader of English history. The former at length obtained the sovereignty, not, however, without much bloodshed, and Henry finally quitted England with an understanding that he should succeed to the crown upon the demise of his successful rival, an event which happened not long after the cessation of hostilities. It is well known that Stephen, fearing to rely wholly upon the English, brought over with him many bands of mercenaries of almost every nation, but for the most part Flemings, whose dissolute habits, insolence, and violence, soon rendered them objects of hatred and execration to the English.

Henry's first act, on ascending the throne, was to demolish the numerous castles that had been raised throughout the kingdom, during the short but stormy reign of his predecessor, and to disband the whole of the foreign adventurers above mentioned. This measure was carried into effect with such vigour and promptitude, that in a short time the refractory

English were subdued, and the aliens driven out of the kingdom.

These mercenaries were men of daring and reckless character, and their courage and experience in war rendered them desirable instruments in the hands of the ambitious and violent. Owning neither country nor master, and swayed only by their avarice, their swords and lances were ever at the service of those who could afford most. The latter weapon was much in repute in those days, and these men were particularly dexterous in the use of it; hence the name of "free-lance," which was given, without distinction, to those restless spirits. Besides their pay, which was always considerable, there was with them another consideration, namely, plunder; which they seldom failed to get, even though the party they had joined should have been worsted in the fight; for, being mounted on fleet horses, they always defied pursuit.

Amongst those who had distinguished themselves in the late contests, was one Ghysbrecht, captain of a band of free-lances, who had done good service in the pay of Stephen, during his struggle for the sovereignty. He and his band had been well paid for their assistance; but, calculating on the possibility of a renewal of hostilities, he still lingered in England, and, in the month of October, A. D. 1154, he and his fellows had taken up their abode at a hostelry in the city of Lincoln, which was then a place of considerable strength.

One fine evening, towards the latter end of October, two soldiers were observed under the walls of the cathedral, from which they had an extensive view of the country around. Their dress, and their arms, which they carried with them showed that they belonged to Ghysbrecht's band. They were engaged in earnest conversation as they walked to and fro.

"Well, Bernhard," said he who appeared to be the younger of the two, "think ye this Henry, when he succeeds to the crown, will order us home again?"

"I know not," was the other's reply; "but he is said to entertain no good will towards us, for having helped his rival to the seat which by good right belongs to him."

"Whist, man!—the walls of this cathedral have ears. What if some of the sleek monks within should hear thy words and report them to the king? Thy head would fly from thy shoulders in the turning of a die."

"Tut, I fear it not: King Stephen knows I have helped him in the hour of need. Seest thou that broad tree in yon meadow to the right?"

"Ay—what of it?"

"I'll tell thee. Where that tree flings its shadow, King Stephen, in the late battle, stood it manfully against a host of his enemies, even though his men had fled from him. Earl Ranalph advanced upon him, and bore the king to the ground; but, at the same moment, I cast the earl out of his saddle with my lance, and should have made him prisoner had not his fellows rescued him. The king then gave me that goodly chain which I lost at play with Caspar Hendricksen."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the younger soldier, "by my halidame, thou hast set a proper value on a king's bounty! Why, there was enough to keep thee at home all thy life, without ever setting foot in the stirrup again."

"At home!" replied the other, with a sneer; "think'st thou I can live at home when broad pieces can be won so easily? The free-lance has no home. May the fiend rive me if I hold the plough while I can grasp a lance or rein a good steed."

"Well, chafe it not, man; I meant not to offend thee. See, who rides so fast up yonder road?"

As he spoke, a horseman was descried at some distance, advancing towards the city at a rapid pace. The rider bore a long lance, wore a jacket of linked mail, and a basenet, and rode a strong bony horse, which seemed much jaded. The two worthies continued their colloquy.

"Who owns yonder castle?" inquired Bernhard, pointing to a strongly-embattled building, on which the sun, fast sinking towards the horizon, threw its departing rays.

"Dost thou not know?" answered his companion; "'tis Sir Ralph Brabazon's, an old knight, who promised our captain his fair daughter, in reward for having saved his life in a skirmish with the earl's men some short time since. But see, yonder horseman approaches. By this light, 'tis Conrade Braquemart!—what the fiend makes him ride so fast?"

The object which had occasioned this remark arrived at the city gates, and, on being admitted, rode hastily up the street. In a few moments, a trumpet sounded from below, which startled the two soldiers, and interrupted their conversation.

"Ha!" cried Karl, the younger one, "that's our trumpet what means this sudden summons? it bodes no good, methinks."

"Peace!" muttered Bernhard, sullenly; "let us go at once, or we shall be welcomed with a few of Ghysbrecht's round oaths. Sathan himself cannot curse more heartily—come to the hostelry."

They immediately left the spot, and repaired to the hostelry, where their leader and the rest of his followers were assembled in council. The arrival of Conrade Braquemart had caused a great ferment amongst them; from him they learnt that Stephen had paid that debt which even kings must discharge, and had bequeathed the crown to Henry, who had been proclaimed king, and had issued orders for the disbanding of all the foreign troops throughout the kingdom. This intelligence was by no means pleasing to the ears of these desperadoes.

"'Twould be witless to resist this mandate," said Ghysbrecht to his followers, who were assembled round him, "for 'tis well known we are not liked by these raw-boned islanders; we must proceed to the coast at once." As he spoke, his eye glanced hastily round the room. "How is this?" cried he; "where are those two louts, Karl and Bernhard?" They entered at that moment, and approached the table where their leader was sitting. His inflamed eyes and unsteady hand plainly told that he had drank deeply of the liquor before him.

"How now," he cried, or rather roared out, "where the fiend have ye been loitering? Look to my horse instantly, and see that it have but a spare measure of corn, and no water; we must ride hard to-night—do you hear? Get ye hence, knaves, and look to your beasts. You, Karl, remain here; I have something for your ear alone."

Ghysbrecht's followers immediately repaired to the stables, for the purpose of getting their horses in readiness, wondering what could be the occasion of his giving such peremptory orders, which greatly perplexed them.

Ere twilight had spread its veil over the city, the freelance and his band quitted the hostelry, and, passing through one of the gates, soon reached the high road, along which they proceeded at a rapid rate.

Leaving Ghysbrecht and his companions on their way, we must proceed to describe the castellated building referred to by Bernhard. It was a massive structure of Saxon origin,

with circular towers of a great height at each angle. Its walls were immensely thick, and the whole building was in those days justly considered impregnable. At this time it was held by an old knight, named Sir Ralph Brabazon, who had in the late contest rendered Stephen great assistance. Declining an offer from that monarch of a place near the throne, he had retired to his castle to enjoy, undisturbed, the society of his lovely daughter, whose personal and mental charms were the theme of all the neighbouring youths. It should be mentioned, that in a battle between Stephen and his rival near Lincoln, the old knight was unhorsed by a spearman, who would have slain him, had not Ghysbrecht arrived in time to strike down the soldier with his mace. In a transport of gratitude for this timely service, Sir Ralph grasped the hand of the free-lance, and swore to repay him with the hand of his only child. As Ghysbrecht was at the time clad in a rich suit of mail, and unknown to him, Sir Ralph doubted not but that he had made this promise to no other than a belted knight; but, how great was his vexation and sorrow, on hearing, shortly after, that his word was pledged to a daring mercenary, whose services were at the disposal of the highest bidder.

On Prince Henry's relinquishing, for a time, his claim to the crown, upon the conditions before stated, hostilities ceased, and the old knight hastened to his castle, hoping that Ghysbrecht might quit the country without pressing his claim. The free-lance and his band, shortly after the battle near Lincoln, removed to a distant part of England, which, in some degree, allayed the old knight's fears; but, not long after, he was both perplexed and alarmed on hearing that Ghysbrecht and his fierce companions were again sojourning in that city. Though it grieved him to reflect that, in refusing the demand of the free-lance, he should be breaking his knightly word, yet, the prospect of his only child becoming the wife of such a man, banished his scruples, and he determined to seek some noble youth whom he might think worthy of such a lovely partner. This was a task of no difficulty, for the wealth and beauty of the Lady Beatrice had already procured her many admirers. Sir Ralph was not long in finding one, whose noble birth, gallant bearing, and comely person, led the knight to suppose that his daughter could not be averse to the match. His fondest hopes were realized. Sir Aubrey De la Zouch was introduced to the lovely Beatrice; and, ere many weeks had passed, the lovers

were daily seen on the ramparts of the castle, enjoying the cool evening breeze, and indulging in those fond endearments which those of riper years may smile at, but which true lovers alone can fully appreciate. The old knight was rejoiced at the success of his plan; it was settled that the marriage should take place without delay; and Sir Aubrey departed for his own castle, to make preparations for the approaching ceremony.

The evening on which Ghysbrecht and his band had left Lincoln was fast drawing in, when the Lady Beatrice sat in her chamber, attended by her favourite waiting-maid, who was completing her bridal dress. Sir Aubrey was hourly expected. But few of the old knight's men were at the castle, several of them having attended the young Sir Aubrey, for the purpose of assisting in the removal of many necessaries for the wedding, to Sir Ralph's castle; for, in those days, good cheer was not forgotten upon such occasions. There were, at this time, only five or six servants remaining at the castle, who were busily engaged in making preparations for the morrow. Beatrice looked eagerly over the country, intently watching every part of the road which was not obscured by tall trees and hedges, for the approach of her lover, Sir Aubrey—at times directing her attention to the cathedral of Lincoln in the distance, which reared its tall white spires majestically above the city, now shown in fine relief by the dark and heavily charged clouds which lowered behind it. The maiden looked in vain for the glittering train of her lover; for, no figures were seen, except that of a rustic returning from his labour, or a solitary strolling spearman sauntering along the road. There was a stillness unbroken by any sound, save the cawing of the rooks and daws as they winged their hasty flight to the forest, warning the traveller to seek shelter from the coming storm. The reigning silence which pervaded the evening, well accorded with the spirits of the anxious maiden: it was a feeling which those who have loved can well remember—a langnor which, though it oppresses the heart, we are unwilling to dismiss. Beatrice heeded not the gabble of her maid Maud, who, with a freedom from time immemorial allowed to such persons, ran on in a strain of raillery, which might, in a moment of less anxiety, have revived the drooping spirits of her mistress, who gazed intently on the murky clouds, whose edges, catching the last rays of the setting sun, assumed that deep brassy hue which generally portends a thunder-storm. At length their dark

masses began to be illumined by an occasional flash, or a quivering stream of light, which, shooting upwards, played in fantastic lines across the heavens, and, as they died away, the deep prolonged rumble of the thunder told that the storm was commencing.

The Lady Beatrice would have viewed this warring of the elements with unconcern, had it not been for the frequent exclamations of Maud, who, as every succeeding flash quivered on the floor of the chamber, screamed with terror, and besought her mistress to descend into the hall. Maud was a plump, round, rosy-cheeked lass, a coquette in the sphere in which she moved, and had caused much bickering between Sir Ralph's park-keeper and the falconer, who had both been smitten with her charms. Yielding to the entreaties of her maid, Beatrice quitted her chamber, and repaired to the hall where her father, the old knight, sat playing with a valued hawk, which was perched on his fist, and talking to his falconer about a new hood for his favourite bird, which, by the glance of its quick bright eye, seemed almost conscious of the intended arrangement. Beatrice drew near her father, who observed her agitation with a smile.

"Ay, ay," said he, "I'll warrant thou hast been looking for Sir Aubrey, and art chafed because he has not arrived; but do not vex thyself; he will doubtless be here anon: no doubt the storm has obliged him to seek shelter on the road. Will, pr'ythee bring lights." A servant left the hall, and Sir Ralph continued—"Come hither, my child, and seat thyself by my side: how pale thou look'st!"

At this moment the horn windows of the hall were illumined with a vivid flash of lightning, which rendered every object in the apartment visible. The several pieces of armour which hung against the walls threw back the strong glare of light, and a peal of thunder burst over the castle, which shook to the foundation. Beatrice clung to her father in speechless terror, while the red cheeks of Maud, who stood near, assumed an ashy paleness. She kept crossing herself, and ejaculating prayers to the Virgin, while the two waiting men attempted, by smiling at her fears, to conceal their own; but it was easy to perceive, by their bewildered looks, that they partook of the general alarm, which extended even to the large mastiff that lay at the feet of the old knight, and whined piteously. Torches were brought, and fixed in the iron staples against the wall; but they only served to show the contrast

of their own faint light with the vivid glare of the lightning, which still continued to illumine the hall, while loud peals of thunder burst in quick succession over the castle. On a sudden, between one of the pauses of the storm, the shrill sound of a horn was heard without.

"Ha!" cried the old knight, "here is Sir Aubrey at last! Run, knaves, open gate and lower drawbridge! Quick, ye varlets!"

The servants left the hall, and a smile lit up the pale countenance of the Lady Beatrice, whose joy at the supposed return of her lover made her forget the storm, which still continued to rage with unabated fury. At length, the heavy tramp of feet was heard without. Beatrice rose, and, prepared with a few words of gentle reproof for his absence, flew to the door, expecting to be clasped in the arms of her lover; but she recoiled on perceiving the tall herculean figure of a man who entered at the moment. With some difficulty she staggered to a seat, almost overpowered with mingled disappointment and alarm.

He who entered was clad in a complete suit of mail, over which he wore an acton of tough leather, on which was emblazoned a red griffin. He bore in his hand a long lance, and wore a sword and dagger. One glance sufficed to show the old knight that Ghysbrecht, the free-lance, stood before him. With an effort to subdue his emotion, he asked what had done him the honour of a visit, at the same time handing a seat to the unwelcome guest.

"That ye shall know quickly," replied the free-lance, seating himself; "but, first, let your knaves wipe the rain from my harness, for the wet will rust it."

This request was complied with, and Ghysbrecht, benuing a scrutinizing glance on Beatrice, continued—

"So, this is the fair lady, your daughter, who is to reward me for having knocked your enemy's basenet over his eyes in the ruffle near Lincoln? By my halidame and St. Anthony to boot, 'tis a rich guerdon! What say ye, fair lady? will ye become the bride of a free-lance?"

Here he addressed a coarse remark to the terrified lady. The withered cheek of Sir Ralph reddened with rage, which he could ill conceal.

"Sir," said he sharply, "this is not fitting language for a maiden's ear; pr'ythee cease, and"—

"Ha!" cried Ghysbrecht, in a fierce tone, "is it so, Sir

Knight? is she not mine? did'st thou not pledge thy word, ay, thy oath, that she should be my bride? Look that ye attempt not to deceive me, or wo to thy grey head?"

The old knight dreaded the worst consequences in this visit; Ghysbrecht's words almost deprived him of the power of utterance, and he groaned bitterly.

"Ay, groan on," continued the free-lance, "while I shall read thy treachery to thee. Know, then, that I am come to claim my bride, of whom thou wouldst rob me. I am acquainted with thy base treachery, and will maintain my right to the death!"

These words struck to the heart of the old knight, who wrung his hands and remained silent. The mercenary observed his anguish with a grin.

"Come," said he to Beatrice, "come, fair lady, you must away with me." Then raising his voice, he cried, "What ho! Conrade, Bernhard, Karl, where loiter ye, knaves?"

They entered at this summons, followed by several of their comrades. Ghysbrecht approached his victim, when the old knight, starting up, threw himself at the feet of the free-lance.

"Oh, slay me here," cried he; "lay my grey hairs in the dust, but spare my child; take not the prop of my old age, the solace of my lonely widowhood from me; forego your claim, and half my wealth is your's."

"Ay," replied the free-lance, "half thy broad lands, which thou knowest I cannot inherit. Know, Sir Knight, that I must bid you and your countrymen farewell"——

"But hear me!" cried Sir Ralph, imploringly; "I ne'er till now knelt to mortal man, save to his Grace. On my knees I implore thee to take pity!"

"Peace, old man," replied the free-lance, coolly; "thy daughter is mine, were she twenty times thy child; rise, therefore, and disgrace not thy knighthood, for by Heaven and all its saints I will not part with her but with my life!"

"For our Lady's sake, take pity!" cried the old knight; "you are a soldier, and have behaved manfully in many a gallant encounter. You would not rob an old man of his only child?"

"Sir Ralph," calmly replied the free-lance, "I came prepared to meet such humble words, for I well knew your knaves were absent, else should I have met with taunts and reproaches: but you are in my power; your daughter is mine, and I would not lose my reward for a prince's ransom."

The old knight sighed deeply, as he thought on his utter

incapability of resisting the free-lance and his band He knew he was in Ghysbrecht's power, and, in the fury of despair, he started on his feet, drew his dagger, and struck at the breast of the free-lance with all his force; but the latter, without any apparent exertion, caught in his iron grasp the wrist of his adversary as the blow descended, and, wresting the dagger from him, threw it to the other end of the hall.

"By the rood!" he exclaimed, "I would requite your courtesy, Sir Knight, with a stroke of my basilard, but it would not be fitting to receive my bride with a red hand."

Sir Ralph struggled to free himself from the grasp of the free-lance, when the large mastiff suddenly sprung up and seized Ghysbrecht by the throat. The bite would have been mortal, had it not been for a gorget of linked mail which he wore. With some difficulty he shook off the faithful animal, which was instantly despatched by his companions.

"Bind the old dotard and his knaves, and follow me!" cried Ghysbrecht, who threw his mailed arm round the waist of the fainting Beatrice, and bore her out of the hall. His companions quickly secured Sir Ralph and his men, by binding them back to back, and were preparing to follow their leader, when Conrade Braquemart espying Maud, who stood in one corner of the hall, almost petrified with terror, cried—"So, comrades, here is my prize; by my beard, we shall have a merry night on't! Come, wench, thou shalt ride with me."

As he spoke, he raised Maud in his arms, and hurried to the court-yard, where his comrades had already assembled with their leader, who was lifting the almost lifeless body of the Lady Beatrice on his own horse. Conrade, spite of her screams, placed Maud before him, when the whole troop pushed over the drawbridge, and soon left the castle far behind them.

The storm still raged, the thunder rolled, the rain poured in torrents, and the lightning, as it descended, rolled along the ground like waves of fire. Such a night would have calmed the evil workings of ordinary minds; but to Ghysbrecht and his band, with the exception of one, it had no terrors. The lightning, attracted by their armour, formed a halo round the helmets of the troop, who, nothing daunted at a circumstance they were accustomed to, cracked their impious jokes between the pauses of the storm, as freely as if they had been quietly seated in a hostelry

There was one, however, who could not think of the night's adventure, and its probable termination, without shuddering: this was Karl, the youngest of the band, who, for having saved the life of Ghysbrecht in some battle, had obtained that desperado's confidence—he, alone, saw the iniquity of their proceeding. The two females, roused by the loud peals of thunder to a state of consciousness, entreated for mercy, but were only laughed at by the savage band, who still proceeded at a furious pace.

Ghysbrecht rode in advance of his troop, and frequently called to his companions, at the top of his voice, to increase their speed; but the horse he rode was superior in strength and swiftness to any of their's. Vexed at what he considered to be their tardiness, he fiercely rebuked them, adding a volley of oaths too frightful to be recorded. Almost at the same instant, a thunder-bolt fell near, and, striking a large tree, hurled it withered and blasted across the road. With some difficulty they surmounted this impediment, and proceeded on their way. Karl, who rode by the side of Braquemart, endeavoured to persuade the ruffian to leave the girl at the next village, but Conrade replied only with a laugh. He again urged him to abandon his intention, when the ruffian answered fiercely, "Think ye that I am to lose so fair a prize, because the thunder rolls a little louder than it is wont, and the lightning flashes quicker and stronger than usual? No, no, Karl, keep thy sermon for fools and doddy pates!"

A peal of thunder drowned the remainder of the ruffian's speech, and a vivid flash of lightning glared over the country; by its light the rough uneven road was shown, and, at a little distance, a small cross of freestone was perceived.

"Yonder is St. Anne's Cross," said Karl; "leave the girl here; there is an abbey not more than an arrow's flight from the spot, where she may get shelter for the night."

"Peace, ninny!" roared Braquemart, "the wench is mine; if thou troublest me much longer, I may make"——

Here he was again interrupted by a bright flash, which, descending in the midst of the band, followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, brought Ghysbrecht, his horse, and the Lady Beatrice, violently to the ground. The troop, perceiving what had happened to their leader and his prize, instantly halted, and several of the band dismounted. "Our

leader is dead!" exclaimed one of them, as he lifted up the lifeless body of Ghysbrecht, which, scorched and horribly disfigured, presented an appalling spectacle. His helmet had been melted by the intense heat of the electric fluid, and the metal had run in streams down his shoulders; his beard and thick moustaches were singed, and not a single feature of his face was distinguishable. Even some of the free-lances, daring and hardened as they were, shuddered with horror on beholding the disfigured and blackened corpse of him who had so often led them to battle and conquest. They turned to the Lady Beatrice, who appeared to have shared the same fate; but on lifting her from the ground, they discovered that she had received no external injury.

On a sudden, lights were seen advancing, and voices were distinctly heard; for the storm, as is often the case, after venting its fury in one departing peal, gradually hushed, while the lights still continued to advance rapidly. In a few moments a party of armed men were observed approaching, preceded by four, who rode in advance and carried torches. The free-lances were not men to fly; indeed, escape was impossible. They were instantly in their saddles, and awaited, with couched lances, the approach of the party. Karl endeavoured to restore the Lady Beatrice; but, finding his attempt proved fruitless, yet unwilling to leave her in danger of being trodden under the horses' feet during the anticipated skirmish, he bore her to a bank by the road-side, and left her in the care of Maud, who, with the help of some water, which she procured from a small spring which run near the stone cross before mentioned, succeeded in restoring her mistress.

At this moment the party in pursuit came up; they halted about twenty yards off, and, Sir Aubrey advancing, demanded the surrender of the Lady Beatrice. Well knowing that they could not trust to the knight's clemency, the free-lances replied with a torrent of abuse. Sir Aubrey, perceiving that it was of no use to parley with such ruffians, rode back, and, putting himself at the head of his party, advanced with the fury of a whirlwind upon them. The old knight had, spite of Sir Aubrey's entreaties, accompanied the party in pursuit of Ghysbrecht and his band.

The mercenaries, on perceiving that their pursuers were resolute, determined to meet them with that obstinacy which a hopeless case like theirs generally inspires.

"Now," cried Braquemart, "a firm hand, a well girted saddle, and another fling at these whoreson islanders. ere we part!"

"Peace!" interrupted Bernhard, (who, perceiving their pursuer's form, had ordered his companions to set forward when he should give the word,) "here will be bloody work of it anon. Ah! by Heaven, they come! Now, if ye be true men, flinch not; set on!—upon 'em—charge!"

In an instant the two parties closed, at about midway, with a dreadful shock: nearly a score of lances were shivered to pieces, and more than half that number of saddles were emptied: while those who were less fortunate than their fellows, lay sprawling in their gore, the shouts of those above them, engaged in the deadly conflict, seemed more like the yells of demons than of mortal men. "A Brabazon! De la Zouch to the rescue!" shouted one party; while the other answered with loud cries of "Down with the dull islanders!—One blow for the free companions!—Strike for the Red Griffin!"

Twelve of the free-lances, in a short time, lay on the ground horribly mutilated, while sixteen of the knight's men were either killed or disabled. In one place might be seen two, who, unhorsed, were engaged in a deadly struggle, dealing blows with their daggers in the blind fury of bitter enmity; while in another lay a mangled wretch, unable to crawl out of the *melée*, trampled on by the horses, and imploring his comrade to end his agony by a friendly thrust. Horses snorted, men yelled and swore, and swords and maces clashed on the armour of the combatants, who fought with all the fury that revenge and hatred could inspire. Sir Aubrey laid about him with a desperate valour; two of his adversaries had already fallen beneath his powerful strokes, when Bernhard spurred against him. The athletic free-lance showered his blows upon the knight, and, though many were parried, nought but his helmet and hauberk of proof could have saved him. Sir Aubrey, with his mace, returned the blows of his adversary with such effect, that Bernhard's sword was shivered to pieces; but, ere the knight could strike him down, the free-lance closed and grasped him tightly by the throat. Sir Aubrey dropped his mace, and a desperate struggle ensued. which was maintained for a few moments, when the knight, disengaging his right hand, quickly drew his miseri-

corde,* and struck his adversary on the face with all his force. The blade glanced from the hard forehead of the free-lance, who struggled hard to force the knight from his horse; but it was a vain effort; Sir Aubrey held him tightly with his left hand, and dealt his adversary several successive strokes, till Bernhard's hands relaxed their grasp; a convulsive tremor shook his whole frame, and, with a half-muttered curse upon his destroyer, he dropped lifeless from his horse. Quickly wheeling round, Sir Aubrey beheld the old knight stoutly contending against two of the free-companions, who had slain his horse. In an instant one of the assailants was stretched lifeless on the ground; he then engaged the second, but, in the rush which took place at the same moment, they were parted. Sir Aubrey assisted the old knight to remount, and then, heading his men, rushed again upon the free-companions. The charge was decisive; unable to contend any longer against such a superiority of numbers, they broke ground, and fled precipitately.

Conrade Braquemart, though generally the foremost in the fray, was in this instance the first to set the example of flight; this ruffian, seeing all was lost, had fallen back, unperceived by his companions, as far as the fountain, whence Maud and her terrified mistress had watched the furious conflict by the light of the few remaining torches, which scarcely served to distinguish friend from enemy. Conrade spurred up to the fountain, and dismounting, spite of her struggling and screaming, placed Maud on his horse's back, then quickly remounting, he rode furiously along the road. At the same moment his companions fled, but being without incumbrance they soon passed Conrade, and left him far behind them. He, of course, was the first overtaken by the knight's party. The park-keeper and falconer both perceived his flight with Maud, and, eager to prove their devotion and readiness to serve her, pursued the ruffian with couched lances. But the park-keeper's horse soon outstripped that of the falconer: he came up with the ruffian, and, heedless of the consequences, levelled his lance at Conrade. The weapon, piercing his tough jack, passed through his body, and cast him and Maud to the ground. With a groan of agony the soul of Conrade

* The "Misericorde," or, as it was sometimes called, the "Mercy of God," was a strong dagger worn by the armed knights of that period, and in after ages.

took its flight, while Maud was raised from the ground (unhurt, save a few bruises) by her lover, who bore her in safety back to the spot where her mistress was already in the arms of Sir Aubrey.

Need the sequel be added?—The next day's sun smiled on the union of the knight and the fair Lady Beatrice; and, ere the week was out, the buxom Maud became the wife of the happy park-keeper. Whether the less fortunate falconer stabbed or hung himself in despair, or sought a watery grave, is not recorded; and, indeed, were we in possession of the facts, we should question the propriety of dwelling on a subject which would tear the bandage of the healing wounds of those who have experieneed the tortures of hopeless love.

THE THREE SUITORS.

With holy joy upon his face,
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd again his child.

THE days were, when "Finsburie Fields," instead of the eternity of bricks and mortar which now pollutes their site: instead of the uncatholic piece of catholicism which modern *taste* has substituted for the architecture of a York minster and a Westminster Abbey; instead of mathematical circuses and squares, with houses built by logarithms and gardens arrayed at right angles—presented to the view the delightful irregularity of nature, where the substantial citizens, with their buxom daughters and wrinkled dames, would retire, after the fatigue of business, to imbibe the free air and enjoy the manly sports which they then afforded. Amongst the most frequent and attractive exercises of the period in which we now lay our tale, was that practised by the far-famed London Bowmen; and we presume, that few of our readers have not heard of their exploits, so frequently recorded in the tales of that time, and sung in their rude, though quaint ballads. On those days the tailor left his doublet unfinished, thereby disappointing the young gallant who ordered it to surprise his mistress with its splendour; the smith flung aside

his heavy hammer, and, doffing his coarse apron, betook himself to the scene of action, and the 'prentice, taking his bat from its accustomed nook, spite of his master, trudged off to witness the sports. Then was the far-famed Grub-street known by another name, and inhabited by Bowyers and Fletchers, and the strong walls which girted the city still continued to be repaired; and ofttimes, as we read, the good citizens, ere they quitted this sublunary world, forgot not to bequeath large sums towards the repairing and beautifying of its gates and towers. But, long since have these famed displays of archery ceased; long since has the cloth-yard shaft, once so terrible to our enemies abroad, ceased to whistle over the fields of Finsbury. Upwards of two centuries have passed away, since the twang of the archer's bow was heard on that spot. The harquebuze, the caliver, and the haquebut, all names for the various kinds of hand-guns, took precedence of the long bow, and Elizabeth and her successors tried in vain to revive those sports, which, while they served as a holiday, at the same time perfected the youth of the city in the use of that then tremendous weapon. But, although the long bow was laid aside by some, when fire-arms were introduced, still it was by many preferred to the harquebuze, which was for some time after a clumsy and unwieldly engine.

In the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, on a fine summer's evening, the youth of the wards "Vintrie" and "Breade Streete" were met in Finsbury Fields, to decide a match at shooting with the long bow. Such a concourse of people had not assembled for some time before this; the greater part of the inhabitants of the before-named wards had flocked to witness this match; the Chepe was almost deserted, and hundreds of the more wealthy citizens poured out from Moorgate, with their wives and daughters.

Temporary booths and tents were erected on the spot, and notices were chalked on the outside, stating that wine, ale, and sack were sold within, to tempt those who were weary of the sport. In these places rude ballads were heard, chanted by stentorian voices, mingled with jest and oath, and the rattle of the dice-box. Seats were let to those who could afford to pay for them, and for which the projectors of these accommodations took good care to exact a fair price. All classes were mingled together; the gallant, with his embroidered doublet, and gaily trimmed mustachios, stood by the gravely-clad and spade-bearded citizen, who in his turn was pushed and jostled by the lately washed artificer; all seemed

to forget their degree while looking on, though, sometimes, here and there, mutterings were heard, and fierce words were exchanged, when one would, by accident, tread on the toes of his neighbour, or rumple the plait of his starched ruff. But these were not sufficient to break the general harmony, or abstract the attention of the spectators from the sports. If, however, there were some who paid them but little attention, it was the fair forms and bright eyes of the city damsels who were to blame; for, though many of the competitors' shafts were delivered wide of the mark, Cupid's never failed. Amongst the spectators, near one of the booths we have spoken of, stood a citizen somewhat advanced in years, clad in a doublet of black velvet, with hose of the same colour; on his arm hung his daughter, his only child, and, when we say that a crowd of gallants stood near, it will be needless to add that she was beautiful; few indeed could boast of such charms—the envy of the city dames, and the idolatry of all the gay and youthful gallants from Paul's to Aldgate. She stood shrinking from the gaze of those around her, and blushing at the amorous glances of both old and young, while her father peered through his spectacles, over the heads of the spectators, at the archers, who had commenced shooting. Amongst those who eyed the damsel, was a tall gallant looking personage, clad in a rich silk doublet, with peach-coloured stockings, and large rosettes in his shoes, with a hat of Spanish felt, in which was stuck a cock's feather. An embroidered belt sustained on the one side a small dagger, and on the other a silver-hilted toledo of unusual length. For a long time he stood gazing on the damsel without speaking, but, growing bolder on seeing her father's attention engaged, he advanced nearer, and attempted to take her hand.

"Fair excellence!" said he, in an affected tone, "even as the sun outshineth the lesser planets, so doth thy beauty eclipse that of all other maidens."

On hearing this, the old man turned hastily round.

"Sir gallant," said he, "there are others who would be more desirous of thy company; pr'ythee get thee gone."

"Under your favour, old sir," replied the gallant, "I would have some converse with this fair creature; beshrew me, 'tis a pity she should have so old an arm to hang on."

"Sirrah," cried the old man, as his pale and withered cheek flushed with passion, "get thee gone, or by Heaven though my arm be feeble, I'll spoil thy doublet."

As he said this he laid his hand on his dagger, but the gallant laughed, and replied—

"By this light, the warm blood has not left thee yet; but huff it not, man, I meant not to offend thee."

"Then get thee gone, sir."

"Nay, wilt thou not permit thy fair charge to take the arm of her devoted slave?" As the gallant said this, he took the hand of the damsel, when her father, unable to subdue his passion, drew his dagger.

"Begone," cried he, "begone thou whoreson sot! By this good light I would stab thee to the earth, but I wish not to spill the blood of such a Borachio. I see thou hast not long parted with the wine cup."

"Marry, there is verity in thy speech, old sir; I would fain turn from the wine flask to render homage to peerless beauty."

The old man paused a moment, in evident embarrassment; he attempted to move through the dense crowd, but, finding this impossible, he turned round and cried—

"Is there no younger arm to rid me of this galliard?"

"There is," replied a voice in the throng; and, at the same moment, a young man, attired in a plain doublet, with sad-coloured hose, and wearing riding boots much splashed with dirt, strode up, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of the gallant, he whirled him round.

"Sirrah!" said he, "get thee gone, or pluck out the marvellously long rapier that dangles at thy side."

The gallant, turning round, drew himself up to his full height, and, staring in the face of the stranger, replied—

"Sir Grey Jerkin, thou art a marvellously uncourteous knight; thy plebeian paw hath rumpled my ruff infernally; dost thou think this silk was bought at a tester the yard, that thou layest such a rough hand on it?"

"I was not bred a mercer," replied the stranger, "nor care I for thy doublet; either ask pardon of this lady and her father, or draw thy fox; I have short time for bandying words with thee."

The gallant smiled. "Dost thou think," said he, "that my bright blade will ever cross thy miserable toasting iron? Ecod! Sir Grey Jerkin, 'twas the gift of the valiant Captain Juan Alzedo, and, shall I tilt with such a groom as thee?"

The stranger made no reply to this, but instantly drew his rapier and struck the gallant sharply with the flat side of it.

The blow convinced the fop that he had met with one who would not be trifled with, and, as it was given with some force, the pain awakened his latent valour.

"Thou untrimmed rustic," cried he, "'tis in vain I would desire to spare thee: thou shalt be indulged with the duello; make room, good people."

The stranger threw himself in a posture of defence, and waited for the attack of his adversary, who pressed upon him with great vigour. The maiden clung to the arm of her father, almost fainting with terror, while the spectators, linking their hands, formed a ring for the combatants. Both were excellent swordsmen, and showed great skill at their weapons. The gallant, finding that he could not hit his adversary, desisted, and contented himself by parrying his thrusts, saying, as he threw aside the stranger's lunges—

"Well thrust, most skilful rustic! an excellent stoccado, by Jupiter! verily thou art a shrewd hand at thy bilbo; my friend the Captain would be delighted with thee—so—that reversa was not so good—so—so—ha!"—At this moment his sword flew from his grasp, over the heads of the spectators, and the stranger, dropping the point of his rapier, desired his adversary to ask his life; but, apparently unconscious of what was going on, the gallant cried out—

"There goes my durindana; hold, Sir Rustic! I would not lose it for the worth of my best doublet; a broad piece for the knave who brings it me."

At this instant a man brought forward the rapier, when the stranger, taking it from him, said—

"Sirrah, your blade shall be shivered to pieces, and that instantly, if you delay to ask this lady's pardon for the insult you have offered her."

This speech was enforced by the speaker's placing the point of the rapier on the ground, and putting his foot on the middle of it.

"Hold, Sir Rustic," cried the gallant, "spare my good blade, I pray thee; though it has been false to me this time, yet we must not part."

"Thou knowest the way to redeem it," was the reply.

The gallant hesitated; he bent his eyes on the ground, while the stranger tried the temper of the blade by bending it backwards and forwards; at length, after a struggle with his feelings, the fear that he should lose his rapier predominated, and, striding up to the old citizen and his daughter, he muttered an apology, and the stranger, delivering him his

blade, he slunk off amidst the jeers and taunts of the spectators

"There goes my Lord Poppinjay!" cried a fellow in a thrum cap and leathern jerkin.

"Ay, ay," said his companion, "his *duridinda* and he agree not to-day; he'll fight better when he has taken another pottle o' sack."

In the meanwhile the object of their jokes had got out of the crowd, and the stranger, after bowing to the citizen and his daughter, was about to depart, when the former spoke.

"I thank thee, young friend," said he, "and would fain show thee that I am not ungrateful; pr'ythee favour us with thy company to the Old Jewry; Zachary Wyvill loves a brave youth."

The stranger hesitated, and the old man continued, "Come, we will go at once; by my faith, you shall not choose."

The young man hesitated no longer; so, proffering his arm to the maiden, he led her out of the crowd, and, passing through Moorgate, proceeded towards the Old Jewry, where Master Wyvill dwelt. On their way thither, Madaline was delighted with the frank and easy manner of the stranger, who addressed her father and herself by turns, till they arrived at Master Zachary's house. The old merchant learnt from the stranger that his name was Herbert Tyndale, and that he had put up at the Windmill Inn, almost opposite to his house. Master Wyvill pressed him to stay and sup with him; and this was no difficult matter, for when it grew late Herbert unwillingly took his leave, not, however, without an invitation for the next day. He tore himself away from the gentle Madaline, and betook himself to his lodgings at the Windmill. Though much fatigued with travelling (for he had arrived in London that day) Herbert slept but little, and when he did slumber, his rest was broken by bright and lovely visions, in which Madaline held the chief feature.

Early on the following morning Herbert failed not to appear at Master Zachary's, whom he found busily engaged in his counting-house. An invitation to dinner was accepted by Herbert, because it gave him another opportunity of beholding the lovely Madaline, with whom, we hope not one of our reader's will require to be told, he had fallen desperately in love. Madaline herself was in love too, and her only fear was, lest the handsome Herbert should be already plighted to some other damsel; for she never once supposed that her father would withhold his consent. Fathers and mothers,

put on the spectacles of discrimination, and be careful how ye invite young gallants to your houses, especially if Heaven has blessed ye with handsome daughters. Both our young folks were in love, though their acquaintance had been so newly formed; but Cupid is no sluggard; and, after dinner, during the temporary absence of Master Wyvill, Herbert, being left alone with the beautiful Madaline, declared his passion, with all the customary vows and protestations. She listened to him with delight, not, however, without a multitude of blushes and hesitations, which it is not our business to record. Nothing now remained but to ask the consent of Master Wyvill; and, on a fitting opportunity presenting itself, when Madaline had left the room, Herbert at once demanded the hand of his daughter.

"Well, Master Tyndale," said the old merchant; "but I would fain know if thou hast the means to keep a wife, and from whence thou comest?"

Herbert was somewhat embarrassed on hearing these questions, for he had never once thought on his situation, since his introduction to the lovely Madaline.

Master Wyvill perceived his confusion, and demanded, somewhat hastily, whether he had a fortune sufficient to aspire to the hand of the daughter of one of the richest merchants in London?

"Sir," replied Tyndale, after some hesitation, "I will e'en tell ye the truth. I am the only son of a country gentleman, who would have me wedded to age and ugliness, because, forsooth, there is gold in the bargain. I refused to obey him, and quitted his roof with a determination to seek my fortune in another land, when chance brought me to your assistance yesterday. However, I have some few thousand pounds, which I will lay at your daughter's feet"——

Here he was interrupted by Master Wyvill, whose anger burst forth like a volcano. "Sirrah!" cried he, "is it thus thou wouldst repay my hospitality? Hence with thee—she shall not be thine! What! hast thou, ingrate, left thy parents, and come abroad to teach others disobedience? Get thee gone!"——

"But, sir"——

"But me no buts, sirrah!" cried the old man; "begone this instant, or I'll bring those who shall thrust thee out!"

Herbert's blood boiled on hearing this language, but the thought of Madaline checked his indignation. He arose, and, taking his hat and cloak, replied: "This language may

be used by you, sir; but, had it come from one of younger years, it should have been answered with cold iron!" He then passed out, and repaired to the Windmill, overwhelmed with surprise and chagrin.

Master Wyvill, as soon as Herbert had left the house, summoned his daughter, and sharply rebuked her for encouraging the addresses of one with whom she had so lately become acquainted. Madaline heard her father's determination with much sorrow, which was increased when he told her that he had selected a husband for her. As he spoke, a visitor was announced, and, shortly after, a gallant entered the room, whom Master Wyvill introduced to his daughter.

"This gentleman," said he, "is the son of my friend, Master Scrips; receive him as your future husband."

Her father left the room, and Madaline ventured a look at the person who had been introduced to her. He was a young man of about the middle height, but clumsily made—his features were coarse beyond expression, and his white starched ruff formed a singular contrast to his black hair, which was cut close, and turned up in front in the most approved manner; his large lopped ears stuck out from the sides of his head, as if they were handles by which it was adjusted; his hose were of the most fashionable colour; his enormous slops glittered with embroidery, and his doublet shone with gold points: a long sword and dagger completed the equipment of this extraordinary person. Madaline viewed him for some moments in silent surprise; had she been in a more merry mood, she would have laughed outright; but her father's harsh rebuke was not forgotten. Master Christopher Scrips interpreted her confusion into admiration of his dress and person; he essayed to make use of some of the phrases which he had heard among the gallants of his acquaintance; but his memory failed him, and he played with the band of his hat, and cast his eyes on the floor—when Madaline spoke:—

"Fair sir," said she, "may I ask the name of the worthy gentleman whom my father intends for my husband?"

"Ay, marry thou mayest, fair lady," replied the gallant: "Christopher Scrips is the name of your devoted slave; your city gallants call me Kit, but they of the Devil, in Fleet-street, are more courteous. Beshrew me, if these folks of the Chepe know a true toledo from a Sheffield back-sword. By mine honesty, fair lady, 'tis a pity so beauteous a damsel

should dwell with such doddy pates, who wear doublets of such a sad colour, that it makes one gloomy to behold them; and their rapiers, too, are most barbarous tools. My worthy friend, Adrian Partington, hath said much of these said rapiers, which are so offensive to the sight of every true gentleman."

"Doubtless 'tis a noble one you yourself wear, fair sir," said Madaline, wishing to say something to break off this long dissertation.

"Marry, you shall be witness of it," replied he, drawing his rapier, "'tis one of most excellent temper; it cost me five gold nobles, without the hilt, which I bought of Master Partington, who had it of a valiant friend of his."

As he concluded this speech, Master Scrips placed his rapier in Madaline's hand. The hilt was of silver, richly chased with the representation of Hercules destroying the hydra.

"Thou seest, fair lady," continued he, "there are some cleverly conceited emblems graven on the hilt—Hercules and the dragon. Doubtless thou hast read of this same Hercules, and how he threw aside his weapons at the command of his lady-love, to bask in the sunshine of her smiles. I marvel, though, whether Hercules wore so trusty a blade."

"Truly, sir, it is a noble weapon," said Madaline, looking at the rapier.

"Noble, dost thou say, fair damsel?" cried Master Christopher; "'tis a trusty blade, and fit to ride on a gentleman's thigh; by mine honour, 'twould ha' gladdened thee to have seen how I served mine host o' the Devil, who was sore plagued by several scape-graces: they fled at the very sight of my trusty toledo."

Madaline smiled, and returned the weapon.

"Fair sir," said she, "I would fain act honestly towards thee; know, then, that I cannot give my hand to a noisy reveller, or to one who vapours so highly as thou dost. There are other maidens who would be more proud of your acquaintance; pr'ythee seek them, Sir Gallant—Farewell."

The maiden, as she said this, left the room; and Master Scrips, giving his hat a twirl, adjusted his ruff, then looked down at the large rosettes in his shoes, then at the ceiling, and then on the spot where Madaline had lately stood, as if he doubted his senses.

"Bone Heaven!" cried he, "she is a jilt and a malapert

quean, yet she hath a marvellous comely face. Heigho! Mistress Wyvill, I wish thee possessed of more courtesy." He turned, and, putting on his hat, stalked down stairs, and proceeded to the Windmill, intending to drown the recollection of his interview in a pottle of sack. He entered the inn, where he found the gallant whom Herbert Tyndall had disarmed in Moorfields the preceding day.

"The good time o' the evening to you, Master Partington," said he; "hast stomach for a pottle of sack?"

"Ay, marry, Master Scrips—but how hast fared? Was the damsel visible, or coy, or——?"

"She is a jilt, friend Partington; thou mayest ha' her for me. 'Fore George, I'll not go near her again!"

"Ha! say ye so? Then she shall be mine. Harkee, friend Scrips; her waiting-maid has told me, that she and her father will go on a visit to Master Frostling, the vintner's, on the Bankside, to-day. Now, if we could engage a trusty waterman, and carry her off to-night?"

"Ah! but there is danger in that; 'tis felony—why"——

"Pish! never fear it," continued Partington; "I warrant she will not mislike the plan."

Master Scrips, after some hesitation, consented to this villanous scheme, and it was agreed that they should put it into execution that very evening; but, as their evil stars willed it, Herbert Tyndale, who sat in the next room, having caught a few of the first words of the dialogue, rose softly, and, coming on tiptoe to a crevice, saw plainly the two worthies, who were concerting their diabolical plan.

His first impulse was to rush out upon them; but a moment's reflection told him that it would be better to intercept them in their flight with Madaline, if they should succeed in carrying her off. He therefore waited until he heard the whole of their plan, and then summoned his man Peter, who had accompanied him to London. After some deliberation, it was agreed that they should leave the Windmill before the city gates were shut, and repair to the Bankside, where they might lay in wait for the gallants, and rescue Madaline.

The evening came, and found Tyndale and his man at their post. Master Frostling's house was surrounded by a high hedge, and a dry ditch, which was deep enough to conceal them from view. They had not been concealed long, before they heard the sound of footsteps in the garden, and Herbert, on looking through the hedge, perceived Madaline,

who was walking alone. He kept still, in his hiding place, well knowing that any attempt so address her then might ruin his hopes; and supposing that, if Partington and Scrips were near, they would seize upon this favourable opportunity. He was not deceived, for he presently heard the plash of oars, and the next moment a boat approached the house. Two figures, enveloped in large cloaks, leaped ashore, while a third remained in the boat. They advanced cautiously towards the house, and then whispered to each other. The tallest, whom Herbert recognized as Partington, perceiving Madaline, leaped over the small gate into the garden, and, ere she was aware of his approach, threw his large cloak over her, and raised her in his arms. Scrips assisted his companion with his burthen, over the gate, when Madaline contrived to tear the cloak from her head, and shrieked loudly.

"Villains!" cried Tyndale, starting from his hiding place, "ye are discovered; unhand that lady, or ye are but dead men!" Partington's danger rendered him desperate, and, placing Madaline on her feet, he drew his rapier, and attacked Herbert with great fury; but, after a few passes he fell, from a well-directed thrust. Without waiting a moment, Tyndale turned to engage Master Scrips, who, however, had made up his mind to decline the combat, and took to his heels, pursued by Peter. Master Christopher's speed was much greater than his valour, and he arrived first at the water's edge, but unfortunately missed the boat, into which he had intended to jump, and fell souse into the river. His large cloak, which he had vainly endeavoured to throw off, saved him from drowning, and he was dragged ashore by Peter, half dead with fright. Master Wyvill, together with his gossip Frostling and family, alarmed by the noise, hastened out, when they beheld a scene which filled them with astonishment. Partington was lying on the ground bleeding profusely, Madaline was sustained in the arms of Tyndale, almost senseless, and Scrips, with rueful countenance, begged hard to be released from the rough gripe of Peter, while his rich doublet and hose were dripping with water. His mortification was increased when Master Wyvill, holding a lamp in his hand, surveyed him from head to foot. After a severe reprimand he was suffered to depart; but the dangerous situation of Partington rendered the assistance of a surgeon necessary, and he was removed in a litter.

It will be scarcely necessary to add, that Master Wyvill's

anger was not only appeased, but that, in a week after, his lovely daughter was united to Tyndale. To increase the happiness of the lovers, Herbert on the following week received his father's forgiveness. Partington recovered, but not until some time after, and slunk into merited obscurity; while Master Christopher Scrips was exposed to the jokes of his fellow-citizens for many years afterwards.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

A LEGEND OF PALACE-YARD.

"Lord, what a wind, what a fire, what a motion and commotion of earth and air would there have been! I tremble even to think of it. Miserable desolation!"

Sir E. Coke, the King's Attorney, upon the trial of Guy Faukes.

Numerous have been the "Histories" and "Memoirs" of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First; and, although many of them differ in trivial and unimportant points, yet they all agree in representing the one monarch as noble and merciful, saving that she was somewhat fiery and choleric, and the other, at least inoffensive; yet, none have described the restless and agitated state of this kingdom during their sway. In our infancy, the sovereign best remembered was "Good Queen Bess;" and, until lately, we have been taught to believe that Elizabeth did more to uphold the splendour of her empire than any preceding monarch. Her reign has been called the "golden age," and she has upon all occasions been contrasted with her sister; but there are few now who do not consider that she was a remorseless fury, who sacrificed everything to her insatiable ambition, which was only exceeded by her conceit and disgusting personal vanity. Her people had become habituated to acts of tyranny and bloodshed during the sway of her sanguinary and brutal father, and they suffered with more patience the violence and oppression of the succeeding monarchs—not because they were milder, but simply because they were not quite so terrible; but, when Elizabeth assumed the reigns of government, the rack, the halter, the gibbet, and the knife, were

again put in requisition. Heretofore, Catholic and Protestant alternately gained the ascendancy, and by turns remorselessly butchered each other; but when Elizabeth grasped the sceptre, the power of the former succumbed to the latter, and her agents hunted down the innocent and peaceable Catholic, whose only crime was his adherence to the religion of his fathers. The notorious corruption of the church of Rome certainly called aloud for a reformation; but why were the guiltless punished?—why was the phial of wrath emptied upon the heads of any but those who, under the guise of sanctity, and zeal for religion, struggled for temporal power?

These persecutions were carried on, with scarcely any intermission, until the death of Elizabeth, which happened in the year 1603. Perverse and obdurate in her dying moments, she quitted the world without naming her successor, thereby leaving the nation in a state of great uncertainty and anxiety, as to who should be chosen to fill that throne from which she had, for more than forty years, issued her cruel mandates. Many plots were contrived to destroy her, and several daring individuals singly attempted her life; but all the parties suffered for their temerity: even suspected persons were seized and condemned. At length, a few desperate men conspired to overthrow her and her government; but, in the midst of their deliberations, the angel of death summoned their intended victim before the tribunal of Him, whose name and whose law she had so often wantonly profaned and violated. This event led the discontented to hope that a favourable change would take place, as all eyes were turned towards James the Sixth of Scotland, whose pusillanimous disposition sanctioned the belief that the bloody days of persecution were passed away. His accession was hailed with joy by the Catholics, both on account of his being a descendant of Mary, who was a rigid Papist, and also from his having been inclined to that religion in his youth; but, great was their surprise and rage to find him strictly executing those merciless laws which his predecessors had enacted against them. The peaceable and unambitious Catholic dreaded a renewal of Elizabeth's barbarities, while the more violent resolved to destroy the newly crowned king, or perish in the attempt James, on his arrival in England, was attended by a long train of his needy countrymen, all of them seeking for places and preferment, which they obtained, to the exclusion of the English, who thus saw

those whom they had been taught to believe—and whom, indeed, they had always found to be—their bitterest enemies, filling every post of emolument, and suing for places on behalf of their countrymen, who were daily inundating England, that country of which they had been the scourge for so many hundred years.

The individual who first determined to destroy the king and his minions, was Robert Catesbye, a gentleman of ancient family in Northamptonshire, and a descendant of that Catesbye who so faithfully served his master, stern and cruel as he was, when all deserted him at Bosworth field. He it was who framed a plot which humanity shudders at, and which, although it cannot be justified, must allow of some degree of palliation, when we reflect upon the abject state to which many families of high birth were reduced. The plot was not contrived by a few desperate wretches in the lower walks of life, but by men of family and consequence, who had considerable property at stake; and this fact goes to prove the miserable and degraded state to which the nation had been brought by James and his horde of needy countrymen. Catesbye was the originator of that conspiracy, in the particulars of which no two historians agree; which has been considered a mere fable by some, and which, for more than two hundred years, has been known by the name of the GUNPOWDER PLOT

"Can you show me the lodging of the English knight, Sir William Stanley?" inquired a stranger, in imperfect Dutch, of a boor whom he met in one of the streets in Ostend.

"Yaw, Mynheer," replied the fellow, taking his pipe from his mouth, "'tis yon house, hard by de sign of de Goot Vrow."

"Thank ye, good fellow," said the Englishman, interrupting him, "here is a groat for your information, which is even better than your English;" and he passed on to the house pointed out to him by the boor, who acknowledged the gift with an awkward bow."

"I sall drinck your honour's goot helt," said the Hollander, resuming his pipe, and rolling towards a bier-kroeg.

In the meantime, the stranger had arrived at the house of which he was in quest, and, having knocked at the door, was instantly admitted, and shown into a small dark room, in which a man of sombre countenance was sitting, who,

rising from his seat, greeted him with a warm grasp of the hand.

"Welcome, thrice welcome to Ostend, Master Wentour," said he; "for, by your visit I see that the hour of vengeance is at hand. Say, how is my honoured friend and intimate, Master Catesbye?"

"Well, excellent well, Sir William," replied Wentour, "and living in the hope that our enemies will, ere long, feel the vengeance we have in store for them. We have a few more fearless hearts joined with us—Master Catesbye has taken a commodious dwelling at Lambeth, and all is ready—we must lay in our munition without more delay."

"'Tis already prepared," replied the knight; "thirty barrels of powder are on board the galliot alongside the quay, and waiting for the first fair wind."

"Truly, you are a zealous worker in the good cause. Sir William; with such souls there can be no fear of a miscarriage: but where is the gentleman of whom our good friend Catesbye speaks so highly?"

"He has not overrated him," said the knight, whistling aloud. An attendant entered. "Bid Master Johnson attend us here, Jenkin."

The servant disappeared, and, shortly after, a man of commanding stature entered the room. His aspect partook of that expression peculiar to the better class of the people of Yorkshire; his forehead was high and smooth; his nose somewhat aquiline and well-shaped; his eyes were grey, sharp, and piercing, and his whole countenance would have been prepossessing, but for the close and determined expression of the mouth and chin. A spade beard of a light brown colour descended over his doublet of buff leather, and his mustachios were well trimmed and turned upwards at the ends, after the Spanish fashion. A profusion of brown hair fell in curls over his shoulders and down his back, and set off a countenance at once noble and commanding. The appearance of this man made a strong impression upon Wentour who regarded him with fixed attention.

"This is the gentleman," said Sir William, "who is willing to render all the assistance in his power to your great undertaking; trust me, I have ever found Master Faukes a man of courage and ready counsel."

Wentour extended his hand, which Faukes seized in his own, and with an oath exclaimed, in a northern accent, which his long residence abroad had not destroyed—

"By my beard, it glads my heart to find there are a few bold and resolute souls still left to avenge the wrongs of Old England!—*Madre del*"——

"Hold, Faukes!" cried Stanley, interrupting him; "you must forget that you have carried a spontoon here; none of your Spanish oaths—they will betray ye if ye use them in England."

"You are right, Sir William; I will take care to keep my acquaintanee with the Spaniard a secret; my new name will protect me from recognition."

"I trust so," said the knight; "and now let us have a flask of burgundy, and drink success to our undertaking. What, ho! glasses and a flask of the best!"

The wine having been brought, they sat down to discuss it, and arrange their plans. The midnight chimes had sounded ere they separated; Wentour retired to rest, rejoicing in this accession to their band, and deeply impressed with the firm and determined character of Faukes.

Early in the morning of the third day of Wentour's arrival, a message from the captain of the galliot informed them that the wind was fair for England. Wentour and Faukes were soon on board, and, bidding farewell to Sir William Stanley, they set sail with their terrible cargo.

In the meantime, Catesbye had taken a house* on the banks of the Thames at Lambeth, which he had intrusted to the care of one Robert Keys, whom he had received into the association. The lower rooms had been cleared out, and everything prepared for the reception of the powder, the arrival of which was hourly expected. It was a calm and beautiful evening, on which Catesbye, Keys, Percy, Rookewoode, and several others, sat in an apartment of this house, overlooking the river, upon which the setting sun threw its last rays. Their conversation was carried on in a low tone, but it was not the less stern and terrible.

"Ye would not destroy all," queried Percy, fixing his eye upon the rigid features of Catesbye. "There are some who would rejoice to hear of our plot; must they perish too?"

"Ay, Tom, all; would ye, to save some half-dozen shambling fools, run the risk of betraying us? If one spark of pity linger in your breast, think of the wrongs that thou thyself hast suffered; count over the fines thou hast paid to these

* This house has been for some time levelled to the ground.

villains; reckon up the broad acres thou hast lost by them, and"——

"By Heaven, you madden me!" cried Percy; "hold, I pray thee, good Catesbye; 'twere folly to think of the safety of a few, when a host of enemies are within our toils."

"Ay," said Keys, with a bitter smile, "and unconscious of it too. The cellar is cleared, and we have but to bestow the powder."

At this moment the arrival of two persons in a boat under the window interrupted the conversation, and Catesbye, throwing open the casement, discovered that it was Faukes and Wentour. Mutual greetings followed, and Wentour informed his companions that the galliot, with the powder on board, had anchored in the Thames.

"We must get part of it here without delay," said Catesbye; "we can then remove it to my house in Palace Yard at our leisure. You will assist us, Wentour?"

"Ay, when I return," replied Wentour, "but I must first take a journey to Huddington, and prepare my daughter for the event that is to follow, by placing her in the house of some friend."

Catesbye bent a stern and scrutinizing glance on his associate, which Wentour observed.

"Nay," said he, "look not so searchingly; I would rather feel thy dagger in my heart, than bear a look of mistrust."

"Forgive me, Wentour," said Catesbye; "I would not doubt thy zeal and fidelity for worlds; no, my good friend, I know thee too well to harbour a suspicion of so foul a thing. You will meet us on your return, at our rendezvous?"

"Ay," replied Wentour, "I shall not tarry at Huddington; in a fortnight ye shall see me again; farewell for a short time. Gentlemen, brothers, farewell."

He wrung the hand of each by turns, quitted the house, hurried to the water side, and, taking a boat, ordered the waterman to row towards the city.

The next morning, by sun-rise, Wentour was on his way to Huddington, attended only by one man-servant, whom he had left in London during his absence in Holland. On the evening of the third day he arrived in sight of his own dwelling, one of those commodious halls built in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Deeply ruminating on the probable result of the dreadful plot in which he was engaged, he did not perceive that a cavalier and a lady, who bore a small merlin in her hand,

were walking their horses down the lane which led to his house, and conversing with great earnestness, while two spaniels gambolled round them and jumped to lick the hand of the cavalier. It was not until he arrived at his own gate that he found the lady to be his daughter; who, upon perceiving him, jumped from her palfrey and flew into his arms. Without noticing the young man, Wentour strained his daughter in his embrace, and affectionately kissed her forehead and cheek.

"Amy," said he, placing her arm within his, and entering the house, "I have much to say to thee—thou must with me to London, for business of great weight calls me thither."

"Is it so pressing, dear father?"

"Ay, child, so pressing that we must needs be on our way by to-morrow morning."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, in good truth we must; therefore, get thy apparel in order; and now, leave me awhile. I will come to thee anon."

He released her arm, and, turning to the young man, who had followed them in, said—

"Forgive me, Master Fenton, for my seeming want of courtesy; my mind is filled with the business which has called me abroad; give me thy hand, Cyril, and come with me to my study; I have something for thy ear alone."

He led the way to a small apartment, into which the light was sparingly admitted through a narrow gothic window: some creeping plants had spread over the casement, and, together with the arms of the Wentours, which were painted on the glass, almost obscured the view without. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and its rays streamed through the window and glared on the several objects in the room. On one side were ranged several rows of bulky volumes, each of which would now be a treasure to the bibliopolist; and in a corner stood a suit of armour, of Milan steel, well scoured and polished. A portrait of an ancestor of Wentour, painted by Holbein, hung against the wall.

"Cyril Fenton," said Wentour, closing the door, "I know thy love for my daughter; but I have hitherto forbidden thee, aware that thy slender means would not enable thee to maintain the style and station of a gentleman, if a wife were added to thy cares;—nay, do not interrupt me; I will not hesitate to let thee know my meaning:—tell me, hast thou the will to serve me?—thy country?—ay, thy God?"

"Your words are mysterious, good sir; what mean ye?"

"I mean," laying his hand on Fenton's shoulder, "that the hour of our deliverance is at hand—that the wolf is within our toils—an awful doom awaits our enemies—the heretic band, who have so long scourged us, is doomed to destruction!"

Fenton's colour fled; he stared at Wentour with surprise, and the word "treason" fell, scarcely audible, from his lips.

"Nay, call it not treason," said Wentour; "is he who labours to free his country from the scourge of such hell-hounds, a traitor?—thine own heart tells thee no. Cyril, whose bloody law doomed thy father to the rack and the scaffold? Was it not the daughter of that Herod who so long trampled on the necks of his wretched people, and revelled in their blood? By Him who died to save us, I am ashamed to see thee stand irresolute."

"Oh, Master Wentour," said Fenton, "it grieves me to hear such words from you, who have been as a father to me. Say, what is the desperate undertaking? alas! I fear 'tis but a plot to entrap thee."

"Thou art a foolish boy," said Wentour, sternly. "'Tis a design framed by those who are by many years thy seniors; by men who, stung by persecution, have determined to break their chains and deliver England from the heretic scourge. Wilt thou join us?—let ay or no be the answer."

Cyril was for some moments incapable of reply. Fearing the issue of the meditated plot, which, in the event of its failure, would inevitably entail disgrace, ruin, and death, upon all concerned in it; and dreading, on the other hand, to displease the father of his beloved Amy, his heart was torn by conflicting feelings, and, sinking into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, in an anguish of mind which even softened the heart of Wentour.

Cyril Fenton was the only child of a country gentleman, who participated in the plot contrived by Babington, to release from prison the unfortunate Queen of Scots, in the reign of Elizabeth, and paid the forfeit with his blood. His estate being confiscated and seized by the crown, Cyril, then scarce five years old, having a few months before lost his mother, was thrown on the world without a friend or protector; when Wentour, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, received him under his roof, and reared him as his own child. Years passed away, and, as his protégée grew up to manhood, Wentour made him his steward. But he did not foresee the consequences of keeping a handsome and intelli-

gent youth, like Cyril, under the same roof with his lovely daughter; and. ere he was aware of it, both were deeply enamoured of each other. When at length he became acquainted with their passion, he sharply rebuked Cyril for what he considered the youth's presumption and ingratitude; and extorted from him a promise that he would desist from his attentions to his child. Fearing that if he hesitated to comply with this request, he should be driven from the spot which contained all he loved in the world, Cyril pledged his word to obey this, to him, cruel injunction; but, alas! love had taken too deep a root in his bosom, and gave the lie to all his promises and assertions. Wentour loved him as his own child, and he was now deeply affected at his distress.

"Come, come," said he, "Cyril, look up and tell me thou wilt join in our glorious cause; the hand of Amy shall be yours, for it will place thee far above dependence."

The voice of Wentour, which had before seemed so stern to Cyril, now sounded as music to his ears. He rose from his seat, and, seizing the hand of his benefactor, said, while tears dimmed his sight—

"Oh, Master Wentour, my best and only friend, I fear some dreadful calamity will befall you; but believe not that I ever thought of shrinking from you in the hour of danger; no, while life lasts, I will not quit your side."

"Spoken like a brave youth," said Wentour; "and now, Cyril, I will unfold to you this great design." He described the nature of the conspiracy, with great minuteness; painted, in glowing terms, the advantages that would accrue to those who were concerned in it; and concluded by again promising that Amy should be his, on their arrival in London, when their hands should be joined by Father Garnet, to whom he had unfolded the plot in his confession, previously to his leaving the metropolis.

Early on the following morning, Wentour, accompanied by his daughter and Cyril Fenton, set out for London, where they arrived after a tedious and fatiguing journey, and Cyril was immediately blessed with the hand of his lovely daughter. In the society of Amy, Cyril was the happiest of men; and each week that passed seemed but a day, though the time was fast approaching when the tremendous work should be accomplished, and the terrible mine, which was now in a complete state of preparation, should be fired by the daring hand of Faukes.

But the actions of the conspirators were closely watched,

and their most secret doings were reported to the minister Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the son of that Burleigh who so well executed the commands of his odious mistress, Elizabeth.

It was on a dark and tempestuous night, a few evenings before the meeting of Parliament, that a figure, closely muffled in a large cloak, cautiously emerged from a postern door of Exeter House in the Strand, and proceeded in an easterly direction down the street. Within this palace sat Burleigh, at a table, upon which was strewed a number of books and papers, to which he occasionally referred; at length he rose from his seat, and, after taking two or three turns up and down the apartment, he rung a small silver bell, which stood on the table, and a servant entered.

"Is Master Nightshade here to-night?" inquired the earl.

"Yes, my lord, he is in the hall."

"Bid him attend me here anon."

The domestic quitted the room, but shortly returned, and ushered in a man of diminutive size, whose phisiognomy was as singular as it was disgusting. A high pale forehead, only exceeded in whiteness by the grey locks which shadowed it, had the full benefit of a contrast with a pair of eyes black and piercing, and expressive of great shrewdness and cunning. A hooked nose, and a mouth of hideous proportions, gave to his whole countenance the expression of a demon.

Bidding the servant quit the room, the earl shut the door, first satisfying himself that no one was lurking on the stairs; then, throwing himself into a chair, he fixed his eyes upon this singular being.

"Well, Master Brian Nightshade," said he, "you are punctual. I wish to talk to you upon a little business touching that wretched slave, Tresame. Say, have ye a drug that will make worm's food of your enemy in an hour?"

Brian grinned a ghastly smile. "I have many, my lord; and not a few that will kill in half that time. See you this little pouncet box?"—(he drew from his pouch a small silver box, not bigger than a nut-shell;) "it contains a poison so deadly, that, were a grain of it placed on the tongue of man or beast, in fifteen mortal seconds no leech's skill would avail; or, were it rubbed upon the point of sword or knife, no chirurgeon would save from death the man who received the wound."

"'Tis well," said the earl; "to be plain with thee, I would fain see how this subtle drug will work upon that knave, Francis Tresame."

"Francis Tresame!" echoed Brian, in a tone of surprise.

"Ay," said the earl, sternly; "why dost thou distend that malignant eye of thine? Art thou not a hater of thy species, and dost thou hesitate to destroy one whom I now place within thy clutch?"

"Your pardon, my lord; I marvelled to hear your desire, for I thought he had proved of great service to your lordship."

"Ay, Master Nightshade, but he now knows too much. To worm myself into his confidence—for he was faithful to his friends at first—I possessed him with some secrets, which, if now disclosed, would bring much evil upon the state;—he must die, but not yet. He has just left me with a letter for the Lord Monteagle, which will cause the destruction of his friends, and work his"——

A tap at the door of the room interrupted the remainder of Burleigh's speech, and, on its being opened, a servant announced the return of Tresame. Brian Nightshade, by command of the earl, quitted the room by a secret door, while Tresame almost immediately entered by another.

* * * * * *

On the evening of the 4th of November, the conspirators met in Catesbye's house in Palace Yard, and made everything ready for the approaching catastrophe. Their solemn oath was renewed, and each swore to stand by his friend, "and abyde the uttermost tryal." At midnight they separated, and departed with all possible secrecy, leaving Faukes in care of the house, with everything necessary for the firing of the train. Catesbye was the last who quitted the premises, and, as he passed out, he bent a look so eloquent and impressive upon his bold associate, that it went to the soul of Faukes.

"Farewell," said Guy, "farewell, my honoured friend; doubt not my faith; but a few hours and a roar, as of a thousand culverins, shall announce to you the destruction of our foes."

"Farewell for awhile," said Catesbye; "a boat shall be waiting for you at the stairs to-morrow; have a care that the train be well fired."

"Never fear that," replied Faukes, "'twill not be the first mine this hand has helped to spring. Give you good night, Master Catesbye."

"Good night," responded Catesby, as he threw his cloak around him; "we shall meet to-morrow."

Faukes watched the receding figure of his daring leader,

until it was lost in the gloom; he was then about to re-enter the house, when the heavy and measured tramp of feet was distinctly heard above the moaning of the night-wind. "What can this mean?" thought Guy, straining his eyes in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. The noise was familiar to one, the greater part of whose life had been spent in the long wars of the Low countries; the sound, to his quick ear, was that of the march of a troop of soldiers, and he was deliberating how to act, should his appearance create suspicion, when a band of men, some of them bearing torches, turning the corner of an adjoining house, immediately appeared in sight, and the leader called aloud to Faukes to "stand, in the king's name!" But he had summoned one whose back was never turned to his enemies; and, though, strengthened by numbers, his appearance did not intimidate Faukes, who suffered him to approach with his company.

"What is your name, my friend?" said the leader of the party, who was Sir Thomas Knyvet, "and why are ye abroad at this late hour?"

"My name," replied Guy, nothing daunted, "is John Johnson; I am a servant of Master Percy's. As to my right to be here at this time, you have no authority to question it."

"Thou art a bold knave," said Sir Thomas; "but we will know what keeps you from your bed at this late hour. Here, Serjeant Warren, bring your flambeau a little nearer."

The serjeant advanced, and held his torch so as to show the figure of Faukes, who was enveloped in a large dark cloak, and booted and spurred. His countenance, at all times stern and commanding, now grew black as night, and the light which flashed upon his features added to their determined and awful expression; but, checking his wrath, he affected to treat their inspection with disdain.

"Well," said he, with a sarcastic smile, "what do ye discover? I should judge ye to be barbers, if it were not for your military garments, for ye seem taken with the cut of my beard."

"Seize and bind the villain!" cried Sir Thomas; and the serjeant attempted to obey him, when Faukes tripped up his heels, then stepped back a few paces, cast his cloak from him, and, in an instant, his sword was bared, and a long petrionel appeared grasped in his left hand.

"What! are ye all afraid of one man?" cried the knight, perceiving that the soldiers discovered no inclination to rush

upon Guy; "then I must lead ye on;—surrender, thou traitorous ruffian, or die a dog's death!"

"Never!" shouted Faukes. "Come on! here will I stand until this body is no longer capable of resistance;—come on, I say, ye who fear not steal nor lead!"

He drew the trigger of his petrionel as he spoke, and, had it not hung fire, so true was his aim, the knight would not have assisted in his capture.

This failure evidently disconcerted Guy, who hurled the petrionel with great violence, and with a bitter curse, at the head of the foremost soldier, who honoured the salute with the lowest possible prostration. But in doing this, Faukes had neglected his guard, and the rest of the party, rushing forward, disarmed and secured him, after a desperate struggle. By command of the knight, he was conveyed into the house, which the whole party entered; and it was not long ere they descended to the large vault, where they commenced a strict search.

"Pull off those fagots there," cried Sir Thomas. His commands were quickly obeyed, and a barrel was discovered beneath them—another, and another appeared, and the knight, turning to Faukes, said—

"Tell me, vile slave, what do these tubs contain?"

Faukes looked at him with the eyes of a tiger that has been robbed of its prey; he drew up his tall and athletic figure to its utmost height, and, in a voice of thunder, which rang through the vault in prolonged echoes, cried—

"*Powder*, Sir Knight! Had I received your visit here, I would ha' fired my petrionel into that cask, and sent your tools and you a-riding on the night-air!"

"Then, Heaven be praised for this prevention of thy murderous design," exclaimed the knight; "lead him away, close up the house, and guard him well. I will hasten to the council, and inform them of his capture."

* * * * * * *

Early on the morning of the third day of his apprehension, Faukes, who had been confined in the Tower, in one of the dungeons in which state prisoners were usually immured, was aroused from his slumbers by the heavy fall of the bar and the withdrawing of the bolts which secured the door of his prison. He started from his straw bed, and beheld the gaoler standing over him. In answer to his question, why he was disturbed, he was informed that he must attend the council, who were then sitting in the White

Tower. Gathering up his fetters, Guy, though weak from mental and bodily suffering, walked with a firm step to the council-room, where he beheld the noblemen who were to examine him. As he entered this gloomy apartment, his eye glanced on the rack, which stood near the door, and his wan cheek assumed a livid hue; but it was only momentary; he raised his head, and viewed the assembly with an undaunted glance.

"He is as gallant a figure as one would wish to behold," whispered Nightshade to the executioner, who stood leaning against the rack with his doublet off, and his arms bare to the elbows.

"He is not so proper a man, though, as Harry Vaughan, whom I assisted in his journey to a better world some two years since come Candlemas," replied the man of death.

One of the council now addressed Faukes, and demanded his name.

"John Johnson," was the reply.

"Have ye not gone by other names?"

"No."

"Who are your associates in this hellish plot?"

"If I thought that threats or torture would make me confess, I would, like the Egyptian of old, pluck out my tongue and cast it before ye."

"You have companions, then? What fiend tempted ye to contrive so bloody a conspiracy?"

Faukes smiled bitterly.

"Ye shall know," said he. "There are bounds to the patience and submission of the most abject slaves, and such, alas! have been too many of my countrymen. I, and my fellows, have seen the broad lands, which our fathers possessed, grasped by the hands of men who have overturned that religion which has for so many hundred years flourished like a fair vine in this once happy country.* We have seen the gems which once decked the shrines of saints and martyrs glittering in the crown of a tyrant. We

* Even the gallant and accomplished Raleigh participated in the plunder. This is a lamentable truth, and would almost incline us to the opinion of Echard, who declares Sir Walter's misfortunes to be an *indication of the hand of Heaven* for his acceptance of some church lands in the reign of Elizabeth. However, it is to be hoped that Raleigh's long suffering and subsequent death made ample atonement.

nave beheld the gold and silver ornaments of the altar melted down into coin; and, O wretched land! whole bands nave been hired with it, to combat those who still hold to the good faith. We have seen the boldest and the proudest in England writhing on the rack or swinging on gibbets, because they held fast to that holy faith in which their forefathers lived and died. To crown all, we now behold this country swarming with needy foreigners—with those vile Seoteh, who have so long been our deadly foes. 'Twas to revenge these injuries that I would have fired that dreadful mine, and blown those needy vagrants back to their native mountains!"

Here one of the council rose, and sternly bade Faukes disclose the names of his associates.

"Prisoner," said he, "we have heard enough of your treason to satisfy us that you have many of your friends in this devilish plot. You have lied in giving us the name of Johnson—you have gone by another, eonfess it, or you will be ordered to the rack without delay. Do you hesitate?—Then take the consequnces of your stubbornness. Executioner, to the rack with him."*

* "*The rack is used nowhere as in England.* In other countries it is used in judieature, where there is a 'Semiplena probatis,' a *half* proof against a man; then, to see if they can make it full, they rack him if he will not confess. But here, in England, they take a man and rack him, I do not know why or when; not in time of judicature, *but when somebody bids!*"—SELDEN.

Our histories of England tell us that Faukes, even before the council, betrayed the same intrepidity and firmness, hut that, being confined in the Tower for a few days, and the rack having been "*just shown him*," he made a *full confession.* Now, as to the fact of his being racked, it is, to say the least of it, very unlikely that one so bold and daring would, if he had not been thus treated, in a few days become so weak and emaciated as to require support whilst the hangman fastened the rope around his neck. This circumstance is related in a now very scarce tract, published a few days after the bloody tragedy in Palace Yard. As to the "full confession," this is such a monstrous lie, that it will scarcely require contradiction. If Faukes *did* make such a "full confession," how was it that so few were apprehended and punished, when many hundreds were ready to meet in arms under the guidance of Sir Everhard Digby? One word more; there is, I have been informed, a document in the State Paper Office, which records the answer of James, when asked by one of his Lords whether it was his Majesty's *pleasure* that Faukes should be racked?—"Aw, mon," was the reply: "better he rack, than we perish!" The devil, who is, they say, the father of lies, could not have invented such a string of falsehoods as those which have been

In spite of his powerful struggles, Guy was placed on the horrible engine. The second turn of the wheel extorted a deep hollow groan from the prisoner, who cried out in anguish—

"For the love of Him who died for us all, have mercy;—my name is Faukes!"

"Ha!" said Burleigh, who presided at the examination, "you have served in the Low Countries?"

"I have," replied the sufferer, shaking back his long hair.

"In the Spanish army?"

"Yes."

"Who are your associates?"

"Away with ye," cried Faukes, turning his haggard and blood-shot eye upon the questioner; "do your worst; I will not betray my friends."

Another turn of the wheel was ordered, when the already distended sinews and muscles of the prisoner cracked loudly, and he fainted from excess of pain. Nightshade then approached, and, grasping the clammy hand of the prisoner, felt the throb of his feverish pulse.

"He will not bear much more," said he; "but I will try the effect of this."

He applied a small chased bottle to the nostrils of Faukes, who slowly revived. The question was again put to him—

"Who are your partners in this conspiracy?"

Still suffering the most excruciating tortures, Faukes persevered in his resolution, and the horrible torment was renewed; but it proved fruitless; the prisoner, uttering a suppressed groan, sunk under it, and lay on the rack, to all appearance dead. In vain Nightshade applied his restoratives; in vain he bathed with vinegar the livid brow of the

written upon the subject of the Gunpowder Plot. Bloody and inhuman it certainly was, but the offenders paid a bloody penalty. I will not shock the feelings of my readers by detailing the manner of their execution; but it may be as well to mention, that *part* of their punishment consisted in their being first half strangled, then cut down while *alive and sensible*, their bowels taken out and burnt before their eyes, and their bodies afterwards *quartered*. This is only a *portion* of their punishment; and yet the monster COKE, he who taunted and insulted the unfortunate Raleigh, when arraigned for a crime of which he was never guilty, complimented the king on his clemency in not having invented new tortures for them!

sufferer: Faukes was borne back to his prison in a most piteous state, and totally insensible.

* * * * * * *

We must now return to Wentour and his family, who had, upon their arrival in London, taken lodgings in the Strand. Amy knew not of the dreadful conspiracy in which her father was engaged, and, in the society of her husband, there was only one alloy to her happiness: this was the moody and reserved state of her parent, whose strange demeanour she viewed with disquiet and even alarm. Wentour had arranged his plans, and was prepared to meet the result of the plot, whichever way the scale might turn. Should it prove abortive, he had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible in the cause of his friends: for he had already provided a protector for his daughter, in the person of Cyril Fenton, whom he had not introduced to his confederates on that account.

On the eve of the memorable 5th of November, Wentour, after affectionately embracing his daughter, quitted his lodgings, saying that he should not return until the morning. Cyril witnessed his departure with a sigh, for he well knew the dreadful business which engaged his father-in-law, who had solemnly enjoined him to discharge the sacred trust he had confided to him. The caresses of his lovely bride in some degree soothed the anguish of Fenton; but when he tried to drown in sleep the horrible fears which haunted him, the most ghastly visions succeeded. He beheld a spacious building totter to its base, while loud shrieks issued from within. A black cloud obscured the whole, and a crash, louder than the discharge of a thousand cannon followed. He awoke with terror, and found that it was a dream. Again composing himself to sleep, he saw the gory head of Wentour roll on the scaffold, while the shouts of an assembled multitude cheered the dexterity of the headsman. He leapt from his bed, and, rushing to the window, drew aside the curtain. The morning sun shone brightly into the apartment; all was serene and quiet; the sparrows chirped on the roof, and the sky looked clear and cloudless. How different the scene to the awful visions that had haunted him! He turned to his bride, on whose lids sleep still sat, while the hue of the rose tinged her cheek; her lips lay apart, and disclosed a row of teeth, small, even, and rivalling the pearl in whiteness.

"Heaven shield thee, dearest," ejaculated he, as he kissed

her forehead; "thy sleep is as calm and unbroken as the unweaned child: sleep on, for, alas! I fear thou wilt wake to hear ill tidings."

Amy awoke at this moment, and Cyril evaded her questions by speaking of their return to Huddington, though his unusual paleness and sunken eye too plainly told what was passing within him.

A place was reserved for Wentour at the breakfast-table, but he appeared not, to partake of their morning's meal. Fenton remained in a state of harrowing suspense, every moment expecting to hear the horrible announcement of the catastrophe, which would inevitably take place, if the conspirators remained true to each other. The clock of St. Clement's church at length chimed the hour of ten, and, ere the sound had died away, the noise of horses' hoofs was heard in the street, and the next moment Wentour entered the room, the perspiration streaming from every pore.

"Amy—Cyril—my children," he cried, "away from this place! All is lost! our enemies triumph—Faukes is taken, and the whole is discovered; Cyril, look to my child—ay, I know thou wilt. Amy, farewell, perhaps for ever!" Amy fainted in the arms of her husband, while Wentour continued, "At Fresh Wharf, near Belings Gate, a vessel sails for Ostend at eleven."

"You will accompany us?" said Cyril.

"O, no, no, no; my word is pledged to my friends. Look to thy sweet charge, I conjure thee. Farewell, Cyril, for ever—there is as much gold there," pointing to a box which stood in a corner of the room, "as will maintain ye in comfort as long as ye live."

Wentour kissed the cheek of his daughter, and his tears fell fast on her face, but she still remained insensible of her father's agony. He then rushed from the house, and, mounting his horse, instantly rode off at full gallop.

Our tale now draws to a close. Cyril and his bride bade a last adieu to the land of their birth, and arrived safely at Ostend. Wentour was one of those who held out Holbeach House against the Sheriff of Worcester, who there surrounded the conspirators. The particulars of this attack are too well known to require repetition here; some were slain outright, some were taken alive, and, of the latter, Wentour was one. He suffered with his daring companions, (Faukes, Rookewood, and Keys,) in Palace Yard, and in sight of that building they sought to overthrow.

Tresame, after being committed to the Tower, was found dead in his prison. *History* tells us, that he died of a stranguary, but posterity will judge of the truth or falsehood of this assertion. Certain it is, that a just and speedy vengeance followed the betrayal of his friends.

A TALE OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

> "It was a strange order that the doom
> Of these two creatures should be thus traced out."
>
> BYRON.

It was on a cold winter's evening during the reign of Elizabeth, that a party of young gallants were carousing in the celebrated Devil Tavern in Fleet-street. Liquors of various kinds stood before them, and plainly indicated that they were determined to fortify their stomachs, while within doors, against the piercing cold without. There was malmsey, burgundy, and sack, with burnt claret in profusion; and, although they had not so far fuddled these choice spirits as to make them absolutely uproarious, they had made them lively and witty. Joke and repartee were bandied about, and would have almost inclined a more sober observer to the opinion of honest Ben, who modestly tells us that the wit and humour of him and his companions so pervaded the atmosphere of this tavern, that even bumpkins were inspired, after they had quitted it.

"Well, Hal," said one of the gallants, slapping the shoulder of him who sat on his right-hand, "by cock and pye, it glads my heart to see thee here; and hast thou left thy books, and quitted the close air of the temple, for the good cheer of mine host o' the Devil? By mine honour, thou art regenerated: thou shalt be baptized in sack, and admitted again into the society of Christian men."

"Christian men!" retorted the student; "why callest thou thyself a Christian, Ned, while carousing under the sign of the very Devil himself? I'll wager a pottle o' malmsey, thou hast not seen the inside of a church since last Penticost-tide."

"Thou wilt lose thy wager, Frank: ask Barnaby, the sexton of St. Martin's, if I was not the most devout of the congregation on Sunday last."

"Ay, truly," cried another of the company, "thou wert there, doubtless: but it was Mistress Bridget Barlow, the rich goldsmith's widow, who attracted thee—Here's to thy success!"

He drank off a glass of wine as he spoke, and his example was followed by the rest of the company, when the student called for a song. The first speaker, (who was the son of a rich merchant in the Chepe,) after giving a few preparatory hems, sung as follows:—

Merrily, merrily drain the bowl,
If care ye would not dree;
Here's malmsey, sack, and hippocras,
Sherris and burgundy.

Come, ye spiritless wights, who are wedded to scolds,
Those shrews who are match for the devil,
'Tis wisdom to flee from their music, I trow;
So hasten and join in our revel.

And ye gallants, who scorch 'neath your maidens' dark glance,
Who swear that your souls are like tinder,
Oh hasten away from such kirtle durance,
If ye would not be burnt to a cinder.

"By this light!" said the student, "thou hast a marvellous proper voice, Ned; have ye no love tale to tell us? thou hadst once a store."

"Marry, I have forgotten them; thou knowest my father likes not my travelling, so that I have small chance of hearing the adventures of love-sick damsels and gallant knights; but yonder sits a gentleman who has, methinks, seen service."

The person alluded to by the young gallant was a stout, hale, middle-aged man, whose profession was indicated by his buff coat and a broad belt sustaining a long sword, and a dagger of Spanish workmanship. He had lost an arm, and the empty sleeve of his doublet was fastened by a point to his breast.

"Gentlemen," said he, on being pressed to join the party, "I have, as you suppose, seen some service, and have left an arm in the Low Countries. I commanded a body of pikemen at the siege of St. Getrudenberg, in Brabant; 'twas there I became acquainted with an Englishman of good family, whose unhappy fate I shall ever lament. I will, with your permission, relate the history of our acquaintance, and the manner of his death."

To this the company gladly assented, and the captain, draining his glass, began as follows.

"On my arriving in Brabant, Prince Maurice was before St. Getrudenberg, which he had assaulted several times, without success. The company under my command were picked men, and I was soon actively engaged, for the besieged made frequent sallies, and it required some of the best troops to repulse them. In one of these attacks, I was posted, with my company, to support the charge of a regiment of English pistoliers. The action was short, but bloody. The enemy's harquebussiers and cross-bowmen made sad havock amongst our horse; at their first discharge full twenty saddles were emptied, and, a fresh body of their bill-men rushing in, completed the overthrow of our cavalry; —they broke ground and retreated. A desperate charge of the pikemen under my command checked the pursuit of the enemy, when, in the midst of the rout, I suddenly beheld a horse galloping by, and dragging its rider, who lay upon the ground, his foot having become entangled in the stirrup. I flew to the cavalier's assistance, and with some difficulty succeeded in extricating him from his perilous situation. He pressed my hand with great warmth, and thanked me a thousand times for my timely assistance. He had, luckily, received only a few slight bruises, from the effects of which he recovered in a few days, and a friendship was cemented between us, which nothing but death could terminate. I learnt that his name was Walter Rymer, and that he was the youngest son of a rich family in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

"I will not tire you, gentlemen, with an account of the many affairs we had with the enemy, which were attended with various success. Near to the town of St. Getrudenberg is the little village of Stenlo, in which was a fort of some consequence. Prince Maurice was resolved to get possession of it, as it commanded a weak quarter of the town. It chanced that Rymer's company and my own were ordered upon this expedition, together with six culverins; but it totally failed: the enemy sallied out, and, in spite of the most obstinate valour on the part of our troops, we were beaten back, with the loss of many men. Rymer's horse, pierced by a harquebuss shot, fell under him, and he was seized and dragged into the fort by the enemy, while our shattered troops made good their retreat. Judge of the mortification and sorrow I felt at being thus deprived of my friend; indeed,

I had some fears for his safety, for the prisoners on either side ofttimes experienced rough, and, in many instances. cruel treatment at the hands of their captors.

"The alarm we were kept in during the few succeeding days diverted my melancholy; but the enemy, weakened by the continual checks we had given them, became less venturous, and kept within their walls, and I was again left to deplore the loss of my friend.

"One night, while sitting in my tent absorbed in thought, I heard the hasty challenge of the sentinel, and at the same moment Rymer entered. I am not naturally superstitious, but this sudden apparition of my friend, whom I had considered lost to me, completely staggered my senses. His dress was wet and disordered, and covered with green weeds, and his long dark hair dripped with moisture. The warm pressure of the hand with which I was greeted, convinced me, however, that it was he, and I eagerly inquired how he had escaped?

"'We will talk of that anon,' said he; 'but, first, give me a cast of your clothes, for I have been playing the otter, and am wet to the skin.'

"I complied with this request, and, when he had changed his dress, he gave me an account of his escape.

"'Markham,' said he, 'am not I a lucky wight, to make a conquest while a prisoner in yonder fort?'

"A conquest!" echoed I, incredulously—"What mean you?—I cannot solve your riddle."

"'Marry, no less than this: the governor of that fort has a niece, as fair a maid as e'er set free a captive knight. Wouldst thou believe it—while I lay this evening in my dungeon mourning the loss of my freedom, and moreover my coat of mail and Bilboa blade, which those Walloon dogs have despoiled me of, the door opened, and that sweet girl entered my prison. She bore a small lamp, and was followed by a dwarfish figure, who carried a basket.

"'Stranger,' said she, 'this conduct may seem to thee unmaidenly, but you are an Englishman, and will not judge me harshly for my rashness. You must hasten from this place, or your head will be set on the walls by sunrise, a sad spectacle for your gallant countrymen.'

"'Had'st thou been there, my friend, thou wouldst have thought me eloquent; for methinks I never poured out my thanks so freely—no, not even when I experienced thy kind and timely assistance. To be brief, she enjoined silence, the

dwarf was ordered to file the fetters which secured my legs, and in a few minutes I was free.

"'Now,' said my fair deliverer, 'follow, but be silent—your life depends upon it!'

"'We passed from the dungeon with stealthy pace, and, after passing through several passages, ascended a flight of steps. Here the measured tread of a sentinel became audible. The dwarf was dismissed, and I neglected not to improve the opportunity. Short as it was, I succeeded, and my fair deliverer promised to be mine. A hasty kiss sealed the compact, and I solemnly swore to bear her away from the fort to-morrow evening. The sentinel, whose steps I had heard, produced a rope, which he fastened to the wall, and I quickly lowered myself into the fosse which surrounds the fort, swam across, and arrived here without molestation.'

"Such, gentlemen, was the account he gave me of his escape. I listened to him with serious attention; and, though I saw clearly the danger of the attempt to carry off his mistress, I resolved to aid him with heart and hand in the enterprise. Not to tire you with an account of our preparations, I will proceed with my story. Night arrived, and found us, with about fifty men, under the walls of the fort. A raft, constructed with light timber, served us to cross the moat. Rymer and myself crossed, and a postern gate admitted us with five men. The sentinels had been bribed, and all was still, save the howling of the dogs within the fort. Leaving our men at the gate, we proceeded on tiptoe along a dark passage. The soldier who had admitted us, then cautiously unlocked a small door in the wall, and ascended a flight of steps: we followed him, and, on gaining the top, were told to wait awhile. He then left us, but returned in a few minutes, and desired Rymer to follow him. This proceeding somewhat alarmed me. What if it should be a concerted plan to betray us? However, I resolved to defend myself to the last, if it should prove so; and, after cocking my petrionels, which I had taken from the holsters of my saddle, I placed them again in my girdle, and, loosening my sword in its sheath, stood prepared for any attack that might be made upon me, looking cautiously round on all sides. The room in which I was left had three doors; the one opposite to that by which I had entered stood open, and, on looking through it, I perceived that a flight of stairs descended into a dark and gloomy passage. At this instant I was somewhat startled on hearing a noise, as of cautious footsteps, and, looking down into the

space below, I perceived a man approaching; he had a torch in his hand, and I saw him cautiously step over the bodies of two soldiers, who were sleeping upon the floor. Their calivers* lay on the ground, with their lighted matches at a little distance. Drawing my cloak around me, and shading the light of my lamp, I waited the approach of this person, whose footsteps I soon heard ascending the stairs, and the next moment he entered the room. He was a man of tall and commanding stature; his hairless head was bald, and his forehead high, and he glanced round the room with an air of mistrust. I had retreated into a corner, in the hope that he would pass without perceiving me; but I was deceived, for he demanded to know who I was, and, at the same time, cocked and presented a pistol. I drew my sword, and rushed upon him; he snapped his pistol, but it missed fire, and my thrust was broken by the cloak, which he had thrown over his left arm. This gave him time to draw his sword, and he pressed upon me with great vigour. The clash of our weapons would have certainly alarmed the guards who slept beneath, had not their liquor been drugged. The noise, however, aroused Rymer, who entered with his mistress. I conjured him to fly instantly, while I kept my adversary at sword's point. He reluctantly obeyed, and left the apartment, though he had already drawn his sword to assist me. My antagonist swore deeply, on perceiving his niece. This sight probably threw him off his guard, for, a violent thrust striking him on the breast, he reeled, and, staggering backwards, fell down the stairs. His coat of mail saved him, and shivered my sword to pieces; but the fall was terrible, and I heard his armour ring as his body bounded from step to step till he reached the bottom. Not a moment was to be lost; I quickly secured the door, so that he could not pursue us, and flew to my friend, who had borne off his prize. We had reached the gate, when the loud ringing of a bell told us that the garrison was alarmed, and in an instant a roar of voices was heard within the fort. The men who had remained at the gate, seized with fear, jumped on the raft—Rymer followed with his fair burden—and that moment it upset!

* * * * * *

That night will never be effaced from my memory! One loud and thrilling shriek of mortal agony burst from the

* *Caliver*—a short matchlock hand-gun, fired without a rest.

unfortunates, whose armour did not allow them a chance of escaping. The fosse was deep—they sunk down, and the next moment the raft rose to the surface of the water! A heavy fire from the troops, who now lined the walls, rendered any attempt to save them impracticable: indeed, I was in much danger myself; but, having cut with my dagger the straps of my corslet, I threw it off, and swam across the fosse, uninjured by the shower of balls which was rained from the fort, and regained my troop, overwhelmed with sorrow for the fate of my young friend. The fort was taken a few days afterwards, when a shot from a culverin took off my left arm.

"Gentlemen, pardon these tears for the untimely fate of a valued friend and comrade. The recollection of it has rendered me unfit for your company.—Give you good night."

The captain rose as he spoke, threw his cloak around him, bowed to the company, and, notwithstanding their entreaties, departed.

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

"*Albany.* There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee."

King Lear.

Few places have undergone so complete a transformation as the vicinity of the far-famed London-stone. Dowgate is no more; the swift current of Walbrook has for many centuries been hidden from view, and London-stone, itself an object of surmise and speculation to this day, is safely fixed in the wall of St. Swithin's church. Where, I pray, are those magnificent structures of which the old city historian Stowe speaks with such allowable pride? Where is the stately hall which once stood in this neighbourhood? Where the ancient fortress of Tower Royal, of which the name alone is left, as the perishable cognomen of an obscure street. All have vanished, and, to the neighing of the war-horse, the bray of the trumpet, and the tramp of the mailed knight and man-at-arms, have succeeded the bustle and hum of business, the coarse oaths of carmen, and the rumbling of ignoble vehicles.

In the reign of Richard the First, Walbrook was not, as now, hidden from view. It was then a rapid stream, which

passed over the site of the present street, and, rushing down Dowgate Hill, flowed through Dowgate, and emptied itself into the Thames.

It was on the evening preceding the day on which he of the Lion Heart entered London in triumph, after his return from captivity in Austria, long after the vesper-bell had rung, that two ruffianly-looking men were standing under the shade of a pent-house on the banks of this stream, engaged in earnest conversation. Their gait and air were those of retainers, or armed vassals; they were clad in jerkins of coarse green serge, over which they wore jacks or aetons of tough bull's hide, at that time the only defensive armour for the body, worn by the common soldiers; their legs were bare from the middle of the thigh nearly to the ankle, and their feet were eased in short buskins of leather. Their arms consisted of a sword and a long knife, or dudgeon dagger, and they carried with them bucklers of a diminutive size, studded with nails, and ornamented at the edges with a sort of fringe or hair.

"The fiend rive this tardy knight!" exclaimed one of the worthies, stamping with impatience; "by St. Erkenwald, we shall be disturbed by the city watch, an' he come not soon."

"Whist, Leof," replied his comrade; "keep a guard on thy tongue, or, if ye must talk, let it be in a somewhat gentler tone, for we may have a greeting from some of the citizens' windows; perhaps from old Bouvrie yonder, who is a shrewd hand at the cross-bow, and bears us Saxons no good will, as you know."

"I fear not his shafts," replied Leof, with an oath, "and I'll take care that he shall not show his skill much longer; my dagger and his costard shall be acquainted ere many days be past."

"You must swear that to-morrow," said the other, "for you may not go home scathless to-night: he whom we have to do with is a proper man-at-arms, and carries a sharp sword and a heavy; thou wilt find him no child's play, by my halidame!"

"Tut, I fear it not," replied Leof; "my hand is steady, and"——

As he spoke, a figure was observed advancing cautiously towards them, under the shadow of the houses, and in a few minutes a man, clad in complete armour, but enveloped in a large dark mantle, stood before them. His height and size far exceeded that of ordinary men, and his step was calm

and dignified. The sword-pommel of silver, and the richly chased dagger, the massy chain of gold around his neck, and the gilt spurs which clanked on his heels, showed that he was a knight, while the deep scar on his forehead indicated that he had performed some service in the field.

"Well, my trusty fellows," said he, "have ye seen aught of mine enemy yet?"

"No," replied one of the ruffians, in a surly tone, "and we have waited your coming almost since nightfall."

"Tut, chafe it not, Leof," said the knight, "but prepare thyself, for he will pass this way anon."

"I am ready, Sir Radulf," said Cedric, the other worthy, touching the hilt of his dagger; "my basilard here is sharp, and my arm is firm."

He half unsheathed the weapon as he spoke, and its bright blade gleamed in the moonlight, for the queen of heaven was now struggling through the dark and murky clouds, and as her edge now and then appeared above them, her beams were poured over the ancient Dowgate, and fell in an uninterrupted line on the gurgling stream as it rushed along. The spire of the venerable church of St. Mary Bothawe * raised its grey head high above the surrounding houses, and the faint sound of the evening service reached the ears of the guilty trio, who retired under the pent-house, and conversed in low whispers. Various plans were proposed for putting their victim to death without alarming the neighbourhood.

"I would advise," said Leof, "that he be strangled. I have a stout coil of hemp for the nonce in my pouch, 'twould make no noise."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cedric, but in an under tone; "why, thou wouldst be playing at bell-the-cat, ay! I am for treating him to sharp steel, like a soldier. What say *you*, Sir Radulf?"

"Thou art much of my mind," replied the knight; "but we have no time left for parley—here comes mine enemy; back and conceal yourselves awhile, and when I give the word rush out and strike."

The ruffians instantly obeyed, and Sir Radulf, stepping forward, gained the small wooden bridge which crossed the stream at that spot, and waited the approach of his victim,

* This church, before the great fire, stood in Turnwheel-lane. A portion of its venerable walls still remains, and the burial ground contains a few monuments, though of a recent date.

who came on at a leisure pace, followed by a serving man, and prepared to cross the brook; when the knight, throwing aside his mantle and extending his arm, thus addressed him—

"Geoffery Aylward, thou art in my power—commend thy soul to God, for this night thou shalt lie in Abraham's bosom."

"Radulf Duresme," replied the young man, "why dost thou seek to murther one who never wronged thee? Away with thee, thou fierce man, or I will raise the watch."

"Slave!" cried the knight, "dost thou taunt me at this hour and in this place?—Down, down on thy knees, and mutter a prayer for thy soul's safe passage to heaven, for no earthly power can save thee."

A bell at this moment tolled out, and the moon was entirely shrouded in a mass of thick and murky clouds.

"Hear'st thou that bell?" cried Sir Radulf; "it sounds thy passing knell. Die, presumptuous boy!" and, unsheathing his sword as he spoke, he made a furious lunge at his enemy. The point struck the young man on the chest, but he wore a shirt of steel under his jerkin, and the weapon was rendered harmless; nevertheless, the thrust was given with such violence, that Geoffery Aylward staggered back several paces, and would have fallen, but for his serving man, who, rushing up, supported his master with his left arm, while with his right he drew his sword, and dealt the knight a blow on the head, which the mailed hood he wore alone prevented being fatal; but Sir Radulf instantly recovered himself, and shouted to his villanous associates, who immediately appeared and joined in the strife. With such odds in favour of the assassins, it could not be expected that the combat would be of long duration, for even the giant strength of Sir Radulf was more than a match for ordinary men, even at that rude period, when effeminate habits had not made such inroads upon the physical strength of the English people. Ere a dozen blows had been exchanged, Geoffery's follower fell at his feet with a gasp, and, rolling over the side of the bridge, fell with a heavy splash into the brook; at the same moment his master's sword was dashed from his grasp by the powerful arm of Sir Radulf: yet, ere the knight could strike him down, he grappled with his enemy, and seized him by the throat, but it was a hopeless struggle; he reeled and fell, pierced by the daggers of the ruffians; and Sir Radulf, half choaked, shook himself, wiped the blood from his armour, and, resuming his mantle, bade the ruffians cast the body into the

stream. His commands were obeyed, and the corpse of the ill-fated youth was thrown into the brook; the bubbles which rose upon its surface sparkled for a moment in the moon-beams, then burst, and the stream resumed its wonted smoothness, though it swept over the corpse of one of the fairest youths in England.

* * * * * *

Who has not heard or read of the splendid entry of Richard the First into London, after he had been liberated by his implacable foe, Leopold of Austria? This event has been so often described, that any attempt of ours to detail the gorgeous spectacles with which the loyal citizens had prepared to welcome him, would, we fear, be considered presumption on our part; nevertheless, we must dwell for a moment on the scene.

It was a clear and beautiful day on which the Lion-hearted king made his entry into London; and, as he proceeded through the Chepe, thousands of loyal voices greeted his return. The trappings of the horse he rode glittered with the most splendid ornaments, and the dress of the king himself was magnificent in the extreme. He bowed gracefully to the people, whose shouts filled the air; and his broad and open features were lit up with rapture as he looked on the smiling countenances of those who surrounded him. Troops of armed citizens followed in his train; bills, pikes, lances, and rich armour, flashed in the morning sun; the windows were hung with rich tapestry and cloth of gold, and the beauties of London graced each terrace and balcony; indeed, so great was the display made by the citizens of their wealth, that some of the German Barons, who had accompanied the king to England, were heard to say, that, had the Arch-Duke known of it, he would not have parted with his prisoner for so moderate a ransom.

The procession moved on towards the Guildhall,* where a splendid repast was prepared. The king sat aloft on the dais, surrounded by his nobles. On his right hand sat Henry Fitz-Alwaine, the mayor, (the first who bore that title in London,) and over against him, De Antiloche and Durant, the sheriffs, in their rich dresses and golden chains. In the body of the hall were tables for the citizens, who were all clad in their best, and many of them in armour. In the gal-

* The Guildhall of London at that time, we believe, stood on the site of the steel-yard in Thames-street.

leries were minstrels stationed, whose fingers and lungs were exerted to the utmost for the gratification of their sovereign. The most costly wines were dealt out by the generous Londoners, who were mad with joy for the return of their brave monarch.

It was during the height of these revelries, that a female form, closely veiled, and followed by a young man of a gallant figure, was observed to enter the hall by a side door. Onward she came, unheeding the looks of surprise and astonishment which greeted her appearance, and, having passed the row of men-at-arms that stood on the steps of the dais, and who made room for her as they would have done for a being of another world, she advanced towards the king

At this moment a knight stepped forward, and was about to interfere, when Richard spoke. "Let her advance, Sir Radulf," said he.

"My liege," replied the wily villain, "might it not be some treasonable design against your grace's life?"

"Tut! tut! good Sir Radulf," exclaimed the king, impatiently, "shall we who never shrunk from the cimiters and lances of the Paynim, tremble at the approach of a timid woman? Come hither, damsel; we will do thee justice, though in the midst of wassail."

"May Heaven reward your grace," said the maiden, withdrawing her veil, and discovering a countenance of dazzling beauty, though disfigured by weeping. Then, kneeling down, she continued, in scarcely audible accents, "My liege, I claim justice on a villain knight who stands in your highness's presence—he has treacherously slain my only brother."

Sir Radulf's frame quivered with impatience; but he dared not speak, and contented himself with scowling fiercely on the young knight who had accompanied the maiden into the hall.

"Rise, gentle maiden," said the king, extending his hand to the suppliant, "and name the villain who has robbed you of your kinsman."

"He stands on your grace's right hand," replied the mourner; "that dark swarthy one, whom men call Sir Radulf Duresme—on him I charge this deed!"

Sir Radulf sprung forward with a violence which seemed as though he would have annihilated his accuser, when he was checked by the king, who, in a stern voice, demanded what he had to say to the charge.

"My liege," replied Duresme, endeavouring to stifle his emotion, "'tis a vile plot to rob me of my life, or my still dearer good name. I do deny the charge—by my knighthood, 'tis false! Who supports this accusation?"

All pressed forward to hear the answer to this demand, and the hum of voices was suddenly hushed, when the young knight before mentioned drew from his bosom a gold chain.

"Your grace shall hear the particulars of this bloody story," said he, addressing the king. "Last night, some two hours after moon-rise, this lady's brother and my intimate, Master Geoffrey Aylward, was proceeding from his kinsman's house in the East Cheaping, attended only by his serving-man, when they were most savagely slain on their way home. Their bodies were this morning found at the grating under Dow-Gate, by the sentinel, who gave me this gold chain, which he found clutched in the death-grasp of my murdered friend; there is a medal attached to it, which bears the arms of Sir Radulf Duresme; from whose neck the chain was doubtless torn in the deadly struggle."

Duresme's dark countenance, upon his hearing this evidence of his guilt, grew black as a thunder cloud, and then changed to a burning hue, while he fiercely replied—

"This is a well-hatched conspiracy; but am I to be condemned because, forsooth, a chain thus marked has been found upon the murdered man? I lost it in a ruffle at the Conduit in the Chepe, some eight months since."

"'Tis false!" said the young knight; "thou hadst it round thy neck but yesterday—yet, why need I argue with thee?—Bring forward his partner—here is one of thy accomplices."

As he spoke, a man-at-arms led forward the ruffian Leof, strongly bound.

"Ha! villain!" cried Sir Radulf, while every nerve quivered with rage, "art thou, too, leagued against me?"

"Ay, Sir Knight," growled the ruffian, in reply, "you *deceived* me, but I have now my revenge by betraying thee; nay, never chafe it, I have looked on a sterner face than thine, and quailed not. Did you not tell us that the men we slew were Normans? else should not my dagger have been drawn against them."

"Peace, slave!" said the king, interrupting Leof; "what ho! a guard there!—take this villain to the Chepe, and let him be hung forthwith. And thou, Sir Radulf, what hast thou to say to this charge?"

"My liege," replied Duresme, kneeling before the king, "I am innocent, so help me Heaven and St. George! and I claim the combat against any knight who shall gainsay me." He rose as he spoke, and, unfastening the jewelled clasp which confined his hood at the throat, drew it from his head, and threw it on the floor, crying out, in a voice of thunder, "There is my gage!" *

All eyes were turned on the young knight who had made the accusation; while he, striding forward, flung down his hood, seized the hand of Sir Radulf, and, in a firm and solemn tone, using the customary forms upon those occasions, said—

"Radulf Duresme, whom I hold by the hand, I do here charge thee that thou hast treacherously slain my dear friend, Geoffrey Aylward, and this I am ready to maintain by my body as a lawful man and a true knight: and, that my appeal is true, so help me God and his saints!"

He wrung the hand of Duresme as he spoke, and flung it from him in disdain; the guilty knight smiled darkly, and, taking the hand of his accuser, said—

"Wilfred of Wallingford, whom I hold by the hand, I do here charge thee that thou hast lied in thy throat; for that I did not slay thy friend, as thou hast alleged; and this I am ready to aver by my body as a true knight!"

"'Tis well," said the king; "sheriffs, see that they be delivered into the custody of our marshal; and let lists be prepared for the combat in Smithfield, by sunrise to-morrow."

The sheriffs left the hall, having in custody the two knights, whose looks indicated their impatience at the delay, but not until Wilfred of Wallingford found means to speak a few words of comfort to Agnes, who dreaded the issue of his encounter with the giant Sir Radulf.

"We would fain know what has caused this feud," said the king to Fitz-Alwaine; "we thought our subjects had forgotten their differences, and that the Norman and Saxon were brothers."

"My liege, I grieve to say 'tis not so," replied the mayor, with great reverence: "we have had many sad frays since

* It appears by Hollinshed and other old chroniclers, that the gauntlet was not the only gage of battle. When a knight was *armed* he cast down his *glove*, but otherwise the hood was used; and the *hat* is to this day the gage of pugilists.

your grace left England. On Lammas-day there were six citizens slain in a ruffle at the Conduit at the Chepe. Your grace has heard, too, of the arch-traitor, Fitz Osbert, whom we took in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow; but here comes De Antiloche and Durant, who can, perhaps, expound this matter unto your grace."

As he spoke, the sheriffs approached, and resumed their seats; when, in answer to the king's inquiries, De Antiloche replied—

"My liege," said he, "yon dark and stalwart knight is, as I am told, smitten with the beauty of Mistress Agnes Meryl, whom he hath assailed with many pieces of gallantry, but without avail. 'Tis said she looks with a more kindly eye upon the fair-haired knight, Sir Wilfred of Wallingford, who was a bosom friend of the murdered gentleman. Sir Radulf Duresme thought this preference was shown at the persuasion of her brother, and has often been heard to mutter revenge against the young Saxon, (whom God assoilzie!) Sir Radulf was seen last night by the watch, hastening from the spot where the murder was committed—pray Heaven he may clear himself of this charge!"

"Amen!" said the king; "we would not, for the brightest jewel in our crown, that Duresme be the vanquished. We have known him as a brave knight—he did noble work by our side upon the Paynim at Ascalon. They shall have a fair field—and may God defend the right!"

Nothing further occurred to disturb the harmony of that evening, and it was late before the wassailers quitted the festive board, and sought their various homes, many of them, to all appearance, totally disqualified for business on the following day, though some were sober enough to bet upon the issue of the approaching combat.

"I'll wager a butt of Malvoisey," said Ralph de Morden, the rich mercer of the Westcheap, to his neighbour and gossip, as they reeled home. "Ay, a butt of the best, I'll wager that Sir Radulf come off unhurt. I have heard many say that he fought like a Sampson at the taking of Ascalon, where he slew nine Saracens with the good sword he now wears."

"He is a doughty knight, in good sooth," replied the other, "but Master Walter is a man of strong frame; and, though more fair and comely than Duresme, he hath thews and sinews that are well nigh a match for his adversary"

"Pish!" ejaculated a voice, so near that it made the two

citizens start, and a man of spare habit advanced from behind them. "Ye talk folly, goodman merchant," said he, addressing the one who had thus spoken, "Sir Radulf, my master, is a match for two such springalds as Wilfred of Wallingford."

"I cry your mercy, Master Argentine," said the first citizen, "and will allow that you, being a man of war, and a follower of the stout knight we speak of, are better able to judge of his prowess than us merchants; though, trust me, I have seen some knightly service done ere now."

"That may be, citizen Morden," replied the follower, "but ye have not seen the fields that I have looked over. There are men of might among the Paynims, and, beshrew me if they deal not in hard knocks, as my sconce hath ere now testified. By the mass, their maces make helm and burgonet ring like a kettle in a tinker's hand, and their arrows are of the sharpest!"

"I doubt it not, Master Argentine," said the merchant; "but, may I ask what brings ye into Vintry Ward at this hour, when Sir Radulf dwells nigh unto Moor-Gate?"

"I am going to Kynulph, the armourer's house hard by here; he has a hood of mail to mend for our knight, and I must bear it home and get it in order for the combat to-morrow. Give you good even, my masters."

He turned on his heel as he spoke, and, striding down Thames-street, entered a dark alley which led to the river side. Here dwelt Kynulph the Saxon; and the red glare seen through the clefts of the closed door, with the heavy ring of the anvil, told that his labours had not yet ceased. Argentine pushed open the door, and entered the smithy, where he found the Saxon and two of his men busily employed on a suit of harness. The appearance of Kynulph was that of a Cyclops; his frame and his height were perfectly herculean, and the expression of his countenance had not been improved by the loss of an eye, which had been struck out in one of the frequent frays between the Saxons and their still inveterate foes, the Normans. Kynulph under an assumed appearance of reckless boldness, disguised the combined qualities of craft and dissimulation: his hatred to the Normans was the most deeply-rooted, and towards So, Radulf Duresme he nourished the most implacable revenge, for some injuries, real or supposed, which he had inflicted on his countrymen. It was not, then, with pleasurable feelings that he beheld Argentine; but, dressing his coarse and dingy

features in a smile, he extended his huge paw to his visitor, who returned the grasp with which he was greeted, though with not the same degree of pressure, which could be compared only to that of the armourer's own vice. Argentine grinned with pain under the salute, but courtesy forbade him to complain; and, after his palm had been released, he inquired for the hood of mail.

"Ye might have had it at even-song yesterday, an' ye had liked," said the armourer, taking it from a chest.

"Have ye tempered it well, gossip?" inquired Argentine.

"Ay," replied the other, "it is tempered bravely; Sir Radulf will need no other."

This was uttered in a peculiar tone, and was noticed by Argentine.

"What mean ye, gossip?" said he.

"I mean," replied the other, "that it will bear thy master through twenty battles."

"'Tis well; and now I must away and get all in order for to-morrow. Good even, Master Kynulph."

And, so saying, he quitted the smithy with the head-piece, little dreaming that, like another Lychas, he was carrying the means of the knight's probable destruction.

"Fool, thou art deceived as well as thy master," said the armourer, fastening the door after him—"that hood is the last he will wear: *he will need no other*—'twill not bear the blow of a churl's quarter-staff: the first stroke of a mace or a pole-axe will shiver it to pieces."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed his two men, "how the Norman villains will be humbled when they see their doughty knight's scull beaten in by our brave countryman."

"Whist!—some one may be abroad," said Kynulph. "Would that I could let Wilfred of Wallingford know where to strike his enemy: that steel is so tempered, that a child might dash it to pieces."

"I marvel whether he would take the vantage of Duresme, an' he knew it," said Gurth, one of the men; "for he hath such notions of honour and honesty, that, beshrew me if he would play false, even with a Norman."

"Thou sayest true," replied the armourer; "and as it is, we had better leave it to chance; for if they come to hard blows, it will be all over with Radulf Duresme ere you could say an Ave or a Pater Noster."

* * * * * * *

Before morning dawn workmen were employed in prepar-

ing the lists for the approaching combat, and, ere the sun's beams had gilded the spires and towers of London, thousands were on the spot, eager to witness the fight. The king shortly appeared, and, as the east began to brighten, all was in readiness. At the appointed hour, Wilfred of Wallingford's trumpet sounded, and shortly after, the usual ceremony having been gone through, that champion entered the lists armed at all points and mounted on a strong but graceful war-horse. His challenge having been answered, Sir Radulf Duresme appeared, and, after the customary charge, the marshals delivered them their lances. A breathless silence pervaded the assembled multitude as the combatants reined back their snorting steeds, to take full room for their career; and, while the Normans openly proclaimed their confidence in their champion, the Saxons offered up secret and fervent prayers for the success of theirs.

At length, the signal was given—the trumpets brayed loudly, and, with levelled lances, the combatants flew to meet each other: they encountered about mid-way, and, Wilfred of Wallingford's horse stumbling at that moment, his aim was lost, and the lance of the Norman hurled him to the ground with tremendous violence. Here the heralds interposed, and raised the fallen champion from the ground. His hauberk of proof had protected him; and, after draining a bowl of wine, he stood unhurt, and ready to renew the combat.

"Saxon," said Sir Radulf, who still kept on horseback, "the lance is treacherous to thee—let us try the battle on foot."

"Agreed," said Walter

Duresme leapt from his horse and unsheathed his sword; the heralds retired, and the horses were led away, when the combat was renewed with great fury. Although nature had given a powerful frame to the Saxon champion, yet this would have availed him but little, for Sir Radulf's strength was, as we before said, much greater than that of ordinary men; Walter was, therefore, obliged to observe the utmost caution, for the blows of his adversary were showered in tremendous succession; but they were all parried, and Duresme, losing breath by the great exertion he had made, desisted for a moment, and contented himself with warding off the blows aimed at him; for Wilfred of Wallingford did not neglect to avail himself of the opportunity, and dealt his strokes with great skill and force. In the midst of the

combat, the sword of Duresme broke at the hilt, and he was left at the mercy of his antagonist.

"Strike, Saxon," said the Norman, looking sternly upon him—"Radulf Duresme asks not mercy at thy hands."

"Nay," replied Walter, "I scorn such vantage, and will continue the fight with mace or pole-axe, as the other weapons have failed."

Duresme's dark countenance brightened as he heard this proposal, for it offered him an advantage, the mace being a weapon which his great strength so admirably qualified him to wield; he therefore replied eagerly—

"Well, as ye list;" then speaking to the soldiers, "a mace for myself and the Saxon." They were brought and delivered to them.

They took their stand opposite to each other, at about twelve yards distant, with flashing eyes and lowered brows. On the signal being given, each advanced, Duresme flourishing the ponderous weapon round his head, while Wilfred, keeping his left arm across his breast, carried his mace in his right hand, resting it on his shoulder. They stood for several moments, regarding each other with fixed looks: each apparently unwilling to strike the first blow. At length the Norman's huge weapon descended with frightful rapidity, and threatened destruction to his enemy. The blow would have felled a giant, had it taken effect; but it was avoided by Wilfred of Wallingford, who, leaping on one side, escaped the danger. A loud shout broke from the multitude on witnessing this dexterous shift, which irritated the choleric Norman, who was, perhaps, besides, disconcerted at missing his aim. It cost him his life; for Wilfred, springing forward, smote him on the head with such violence, that his hood of mail was shivered to pieces, and his scull was crushed like an egg-shell!—He fell to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt.

Immediately the lists were broken in, in spite of the threats and blows of the men-at-arms who kept the field; and all ranks crowded round the fallen champion, whose head was now supported on the knee of his follower, Argentine. His face presented a hideous spectacle; the forehead was completely destroyed, and a stream of blood flowed in such profusion that every feature was disguised. A monk pushed his way through the crowd, crucifix in hand, and knelt by the side of the dying man.

"Radulf Duresme," said he, "look on this blessed emblem of redemption, and say after me"—He was about to repeat the Latin prayer for sinners in *extremis*, when he was rudely interrupted by Argentine.

"He hears thee not, priest," said the follower, "he is gone—speak, Sir Radulf; my master, how is't with thee?"

At that moment the dying man's mailed hands were raised as if in prayer, but it was only for a moment; they fell lifeless to the ground—his head bowed—and Radulf Duresme slept with his fathers!

Without dwelling on the customary mutilation of the body of the vanquished, we have only to add, that ere long, Wilfred of Wallingford became the husband of his Agnes; and, as courage was then the greatest recommendation at court, he did not long remain unnoticed by the lion-hearted monarch, who advanced him to great favour and preferment.

THE CASTLE OF STAUFFENBERG.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her.
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For, soon or late, Love is his own avenger."

BYRON.

THE Rhine can boast of more really romantic beauty than any other river in Europe, and many of the halls and castles which, together with the deeds of their rude possessors, have been commemorated in numberless works of fiction, still remain to add interest and grandeur to its beautiful banks. The reckless conduct of the owners of these castles was continually a subject of complaint, for they scrupled not to attack and plunder travellers, when war did not allow them a chance of obtaining booty in another way. These outrages, at length, roused the indignation of the emperor, and some of the leaders of those desperate bands paid the forfeit of their temerity with their lives.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, there lived

near to the town of Ober-Wessel, a German baron, named Ludolf Von Stauffenberg, who, from the part he had taken with the duke of Alva, in the sanguinary wars of Flanders, had rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to his neighbours. At the time our tale commences, he had returned home, satiated with plunder and bloodshed, and accompanied by a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom he had wedded while absent. She was the daughter of a Spanish captain of foot, and had accompanied her father into Flanders, where the baron first saw her. Her beauty made a strong impression on the iron heart of her admirer, who demanded her hand of her father. The Spaniard considered the match as too advantageous to be slighted; and, though his daughter shrunk from it, he persisted in his determination that she should become the bride of the baron. Resistance to this mandate was vain; their nuptials were solemnized immediately, and Von Stauffenberg returned to his castle on the Rhine.

During the first few weeks, the castle was a scene of gaiety and splendour; but it shortly resumed its usual appearance, and its lovely mistress was often left to meditate on her lonely situation, while her stern lord was engaged in the chase, or carousing with the neighbouring barons.

The castle was a stupendous and gloomy structure, and its dark shadows were reflected in the clear waters of the Rhine. It stood on an inaccessible rock, and, before the invention of artillery, was considered impregnable. Such was the place to which Von Stauffenberg brought his beautiful bride. But the dull abode of her lord was not her only cause of sorrow. There was one to whom she had sworn eternal love and constancy—one who had loved her with all the warmth of early passion—whom she still hoped was ignorant of her marriage. But it was a vain hope: the news had reached the ears of Juan Gonzales, whose grief may be more readily imagined than described.

It was on a lovely evening in the month of June, that two horsemen were observed proceeding along the banks of the Rhine, in the direction of Ober-Wessel. The rich half armour of the foremost rider, consisting of back and breast, with the pauldrons and vambraces, and the jack boots of tough and pliant leather, reaching to the middle of the thigh, showed that the wearer was above the rank of an ordinary trooper; and the remains of a red plume, which waved in his dinted burgonet, plainly indicated that he had lately been

where blows had fallen thick and fast. The second horseman had the appearance of a servant or follower, and, though he appeared weary from hard travelling, his countenance partook not of that deep melancholy which was stamped upon his master's, whose hands scarce held the bridle of his jaded steed, but rested heavily on the saddle bow, while the tired animal was suffered to proceed at its own pace along the rugged road. At length a sudden turn brought them in view of the town; when the foremost rider, apparently with an effort to shake off his melancholy, plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and pushed forward with a rapid pace. The appearance of an armed stranger was a circumstance that attracted but little observation in those unsettled times, so that the travellers, after replying to a few questions, entered the town without difficulty, and repaired to one of the best inns it afforded, where they took up their abode.

It was not long, however, before the conduct of the strangers was watched. The means they had taken to screen themselves from observation, attracted the attention of the townspeople, and many uncharitable hints were given to the host regarding his guests. Their outgoings and their ingoings were narrowly watched, for it was not until the evening had advanced that they ever left the inn, and they were then not long absent. Some gossips set them down as part of a gang of banditti, while others were inclined to think them spies; but many went still farther, and judged, from their swarthy complexions, that they were no others than his Satanic Majesty and his prime minister; indeed, so firmly persuaded were the latter that the strangers were not of this world, that as they rode down the street, suspicious glances were cast on either side of their steeds, no doubt in the hope of discovering a cloven foot, or some other such devilish appendage. But these honest citizens were doomed to experience disappointment, and nothing appeared to warrant their uncharitable suspicions.

Since the arrival of the strangers, they had never held communion with any of the townspeople, but, on the contrary, appeared to shun observation as much as possible. It therefore occasioned some surprise, when one evening a horseman, who was known to be one of the retainers of the Baron Von Stauffenberg, arrived at the inn, and inquired for the stranger knight. The messenger was immediately shown

into an apartment where the knight sat; and, after closing the door, he inquired, in a low gruff voice—

"Is your name Juan Gonzales, senor?"

"Ay," was the reply; "what wouldst thou have with me?"

The grisly messenger drew from his belt a long petrionel, and, with the ramrod, took out the charge, from which he selected a small piece of paper crumpled up, as though used for the wadding. This motion somewhat startled the knight, who had already grasped the handle of his sword, when the messenger, waving his hand, presented the paper.

"Fear not," said he; "here is a billet from her ye have long sought—quick, read it, and let me have your answer; for my head will be forfeit if the baron should discover my absence, and suspect."

With hands quivering with emotion, the knight spread the paper, and, as he read its contents, the cold drops started on his forehead, and his countenance assumed a livid hue. The messenger beheld it—a devilish smile played for a moment upon his meagre countenance, and then settled down into a low and repulsive scowl. The knight then penned a few lines, and, putting the paper into the hands of the messenger, together with several gold pieces, said—

"Carry this, good fellow, to thy mistress, and say I will be punctual."

The messenger took the paper, and, bowing, left the room. After draining a glass of Geneva, he mounted his horse, and in half an hour stood in the presence of Von Stauffenberg.

"Well, Fritz," said the baron, "what success hast had?"

Fritz unsheathed his long rapier, and held it up—it was covered with blood.

"Ha!" cried the baron, "wert thou forced to use cold iron?"

"Nothing less! My lady's messenger was firm, and drew upon me—but he'll tilt no more, I trow."

"Hast thou slain him?"

"Ay."

"Where is the body bestowed?"

"In the bed of the river—a fragment of a rock sunk it deep enough."

"And the gallant—where is he?"

"At Ober-Wessel—here is his billet in reply."

The baron took the paper, and his eye glanced hastily over the contents.

"'Tis well," said he, with an air of fiendish triumph; "but how shall it be delivered?"

"Leave it to me, my lord," said Fritz; "'twill be easy to say that Leopold gave it me, with strict orders to deliver it to none but my lady."

"Good—here is something for thy faithful services," said the baron, placing a purse heavily charged into the hand of Fritz—"go and deliver the billet."

* * * * * *

The evening came. The Baroness Von Stauffenberg sat in her chamber a prey to torturing suspense: she looked from her latticed window down on the clear stream, that washed the rock, on which the castle stood. The sun was fast descending, but the swallows still skimmed over the surface of the waters, and the finny tribe displayed their golden scales as they jumped to seize the sportive gadflies that danced within their reach. The stream flowed on unruffled, save when at times the coot or teal dived beneath its surface. The song of the fisherman was heard as he rowed home, and the eagle winged her flight through the clear blue space, and sought her resting place among the highest rocks that bordered the Rhine.

The baroness looked on the scene—how beautiful!—how tranquil!—But a fierce war raged in her bosom, which heaved like a billow. She wept not—her hand pressed her burning brow, which throbbed wildly against her long and alabaster fingers, but no tears relieved her mind's anguish. She gazed long and intently on the stream, when a small boat was seen approaching. A signal from the baroness was answered, and the boat advanced rapidly. She sank on her seat, overpowered with emotions. She had planned the meeting she now dreaded, at great hazard; and little wot she of the gathering storm.

The baron had become acquainted with the arrival of Juan at Ober-Wessel—their messages had been observed, and Fritz was employed to intercept the letter which appointed the meeting. He had done this, though not without taking the life of the messenger; and the baroness was deceived by the excuse which the ruffian made for her page's absence.

In the side of the rock on which the castle stood was a cave, which communicated with a subterraneous passage,

leading to the chamber of the baroness. Juan arrived at it, and, entering the passage described in the baroness's letter, ascended the narrow stairs which ran between the wall, passed through the panel which she had already drawn aside, and stood before his mistress. Who shall describe their meeting?—She rose from her seat—tottered towards him, and sank senseless into his arms.

"Inez," said the cavalier, in a half stifled voice, "look up, I conjure thee."

She seemed to revive at the sound of his voice, and opened her eyes. A burst of bitter tears came to her relief, and roused her to a state of consciousness.

"Oh! Juan," she said, "do not upbraid me——my father!" At the same instant a sound as of cautious footsteps was heard near the panel—"Ah! we are lost," faintly shrieked the wretched lady—"Fly, Juan, fly!"

The cavalier flew to the door of the chamber—it was secured!—he turned to the panel, and was about to enter the recess, when the gaunt form of Ludolph Von Stauffenberg barred the entrance!

The baroness threw herself at the feet of her lord, and clasped his knees, but her tongue denied its office.

"Away, woman!" said the baron, calmly, spurning her from him, and she fell heavily on the floor of the chamber.

"Monster!" cried the cavalier, unsheathing his sword—but at that moment the baron discharged a pistol full in the face of his rival. The deadly shot passed through his brain, and the cavalier, springing convulsively from the floor, fell at the feet of Von Stauffenberg, a disfigured corpse.

It was some time before the smoke which filled the chamber cleared away, when the baron strode forward and fixedly regarded, for some moments, the body of his foe. So intently was he engaged, that he forgot for awhile his wretched partner; when, on looking round, she was nowhere to be seen. He attempted to pass out by the door of the chamber; but it was still fastened on the outside, as he had directed. He drew aside the tapestry which covered the walls, but she had not concealed herself; when on a sudden the horrid truth flashed across his brain. He flew to the window and looked down. There, on a rock, whitened with age, lay the body of the baroness. He gazed with fallen jaw and distended eye-balls on the dreadful spectacle. She moved—she waved her arm—as if in token of forgiveness—her eyes were once turned on her fierce lord, and then closed for ever!

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF LONDON BRIDGE.

Tanta est discordia fratrum.
OVID.

Curse on the wretch a thousand fold,
Who barters brotherhood for gold!

It will scarcely be neeessary to describe the appearanee of London Bridge during the reign of the first James, or to inform the reader that it supported many houses and shops tenanted by the wealthy citizens. It is well known that many mills were worked by the swift eurrent which passed beneath its arehes, and that the dwellings projected in a terrifie manner over the sides. This, together with the roaring of the tide beneath, rendered them habitable only by those aceustomed to sueh a residenee. Yet, notwithstanding its narrowness, the Bridge-street was always a seene of bustle and activity, and the resort of all elasses, from the gallant, ruffling in silk and velvet, to the sturdy porter and nimble 'prentiee. Here, too, the dame of quality and the rich eitizen's wife eame to make their purchases, for the shops in the Bridge-street were then held in great repute.

At the eommencement of the reign of James the First, nearly opposite the chapel of St. Thomas, whieh stood on the eastern side of the bridge, dwelt one Master Bartholomew Tolason, an old merchant, who was aeeounted passing rieh by most of his neighbours. In early life he had taken unto himself a wife, but, after a few short years of uninterrupted happiness, Dame Tolason quitted this sublunary world for another, and, it is to be hoped, a better, bequeathing him two fine boys. The death of his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, was a severe trial for Master Tolason, but time and his children did much towards alleviating his grief. He determined to spare no expense in edueating them; and, as soon as they had arrived at a proper age, they were sent to the grammar-sehool in Southwark. For the first few years, the progress the boys made in their learning exeeeded the most sanguine expectations of their indulgent father, who never forgot to visit them every Sunday, after leaving St. Magnus' ehureh, at which he was a constant attendant.

Perhaps it was not the good curate's pious exhortations alone, which made the old merchant so constant and regular a visitor. 'Twas there he had first beheld the fair form and blue eyes of the being who had been so suddenly snatched from him, and who now lay beneath the cold marble slab near the seat which he usually occupied. His whole care was directed to his children, whom he anticipated would be a solace and a comfort to him in his declining years;—but these visions of happiness were soon dispelled; the boys were growing up, and it was clearly perceptible that the youngest, who was named Edmund, paid less attention to his studies than his brother Aubrey, whom the old merchant had named after his deceased wife. Edmund became tetchy, wayward, and stubborn, and set many examples of insubordination to his school-fellows. Chastisement only tended to inflame his spirit the more, and at length, wearied in his fruitless endeavours to subdue his fierce and fiery temper, he was dismissed from school by the master, who dreaded the consequence to the other boys, if he remained any longer.

The good merchant, on receiving his son back, determined to treat him with all possible kindness; well knowing that harsh measures seldom succeed in reclaiming such spirits. Edmund was therefore treated with great tenderness by his father, and all but old Martha, his housekeeper, thought he had succeeded; she, on the contrary, always maintained that he was "an imp of the old one," and would again resume his proper character. These sage sayings, however, were heeded not by the old merchant; but on Aubrey's leaving school he soon experienced the truth of them. The brothers, spite of Aubrey's peaceable disposition, were perpetually quarrelling. Master Tolason witnessed it with evident concern; for three years his house was a scene of strife and contention whenever they met; even the presence of their father would not restrain them. The good merchant at length began to dread the issue, as they had almost arrived at man's estate, and the conduct of Edmund became every day more fierce and violent. After deliberating a long time on the most expedient means of separating them, Master Tolason resolved to send his eldest son into Italy. He fixed on Aubrey, not that he loved him less, but because he feared to intrust Edmund with such a journey.

Aubrey accordingly left England with letters of introduction to some of the first merchants at Genoa, with whom his father had become acquainted in the course of business.

THOMPSON

On the departure of Aubrey, Master Tolason's house became a scene of quietude. The brothers were separated, and the object which had so often kindled Edmund's ire, no longer troubled him; yet he showed no stronger inclination to business than before. The counting-house was seldom visited, unless for a fresh supply of money, which the old merchant—such was the ascendancy Edmund had gained over him—dared not refuse him. Much of his money was spent at taverns, and on different articles of dress. His doublet and hose were made after the fashion of the most cutting gallants, and a long rapier of Spanish steel of the newest and most approved shape dangled by his side. He was known by every one, from his father's house to St. Paul's, where he daily lounged, with several fops of his acquaintance, jingling his spurs, and assuming the looks and airs of his superiors.

A year had passed since Aubrey left England, and the old merchant evinced great anxiety for his return; but on mentioning it to Edmund, he flew into violent paroxysms of rage, and used many threats against his father and his brother, till at length the old man abandoned his intentions for a time. Aubrey had been heard from several times since his departure, but his letters did not express any wish to return; which, no doubt, arose from the recollection of his brother's violent temper. This, however, served as an excellent pretext for Edmund, who failed not to taunt his father with it; yet it had but little weight with the old man. Another year passed, during which Edmund's conduct grew more violent, and his father gave up all thoughts of his ever reforming, when, finding that his health was declining, he at length, unknown to Edmund, wrote to his absent son, begging him to return speedily.

* * * * * *

On a fine evening in the spring of the year, two horsemen were seen advancing along the High-street in the Borough. The soiled and dirty condition of their apparel, and the jaded state of the beasts they rode, told that their journey had been long and unpleasant. He who rode first, appeared, from the superiority of his habiliments, to be the master, while the other wore the garb of a menial; and though he barely kept at a distance usually prescribed to those of his class, and laughed and chatted with the other, yet he preserved a degree of respect which the good nature and gentlemanly bearing of his master commanded. Their

horses seemed almost incapable of proceeding much farther, and the foremost horseman by turns laughed at the knave's remarks on the passers by, and coaxed and patted his steed.

"So ho!" cried the latter, eyeing a respectable-looking couple who were walking on one side of the way, followed by a strapping wench with a fine infant in her arms. "Mistress Joyce is married at last to Ralph, the felt-maker's son, and has a fine boy too; and there," continued he, pointing to a demure-looking personage, "there's Puritan Peter Cole o' the Bankside, with his Bible stuck in his girdle, and his rapier hanging behind him like the tail of a lean rat—and there's Gaffer Robbins with his buxom daughter, an arch little Jezebel, that——and here is the White Hart, with a fresh daub of paint, which has been laid on pretty thickly." With these remarks he followed his master, who rode under the gateway of the White Hart. It will be hardly necessary to inform our readers that the travellers were Aubrey Tolason and his man. He had obeyed his father's orders, and left Italy immediately on the receipt of the letter.

Aubrey walked hastily along, and, passing through Southwark gate, entered the Bridge-street. In a short time he arrived at his father's house, at the door of which he knocked loudly. It was opened by old Martha, the housekeeper, whose wrinkled face assumed a smile on beholding her young master again.

"Well, Martha," said Aubrey, "how fares my honoured father and my brother Ned? Has he grown steady yet?"

To these interrogatories Martha made no reply. The smile which had lit up for a moment her aged features, gave place to a look of sadness; she shook her head, and, on being again questioned, raised her apron, and, covering her face, wept aloud. Aubrey's mind misgave him, and, on Martha's recovering herself his worst fears were realized. On hearing of his father's death, he bitterly reproached himself for not having returned sooner. To add to his grief, he learnt that his brother's conduct had become worse; that he was an object of hatred and execration to all his neighbours; and, to crown all, she informed him that his father had willed all his property to the worthless Edmund. However sincerely Aubrey might have mourned the death of his parent, his chagrin and vexation overmastered his sorrow, on hearing that the old merchant had left him destitute. His further inquiries only tended to confirm what Martha had informed

him of. He learnt, too, that the house was a nightly scene of riot and debauchery, and had been complained of to the city authorities. Martha sympathized with the distress of her young master, who flung himself into a chair, and remained for some time in a state of stupor. When, however, he recovered his self-possession, he inquired for his brother.

"Alas!" replied Martha, "I know not whither he is gone; no doubt he is drinking at the White Horse, with his trusty companion Bradshawe, or some other such swinge-buckler."

"I will seek him—I will seek him this instant," cried Aubrey, starting on his feet. "I will examine the will myself; my own eyes shall be witness that it bears my father's seal and has his proper signature."

As he said this, he hastily threw his cloak round him, and left the house with his trusty Jasper. A few minutes' sharp walking brought them to the Bankside, and Aubrey eagerly sought for the tavern spoken of by Martha. The sun was fast sinking, and poured its light on the Thames, which glowed like a vein of molten gold. The noble tower of St. Mary Overy threw its long shadow across the church-yard, and seemed to look down with an air of pride and protection on the gabled-fronted and whitewashed buildings which surrounded it. Amongst the houses alluded to, stood one more conspicuous than the rest, having its door-post ornamented with chequers of white, red, and gold. Over the entrance was fixed an uncouth figure, but little resembling the animal it was intended to represent, underneath which was painted in legible characters, "THIS IS Y^E WHITE HORSE." Aubrey, bidding Jasper remain without, abruptly entered the house. He had already laid his hand on the handle of the door which communicated with the public room, when the sound of several voices calling for a song arrested his attention; he paused awhile, thinking he might recognize his brother's voice amongst them, when the following song was sung in a deep bass, but not unmusical tone, though it was evident the singer's throat had suffered from long and frequent potations.

Drain, drain the bowl,
If ye would not have your soul
Oppressed by grisly care,
That lank imp o' the devil;
With us he'd badly fare,
For merrie are they who revel
In sherris and canarie.

Hasten, hasten here,
Not an eyelid drops a tear,
Save what laughter does shed.
If your damsel's unkind,
Here a refuge you'll find,
Light o' heart, light o' head,
The stirrup-cup to the mind
Is sparkling canarie.

Hither, hither fly,
If the sherieves man be nigh
With his freedom killing paw;
Or if you'd essay,
Your bilbo to draw,
You'd find the right way
Is to drink bright canarie.

A loud roar of applause followed, when Aubrey entered the room, and his dark eye glanced hastily round the apartment; but his brother was not there.

"Ned's brother," whispered some of the company, as they gazed with vacant countenances on Aubrey, whose face and figure strikingly resembled Edmund's.

"Yes, gentleman," replied he, somewhat hastily; "I am, indeed, the brother of that Edmund Tolason—would to God it were not so."

"Why so, fair sir?" inquired a tall gaunt figure, who sat with his elbow resting on a table, on which stood a Venice glass and a flask of canary. His high-crowned and narrow-brimmed hat, in which was stuck a tuft of cocks' feathers, was placed on one side of his head, from which flowed a profusion of black hair; he wore a pourpoint of Milan fustian with silver points; a broad belt sustained his dagger and a Bilboa blade of great length, and his high-heeled boots were ornamented with a pair of gilt spurs.

Aubrey made no reply to this man's question, but inquired of one of the company if he had seen his brother Edmund.

"He has just left us," replied several voices; "for his friend, the captain there, has won his last purse."

Aubrey glanced scornfully at the person alluded to, who was, in fact, he whom we have just described.

"You seem chafed, gentle sir," said the man of war, with provoking coolness.

"Chafed!" echoed Aubrey; "yes, Sir Captain, I am grieved that my brother hath so far forgotten himself as to spend his time in dicing and drinking, to the neglect of his business."

"Truly, you are a moralizing young gentleman," said the captain, lolling back in his chair, and stretching out his legs, "but mine host here does not favour Puritans, so ye may e'en depart the way ye came."

Aubrey's blood boiled at this insult.

"Sir Stranger," said he, "I can ill brook such language—bridle your tongue, or your coat may suffer for your want of courtesy."

"Thou answerest like a malapert boy," replied the captain—"Mike Bradshawe hath slain his man ere now, for a less word. But come," continued he, "chafe it not; I would forgive thee for thy brother's sake, who is a promising fellow, believe me;—wilt drink, my young master?"

As he said this, he filled a glass, and presented it to Aubrey, who, provoked at the captain's indifference, seemed too full for words, and, as the latter held out the glass, he raised his arm, and dashed it to the ground.

"By buff and bilbo!" cried the captain, "thou shalt pay the forfeit of thy daring!" and, springing up, he unsheathed his rapier, and called on Aubrey to defend himself. Aubrey's blade was bared in an instant, and their swords crossed. The captain was well skilled in fence, and pressed hard upon his adversary, but Aubrey threw aside his passes, and returned them with great rapidity. Fortunately he had, while in Italy, received instructions from some of the most skilful masters of the art. The combat was not of long duration, for the captain, enraged at being foiled by one of such youthful appearance, fought with less caution; and Aubrey, watching his opportunity, passed his rapier through the body of his adversary, with such force, that the hilt struck him on the breast, and he fell heavily on the floor.

"Away!" cried several voices, on perceiving Aubrey attempt to raise the body. "If thou hast a light pair of heels thou mayest save thy neck; fly to the waterside and take boat—the constable and his knaves will be here anon."

These persuasions were lost upon Aubrey. They all crowded round the wounded man, who raised himself upon his elbow, and, throwing back the long dark hair which overshadowed his face, he faintly articulated, "'Tis a just judgment. Come hither, youth—closer still," he continued, as Aubrey knelt by his side. "Mike Bradshawe is sped, but he would make some atonement for the injury he has helped to do thee; here"—taking a bale of false dice from his breast—

" here is that which will bring thy brother to an end as untimely;" and he threw them on the floor.

" Will any of ye hasten for a surgeon?" inquired Aubrey.

" 'Tis of no use—none," said the dying man; " I have not long to live, but the time left shall—Oh! I faint—thou knowest the chest which standeth in thy late father's counting-house?"

" I do."

" Hasten thither; it contains the will—the *forged* will! the one *thy brother made and I witnessed!* possess thyself of that—and"——

The miserable man could no longer articulate—the effort he had made to reveal his villany overpowered him—the death-rattle choked his speech—his clenched hands relaxed —his jaw fell, and the next moment he was a lifeless corpse.

Aubrey stood for some moments gazing on the body of his fallen adversary, when he was aroused from his stupor by the entrance of the constable, followed by half a dozen assistants, bearing brownbills, the usual weapons then carried by those officers.

" Make room," said the officious officer, forcing his way into the apartment; " what!" cried he, espying the corpse of the captain; " what! the captain dead at last!—which of ye have robbed the hangman of his due?"

" A truce with your jesting, sir!" said Aubrey; " the unhappy man died by my hand, but he drew on me first."

" Ha! ha! ha! laughed the constable, " then you are likely to take a short journey to Tyburn ere long, an' I mistake not."

" My heart is too full," said Aubrey, " or I would resent your gibes; come with me, sir, I command you, for I have much need of your assistance."

The constable was about to reply, when one of those who had witnessed the encounter acquainted him with what had passed, particularly the captain's dying confession.

" Oh, oh!" cried the man in authority, " that alters the case; 'tis a foul conspiracy to defraud an honest gentleman. I am ready to attend ye, sir."

" Then on to the Bridge-street," said Aubrey; and the whole party proceeded thither. On arriving at the house, Aubrey, together with the constable and his fellows, were admitted. The chest mentioned by the captain was quickly forced, and the first object that presented itself was the

forged will. Aubrey emptied the contents of the chest, which chiefly consisted of papers, and, to his great joy, discovered the will his father had made, but it was not witnessed. Old Martha beheld this scene with mute surprise; while Aubrey waited impatiently for his brother's return. In a short time, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and, on its being opened, Edmund entered. Unconscious of what had happened, he abruptly strode into the apartment where Aubrey and the constable were waiting. He started on beholding them, and, in a voice of mingled surprise and displeasure, welcomed his brother.

"Edmund Tolason," said Aubrey, "I know thee well; do not attempt to deceive me. I know my presence troubles thee much, and that my return was not expected."

Edmund surveyed his brother from head to foot; and, whether it was from the violence of his passion, which he was endeavouring to smother, or the effect of conscious guilt, his whole frame was palsied, and the fingers of his right hand, which played with the handle of his dagger, shook like the aspen.

"These are strange words, brother Aubrey," replied he, "and thy bearing still more strange; it lacks of that brotherly feeling thou didst once love to boast of——but," continued he, "what brings these men here? Speak, knaves, who brought ye hither?"

"Marry, sir, this good gentleman, your brother," said the officious constable; when Aubrey interrupted him.

"Edmund," said he, "I have heard of thy misdeeds during my absence, and much does it grieve me to act in the manner I am now forced to do. I always thought thee wild and turbulent, but never did I consider thee capable of doing a deed so black as that thou art guilty of. I see thine eye flash, and thy lip quiver; nay, speak not till I have shown thee the instrument you and your confederate have forged."

As he uttered these words, he drew the forged will from his bosom, and held it up. Edmund regarded it for some moments with a fixed stare, while his brother cried, "See, here is thy infernal contrivance to rid me of my just heritage."

"Liar!" shouted Edmund, springing forward, "dost thou doubt that document? Does it not bear thy father's signature? and is it not witnessed in due form?"

"Thy father never saw this parchment," said Aubrey firmly; "'tis thine own writing, and he who witnessed it was bribed for the purpose."

"Ha!" cried Edmund, while his countenance grew deadly pale, and every limb quivered with emotion. "Aubrey, thy art will not avail thee; I'll seek the gentleman who witnessed my father's will." He was about to leave the room, when the constable and his men interposed.

"What!" cried Edmund, in a voice of thunder, "am I a prisoner in my own house? Make room, varlets, or by Heaven!——

"Profane not that word," interrupted Aubrey; "thou goest not hence; guard well the door—and know, thou heartless son of a fond and indulgent father, that the wretched man who aided thee in thy villany sleeps in death: I slew him not half an hour hence, and he confessed that"——

"'Tis false!" screamed Edmund, "'tis false, thou lying varlet!" and, drawing a small dag or pocket-pistol from his breast, he discharged it at the head of his brother. The ball grazed Aubrey's left arm, and lodged in the oak wainscot. Edmund started back on perceiving that his brother did not fall, then suddenly drew his sword, and rushed upon him. Luckily Aubrey had drawn his rapier in time, and succeeded in parrying his brother's lunges, when the constable and his men interposed. Aubrey's superior skill at his weapon had enabled him to wrest his brother's rapier from his hand, which, flying to the side of the apartment, dashed to fragments a large mirror which hung against the wall.

Maddened with rage, Edmund drew his dagger and rushed upon Aubrey, when a blow from a bill brought him to the ground; the weapon fell from his hand, and the constable's men secured him. They raised him up, and one of the men was sent to procure cords to bind his arms, when Aubrey spoke.

"Unhand him," said he, in a voice almost choked with grief. "Edmund, acknowledge thyself guilty, and I will forgive thee for our father's sake."

The men released their prisoner, and Edmund, putting aside with his hand his long auburn locks, which were dyed with the blood from the wound he had received, replied, in hurried accents—

"Aubrey Tolason, I thank thee for this courtesy, for trust me, I could not live to hear the yellings of a Tyburn mob. Enjoy thy father's wealth undisturbed; live amidst thy merchandise, and forget that thou ever hadst a brother. Curse on my folly, and the fiend that tempted; and curse on the drivelling fool who died betraying me!"

With these words, ere those present could interpose, he leapt on a chair which stood under the window overlooking the river, and sprung from it into the roaring tide beneath. Aubrey flew to the casement, but it was only to see the body of his brother borne along by the resistless current.

ROGER CLEVELLY.

A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

"Why did you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?"
William and Margaret.

"*K. Henry.* O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul"
2nd Part of K. Henry VI.

In the village of Winkleigh there lived, in the reign of Charles the Second, a miller of the name of Clevelly; he was what is called, in the remote parts of the county, a substantial man; what he had was his own, and his upright dealings with the world, and economy in his own household, enabled him at his death to place his son Roger, who had just attained his twenty-second year, in similarly independent circumstances. His estate consisted of a good mill, and about ten acres of land in tolerable cultivation. Many were the deliberations of the calculating fathers and sharp-eyed mothers of Winkleigh, upon young Clevelly's succeeding to his father's possessions; and they took especial care that none of their daughters should be absent on Sundays at the village church. Roger was a comely and well-proportioned youth, though the fastidious might say he was somewhat too sturdy; but this is a fault which is easily overlooked in Devonshire, where skill in wrestling is so much in repute, and where strength of body is often found to make amends for any deficiency in the mental faculty. He had made no slight impression on the fairest-eyed girls of his native village: although there were some damsels, whose charms were on the wane, who hinted that the flourishing business of Roger Clevelly was the most

powerful magnet. Be this as it may, there were many families who would have been proud of an alliance with the young miller; but the charms of no maiden had as yet enslaved him, although there were many in his neighbourhood who could boast of a fair proportion of that beauty for which the damsels of Devonshire are so justly famous. Many were the invitations he received, and no rustic fête was given to which he was not invited.

Three years had passed away since the death of his father, when Roger, at length, seriously determined to take unto himself a wife; and he was not long in fixing upon one whom he thought in every respect likely to render him happy. He accordingly waited one morning upon the father of the object of his choice, and, after some preliminary formulæ, Roger was permitted to visit the house of the wealthy farmer, in the quality of a lover, or, in more modern parlance, to "pay his addresses" to the old man's darling, the beautiful Alice Buckland. Hers was that beauty at which your city dames may scoff; but her fair cheek, glowing with the rosy hue of health, her white and even teeth, and dark brown ringlets, though all partaking of a certain degree of rusticity, were not less winning; and her triumph over the lusty young miller was complete. Between two such beings there is little fear of a lack of affection; and, ere the year was out, each village lass pointed to the happy couple as they strolled along, and, with laughing eye and significant gestures, betrayed her allowable envy.

But the dark veil of superstition was still spread over the peasantry of England. Evil spirits were believed to roam through the world, blighting the fair hopes of the young and sanguine heart. A dark and fearful tale had oft been whispered by the elders of the village, that Roger Clevelly was the last of his race, and that an evil destiny hung over him. But he heard not these things, or, if he did hear them, they were unheeded, and their forebodings troubled him not.

At length, the day was fixed for their marriage, and the busy fingers of the bride and her friend were employed in preparing her wedding dress. In three weeks they were to be made man and wife, and each looked forward to the happy day which should see them united by the holy and indissoluble bond of wedlock.

Young Clevelly was in the habit of riding over to Hatherleigh market every week; and he had left home one day for that purpose, intending to make a purchase of some corn, of

a farmer with whom he had many dealings. His stay at Hatherleigh was much protracted, in consequence of his not finding this person in the town, as he expected, and night was advancing, when he determined to return home. Before he had quitted the town half an hour, it became quite dark; this made him urge his horse forward with some speed, for the roads in those days were not over safe to travel in the night time. He had arrived within a mile of his home, when the horse he rode, with an instinct peculiar to that animal, suddenly shyed, and, in doing so, nearly threw the young miller into the road; at the same moment a faint voice cried out for help.

"Whoa! whoa! jade!" said the miller, stroking the neck of his horse; then, raising his voice, he cried out, in the familiar dialect of the west, to the person who had spoken, and whom, owing to the darkness, he could not see distinctly—

"Who bist thee, vriend? and what brings thee here at this time o' night?"

A deep pause ensued, interrupted only by the snorting and pawing of the miller's horse. No answer was returned, and Roger dismounting, perceived that a young and well-dressed man was lying in the middle of the road, apparently in a state of intoxication. After a moment's deliberation he drew the stranger from the road, and, placing him on the green sward, remounted his horse, and rode hastily home for assistance. This was soon procured, and, in half an hour, the stranger was under the roof of the young miller, in a state, to all appearance, of total unconsciousness of what had been done for him by his generous preserver. Hock and soda-water, the modern tippler's remedy for such cases, were not known at that period to the unsophisticated inhabitants of Winkleigh: the miller had none; but such simple restoratives as his generous disposition prompted him to use were not spared to render his guest sensible of the kindness with which he had been treated. Old Dorcas, the miller's housekeeper, not unused to such scenes in the lifetime of her old master, ventured to suggest that a night's sleep would restore the stranger to consciousness; he was therefore placed, with much care, in the best chamber, and the household, retiring to rest, left the crickets to their nightly gambols on the deserted hearth.

The miller arose betimes, and set about his accustomed labour. When breakfast time came, the stranger, to his

astonishment, entered the room, and thanked his preserver in the most grateful terms, for the kindness shown him. There were no marks left on his countenance of the excess of the previous evening, and his gait and manner were those of a man who had seen the world, and mixed with polished society, although there was something like a bluntness in his discourse, which indicated that he had been used to the sea. His face was eminently handsome; his eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; his nose beautifully formed; his mouth somewhat large, but well-shaped, though, when he smiled, there was a writhing of the nether lip, as if it were a pain to him. His hair was jetty black, and fell in large curls over his shoulders, beautifully contrasting with his high, pale forehead, on which age had not yet stamped a single wrinkle. His figure was such as the most fastidious might essay in vain to find a fault with; his age appeared to be about thirty. Upon his entering the room, the miller handed him a chair, and then helped him to the good things he had provided for breakfast. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were not known in those days to persons in his station of life, but there was no lack of ham, beef, and good ale, while a flask of choice wine was added to the list by the generous young miller. The stranger, however, made but a sorry meal, which he said was owing to the preceding night's debauch.

"'Tis ever so with me," said he, "after I have drank too freely overnight. 'Tis lucky that I escaped without a broken limb, for my mare is a winsome jade, and requires a tight hand."

"You had a horse, then?" inquired the miller, hastily; "pardon me, sir, I wot not that you had been riding last night, though, fool that I am, I remember unbuckling your spurs and drawing off your boots. I will send over the country in search of it immediately;" and, rising from his seat, he gave orders to two of his men to go in pursuit of the stray horse.

As they sat at breakfast, the stranger conversed freely with the young miller, and scrupled not to tell him that he had been engaged in more than one scene of violence and rapine on the coast of South America.

"Here," said he, producing a massive gold chain, "I took this from the neck of the governor of a Spanish fort near Panama. I slew him with a pistol shot, just as he was about to give fire to one of his culverins. I cannot now bestow it on a more worthy gentleman than yourself;" and, rising from

his seat, he hung it round the neck of the astonished miller, who, thunderstruck at such an instance of generosity, was with difficulty persuaded to keep it.

"'Tis but a trifle," said the stranger, "a mere bauble, believe me. I have a few things here, though, which I should have much grieved for the loss of, had I fallen into other hands."

He took from his vest, as he spoke, a steel casket, and, opening it with a small key, displayed a quantity of jewels of such dazzling brightness, that old Doreas literally screamed with amazement, while the young miller doubted not but that he had given shelter to the king himself; and he already saw himself at court, a dubbed knight, ruffling in silk and gold lace, and wearing a rapier of Bilboa steel by his side. The stranger's manner was bland and courteous, and his marvellous relations of perils by land and sea, and "hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach," completely turned the head of the miller, who paid but little attention to his accustomed labour that day. Ere dinner-time arrived, the men who had gone in search of the stranger's horse returned without it, and informed their master that no traces of the stray animal had been obtained.

Not to tire our readers with all that passed between young Clevelly and his guest, we must inform them, that at the end of three days the latter discovered no inclination to depart. These days seemed but so many hours to the miller. Sunday morning came, and it was then that he, for the first time, remembered he had not seen his beloved Alice since the day he set out for Hatherleigh market. Stung by self-reproach, he hastened to his chamber, and dressed himself in his best, to attend the village church, for the tinkle of its bell now summoned the inhabitants under its hallowed roof. Roger soon completed his rustic toilet, and was descending the stairs, when he met the stranger, whom we shall now call Herrick, and who thus accosted him:—

"Whither now, Master Clevelly?" then, glancing at his dress, "Truly those hosen become your leg passing well, and your points are tied right jauntily—Where would ye, fair sir?"

"To church," replied Roger. "Why ask ye, Master Herrick?—will ye not go with me?"

The lip of Herrick curled with a smile, as he replied—

"Go with thee, Master Clevelly—marry, I would as lief hang. What! sit for a whole hour and hear a long discourse

from that feeble and short-sighted piece of mortality ye pointed out to me yesterday? Never!"

"Prythee, forbear," replied Roger, somewhat hastily, "he is a worthy, pious man, and is beloved by his flock; as to his discourse, why"——

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick, "it may do very well for the clowns of this village; but shall I, who have studied in Araby, and learnt that secret which places the wealth of the Indies at my disposal, listen to a teacher of clodpoles? Nay, huff it not, man; I do not include thee, for there is that in thy looks which tells me thou wert born to a better fortune."

Roger smiled.

"Ay," continued Herrick, "I see that thou art possessed of more spirit than the clowns of this dull village, in which no man can raise himself. What say ye, sir, to a visit to London? where the merits of a gallant like yourself are soon known and appreciated."

"I will talk of that when I return," replied Roger, brushing past him; "but if I stay to hear you now, I shall not get to the church in time, and I *must* go to-day."

He bounded from the house as he spoke, to the evident chagrin of Herrick, and soon gained the church, in which the inhabitants of the village were already assembled. He passed up the aisle, and entered Master Buckland's pew, where sat his beloved Alice: her countenance reddened with a mingled feeling of gladness and displeasure. A reproachful glance from Alice struck to his heart, and he bitterly upbraided himself for his neglect of the beautiful and fond girl, who loved him with the unalloyed affection of a first and early passion. Who could blame them if they rejoiced at the conclusion of the morning service? As they gained the churchyard, the lovers separated from the throng, and Roger sought and obtained pardon for his neglect.

We shall not dwell on all that transpired between them. Those who have been lovers can picture to themselves such scenes, while, to those who have never loved—and where are they?—the pen cannot convey an adequate description.

When Roger returned home, the vivid description of London which Herrick gave him, completely turned his brain, and he swore that he would see the city, and taste of its pleasures ere that moon was out. And he kept his word; for, in less than a week, he bade adieu to the village of Winkleigh, and was on his road to London, accompanied by Herrick.

It was not without regret that he quitted Alice, but then, he consoled himself with the reflection that he should reap advantage by a visit to London, and appear more refined and polished when he returned. On arriving there, they put up at one of the best inns in Fleet-street, and Roger was soon the gayest of the wild gallants who frequented that celebrated part of London. Herrick mingled, with the polish of a courtier, the recklessness and careless bearing of a sailor, and, ere a week had passed, Clevelly, under his guidance, had drank deep at the dark and inky fountain of vice. His appearance soon altered; his face lost its healthy and sunburnt hue, and his languid eye told too plainly that dissipation had done its work upon him. His step, to be sure, was much like that of the gallants in London—he turned out his toes so as to show the rosettes on his shoes, or, when booted, to show his spur leathers; but it wanted that firmness and elasticity which was once the pride of Winkleigh.

The heartless and sensual miscreant, Charles,* held, at this time, his court at Whitehall, and London was crammed with all the gay and thoughtless in England. Every one knows, or, at least, ought to know, what society was in this reign; a reign in which Oates, Dangerfield, Blood, and other such ruffians, were not only allowed to live, but were even patronized and sheltered by the Court. This was the age in which the witty and talented, but depraved Rochester, roamed about; at one time amusing the rabble in the guise of a charlatan—at another, frightening the credulous out of their wits in the garb of an astrologer: and, not unfrequently, obtaining, by the latter means, secrets from those by whom he was surrounded at court, which gave him a fearful ascend-

* Those who have reflected on the life and actions of this king, will not, I am sure, think these epithets misapplied; for, a more base and worthless character than Charles never disgraced the throne of England, or England herself. It is not a little curious, that the two sovereigns who are known by the endearing names of "*good* Queen Bess," and "the Merry Monarch," were without their equals in perfidy. Even those who are loudest in their praises of Elizabeth, cannot conceal her vices, while the frightful enormities of Charles the Second are winked at by none. This wretched man was, from his youth, profligate and abandoned; and, after putting many to death for professing the Catholic faith, he received, in his dying hour, the sacrament from the hands of a *Catholic* priest, and, turning his back upon a minister of that church he had supported during his reign, he breathed out his soul surrounded by the depraved minions of his court! This is a frightful picture, but it is a true one.

ancy over them. The civil wars had made many needy and desperate, and many who had once lived in affluence were content to subsist upon the bounty of the powerful and vicious. Licentiousness and vice had reached their utmost height, and to be virtuous was to be an object of ridicule and contempt.

It would, then, have been wonderful indeed if Roger had remained three weeks in London without contamination; more especially in the company of Herrick, whose manners were as loose as his wealth was boundless.

Unaccustomed to a life of riot and debauchery, Clevelly soon began to feel the effects of indulging in such excesses, and, having been confined to his chamber one day by indisposition, he retired to bed early; but not to sleep, for his fevered brain forbade it. He lay till long after the midnight chimes had sounded; it was then that he slept, but dreams of a dark and fearful kind haunted his slumbers. He beheld, as if reflected in a mirror, the churchyard of his native village, and he looked and saw a newly-formed grave, on which some friends of the departed had scattered a profusion of wild flowers, now fast fading in the noon-day sun—and anon, the scene changed, and a dark cloud rolled before him, and, as it dissolved, an awful scene was disclosed. He beheld a figure like himself bow before a throne of dazzling brightness, on which sat one whose countenance shone like the face of the prophet when he descended from Mount Sinai, and ten thousand celestial beings were gathered around. Suddenly, a voice loud and fearful pealed through the vault of heaven, and one of giant size and height appeared, and claimed the soul of him who had thus humbled himself. Then came forth one arrayed in white, and low she bowed, and in meek and piteous accents supplicated for the soul of him who knelt. And the figure was that of his deserted love, his fondly-devoted Alice! He started from his couch with a deep groan of anguish; cold drops of moisture stood on his brow; he essayed to pray, but his tongue moved noiselessly, his parched lips quivered with agony, and he sunk back in a swoon.

When he recovered, the first rays of the morning sun gleamed on the latticed window of his chamber. Throwing himself on his knees, he implored mercy for his numerous sins, and prayed with an intensity like that of a criminal who is about to be sacrificed to the offended laws of his country. Tears, bitter scalding tears, such as he had never shed before,

rolled down his hectic cheek, and his faltering tongue poured forth the anguish of his troubled spirit.

A gentle tap at the door aroused him from his recumbent posture; he opened it, and Herrick entered in his gown and slippers.

"Good morrow, Bully Roger," said he, "what has troubled ye so much, my good friend? You look scared."

"Oh, Herrick!" replied Roger, "I am sick at heart; this night has disclosed to me such awful"——

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick; "then you have been only dreaming—by this light I thought so; for, as I lay in the next chamber, I could hear you mutter and exclaim in your sleep. Why, thou art not cast down because thou hast had a *dream*. Courage, man; what will the gallants of Fleet-street say to thee, if it should come to their ears?"

"Peace," said Clevelly, hastily; "I have had such a warning in that dream, that I would not stay another day in London, were it to obtain the treasures of the east—no, Herrick, no earthly power shall keep me here; to-day I set off for Winkleigh. If thou art still my friend, thou wilt bear me company."

It was in vain that Herrick attempted to turn him from his determination; he was alike insensible to reasoning or ridicule; and, ere the morning was far advanced, they quitted London, and were on their road to Winkleigh.

Nothing worthy of relation occurred during their journey, which was one of difficulty in those days. Roger was moody and thoughtful, and at times a prey to the deepest melancholy, which all the jokes and witticisms of his friend could not dispel.

Day had begun to dawn when they arrived in sight of the village of Winkleigh. A faint streak of light appeared in the east, but not a single chimney as yet sent forth its wreath of smoke, so grateful to the eye of the weary traveller. Every window and door was fastened, and Roger beheld with a moistened eye, his house and mill, which reared its long vanes high above the surrounding houses.

Old Dorcas, aroused from her slumbers by the arrival of her young master and his companion, immediately set about preparing breakfast; but, as she did so, the miller could perceive that she was unusually dejected. He dreaded to ask after Alice when he first entered, as many do who are prepared for the worst, yet are loth to have their fears confirmed; but he could now no longer delay the question.

How shall we describe his feelings upon receiving the news of the maiden's death? There are some living who have been thus stripped of all they loved in this world; but, can they describe their agony at the harrowing moment which makes them acquainted with their loss? No. All that poets wrote or minstrels sung would fall short of the description;—how, then, shall we paint the anguish of the soul-struck lover?

His first torrent of grief being over, the young miller inquired when and how she died.

"Alas!" replied Doreas, "she took your leaving her so much to heart, and especially the cruel letter you sent her, that"——

"Ha!" cried Roger, starting on his feet, and staring wildly, "what letter?—a letter, say ye?—I wrote none—where is it?"

Here Herrick interposed. "'Twas the vile art of some cursed rival, my good friend," said he. "Now, as I wear a sword, it shall drink his base blood."

"'Twill not bring her back again, poor innocent," said the dame; "a fairer maid, or one more gentle, never sun shone on; but she is gone—they buried her yesterday. Alas! that I should ever live to see this day!"

Roger quitted the room at this moment, with a hurried step, threw his cloak around him, and strode towards the churchyard. He soon discovered the grave, the likeness of which he had beheld in his dream. There was the fresh-turned earth, and the scattered flowers, now withered and loveless, but newly placed. He had scarcely reached the spot, when he was conscious that he had been followed, and, turning quickly round, he beheld Herrick. He saw before him the author of his sufferings, and, giving vent to his indignation, he upbraided him in bitter terms. Herrick heard him with a smile, and tauntingly bade him remember that he alone was the cause of all. This reproach stung him to the soul, and he groaned bitterly, as Herrick, with a malicious satisfaction, ran over a list of his excesses while in London.

"So!" said he, folding his arms, and looking on the wretched young man, as the basilisk is fabled to look upon its victim; "so this is my reward for having treated you like a noble. Was it I who introduced ye to that pretty wench with whom you were so taken, and who drew so largely on your purse, that you were fain to come to me

for a supply?—Or was it I alone who helped to fleece the young Templar, whose money burthened him?—Was it I——?"

"Peace, peace, malicious fiend!" cried Clevelly; "hadst thou the heart of a man, thou wouldst pity my distress. Get thee gone from my sight. Would I had been laid in my grave ere I had met with thee!"

A wild laugh was Herrick's only reply, but it stung Roger to the soul, and he quickly clutched the handle of his sword, which, however, with all his strength, he could not draw from the scabbard.

"Desist," said Herrick; "take thy hand from thy toasting iron, or I will paralyze thy frame, and make thee as helpless as an aged man."

Clevelly knew too well the power of Herrick, by whose means his sword had been rendered useless, and he groaned bitterly.

"Pitiful minion," said Herrick, glancing fiercely on him; "I thought thee possessed of a firmer soul;—will thy whining bring back the dead?"

The miller made no reply, but, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly, while his companion beheld his distress with evident satisfaction.

"Leave me," said Roger, imploringly.

"Nay," replied Herrick, with a sneer, "you had better quit this place, for yonder comes he who was to have been your brother-in-law."

The miller raised his head, and perceived that Herrick spoke truly, for William Buckland, the brother of his departed Alice, leaping over a low stile, entered the churchyard, and advanced towards them.

"Ha! thou damnable villain," cried he, "art thou returned with thy vile companion to exult over her, now she is in her grave?"

"Oh, William," replied Clevelly, "do not upbraid me; 'tis punishment enough to look upon this green bank—my heart is broken."

"Nay, thy hypocrisy shall not screen thee," said the fiery youth; "I yesterday swore upon this grave that I would revenge her death; therefore prepare, for one of us must fall."

He unclasped the cloak in which he was muffled, threw it on the ground, and, drawing his sword, called upon Clevelly to defend himself. Roger essayed to unsheath his weapon,

but his trembling hand refused its office;—when Herrick spoke:—

"Courage, Master Clevelly," said he; "out with your fox, and show this clodpole a little of your fence."

"I may be left to try yours," remarked young Buckland, "but he at present is my man."

"We shall see that anon, boy," replied Herrick, with bitter emphasis. "Take your stand, young sir, my friend is ready for you."

As he spoke, Roger threw off his cloak, then, stepping a few paces aside, stood opposite young Buckland, and waited for his attack.

The miller, during his stay in London, had not, with other accomplishments, neglected to improve himself in the art of defence, but it proved of little use against the strength and impetuosity of his adversary; and, ere they had exchanged half a dozen passes, Clevelly fell on the green sward, pierced through the body. The sword of William Buckland was already descending to finish the work of death, when Herrick, unsheathing his rapier, parried the thrust with great dexterity, and presented his point so as to keep off the infuriate young man. Enraged at this interference, he attacked Herrick with great fury, but at the first lunge, his sword bent like a bull-rush, and the blade and handle became red-hot! With a shout of terror he dashed the weapon to the ground, and fled from the churchyard with the speed of lightning, not doubting but that he had crossed swords with the fiend himself. Herrick smiled at his affright, then sheathing his weapon, directed his attention to the wounded youth, whose blood was fast flowing from the deep wound he had received—so fast, indeed, that nothing but prompt assistance could prevent his dying on the spot. Raising the body in his arms, Herrick bore it home, and summoned Dorcas to his assistance, who was about to send for a surgeon, when he interposed, and, after placing the body in Roger's own chamber, began to strip and examine the wound, which he dressed with great care and skill. An hour had passed ere Roger returned to consciousness, and when he did, he found Herrick and Dorcas watching by his side.

The arrival of one or two of the neighbours was at the same time announced, and they entered the room with open mouths, and with the evident intention of demanding an explanation of the strange scene in the churchyard; but Dorcas very unceremoniously showed them into another room, and

bidding them wait a few moments, returned to her patient, whom she found supported by pillows, in earnest, though faint, conversation with Herrick. A word or two which she overheard, induced her to draw back, and she saw that Herrick held a parchment in the one hand, and a pen in the other, which he offered to Clevelly.

"Pshaw! this is foolery," said he, perceiving him irresolute; "subscribe your name, and health and boundless wealth are yours for years to come."

Roger's reply was scarcely audible; but she could distinguish that he refused to sign.

"Then die in thine obstinacy and guilt," said Herrick; and he was turning from the bed, when Roger motioned him to return—and again they spoke together; when, suddenly, the wounded man sprung up convulsively in the bed, and, clasping his hands wildly together, cried—

"Aroint thee, fiend!—In the name of Heaven, I charge thee be gone!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when Herrick's frame seemed to dilate and tremble—his eyes streamed forth a supernatural light—and, with a diabolical smile of disappointed malice, the tempter immediately disappeared? No light or vapour accompanied his departure—it seemed as though he had suddenly dissolved into air. Dorcas and the neighbours rushed into the chamber, and, as one of them drew aside the window curtains, the morning sun burst with all its radiance into the apartment; it fell upon the face of the wounded man—now clad in the pallid livery of death, and disclosed to their view all that was mortal of the ill-fated Miller of Winkleigh!

HAVILAND HALL.

The Baron stroaked his darke browne face,
And turned his heade aside,
To wipe away the starting teare
He proudlye strove to hide.

"Here, take her, Child of Elle," he saide,
And gave her lilly white hande—
"Here, take my deare and only child"——
Child of Elle.

The experience which Henry the Seventh had acquired in his youth, whilst in England and during his exile abroad, from observing the proud and factious spirit of the English nobility, taught him, as the first step towards securing a quiet possession of the throne, to curb that turbulent disposition which existed among the powerful barons, and which had been so fatal to the peace of the nation, during the reigns of his predecessors. Disdaining all control, these feudal lords maintained a number of followers, and encouraged all the needy and mercenary who could boast of any skill in arms—an accomplishment surpassing all others in those days, when might so frequently triumphed over law and justice. The sanguinary and devastating wars of the rival Roses had created a spirit of disaffection and rebellion throughout the land. Travelling was at all times dangerous; and, even in London, though surrounded with walls, the lives and properties of the citizens were not always secure. During the reign of this crafty and politic prince, the arts were encouraged, commerce revived, and the carriages lately employed in the service of the contending parties, were now laden with merchandise; then many villages, and even some towns, in England first arose; and the gloom and desolation which had overspread the kingdom gradually dispersed. The people, tired of a long and sanguinary civil war, gladly hailed the return of peace, and were not to be easily roused again into rebellion, as may be seen from the failure of the two attempts of Simnel and Warbeck.*

* The adventures of this youth far exceed the wildest fiction, and his untimely fate cannot but excite our commiseration. His real pretensions are to this day a subject of dispute, for we are told that the confession extorted from him by Henry was so full of contradictions, that it raised doubts in the minds of some who were before disposed to consider him an impostor.

During the time of the violent struggles we have alluded to, there stood, between the town of Fairford and the little village of Marston Maisey, in Gloucestershire, a castellated building, held by Sir John Haviland, a knight of an ancient and honourable family, whose ancestors had dwelt there from the time of the Norman conquest. He was devotedly attached to the house of Lancaster, and, when an appeal to arms was made by the two factions, he sold the greater part of his estates, and joined the standard of Henry, with his two sons, who were destined to return no more. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Robert, the eldest, was slain by an arrow, and the youngest fell at Hexham, while bravely defending his father from the attack of a band of spearmen, led by Sir William Maltravers, a knight of gigantic stature, who savagely slew him, after he had been beaten down and disarmed. In this battle, Sir John himself received several wounds, some of which were too serious to admit of his ever taking the field again. A cross-bow bolt had shattered the bone of his left arm so dreadfully, that it was rendered entirely useless.

Vexed at being thus incapacitated, and inwardly vowing to be revenged on the destroyer of his son, the bereaved father returned to his home almost heart-broken. Perhaps he would have sought his own death by rushing into the midst of his enemies, had not the recollection of his daughter, now fast growing up to womanhood, withheld him. Who would protect her in those unsettled times, if he should fall? It was the gentle Agnes who made his life supportable, and in her society he sought to bury for awhile the recollection of his loss. But there were times when the remembrance of his sons' death flashed across his brain, and made the unhappy father curse the faction that had torn asunder the ties of friendship and kindred. Robert had died in his arms, as he vainly endeavoured to pluck the arrow from his breast, and Edward was struck, mangled and bleeding, to the ground before his face.

The remembrance of those scenes would often recur, when the pain of his many wounds had occasioned a temporary delirium; and nought but the attentions of his beloved child could soothe his mind, and make existence endurable. Beautiful she was—fit subject for a poet's pen, or painter's pencil: and her mind was fitted for such a shrine. Although she had numbered scarce twenty summers, there lacked not wealthy suitors for such perfection.

Her father was a man of great learning for that rude age, when some of England's stoutest knights could neither read nor write; but he was not the less skilled in warlike exercises, and had done good service on the part of the weak-minded Henry and his Amazon Queen; indeed, this had considerably reduced his possessions; and, when he returned home, the coldness of those of his neighbours who had not taken part in the quarrel, stung him to the quick. But he concealed his indignation, and appeared but little abroad, seldom venturing to leave his estate, unless upon particular occasions.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his sons, during which time the deadly feuds of the Roses had raged with unabating fury. At length the Yorkists prevailed, and Henry was in their power; but not long after, Queen Margaret landed in England, accompanied by her son, resolving to try the issue of another battle; and, encamped near Tewkesbury, she waited the approach of Edward.

Sir John had heard of the landing of the queen, and, although he forgot not the heavy losses he had sustained by espousing her cause, he would have gladly joined her standard, had not his wounds rendered him incapable of bearing arms. The knight was well aware that a battle must be fought as soon as the two armies met each other, and he anxiously awaited the result of the combat.

One evening in the month of May, Sir John sat in a small room, which he used as a study: he had once or twice attempted to read, but the agitation of his mind would not allow him. His jewelled fingers held down the leaves of a splendidly illuminated book, but his eye wandered from the page, and glanced sorrowfully on a suit of battered armour, which stood in one corner of the room. A lance, a sword, and a mace hung against the wall; they had been once wielded by a vigorous and skilful hand, but were now to be used by their possessor no more! He thought on the time when he had vaulted on his horse amidst the shouts of his retainers, armed in that harness which he was never to fill again: he thought also on the fate of his two sons, and then on his only remaining child, his beautiful and virtuous Agnes: no marvel that his book was unheeded. He sat for some time in this mood, until night had closed in, when the clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear. He listened attentively. Had the battle been fought?—It might be a party of the conquerors come to burn and spoil his dwelling—no, it was a

single horseman. Scarcely had the thought risen in his mind, when a servant entered, and informed him that a traveller who waited without, required a night's shelter under his roof, having been attacked by a band of men, who had slain his servant. The knight commanded them to show the stranger every attention, and, having descended into the hall, welcomed him with much courtesy.

In answer to Sir John's inquiries, the stranger, in a few words, informed him that his name was Godfrey Maltravers, and that he was on his way to Cirencester, when he was waylaid by a party of men, who killed his only attendant, and that he had escaped through the fleetness of his horse.

"Ay, ay," said Sir John, "some of the cursed fore-riders belonging to one of the armies which must now lie in the neighbourhood; but, I hope, sir, they have not despoiled you of any valuables?"

"No, nothing, save a jerkin and hose, which my poor knave had strapped behind him."

"'Twas lucky that you escaped with your life, sir; these are unsettled times, and the strongest arm takes most. What ho! Will, a flagon of malmsey and a pasty, for my guest."

In a few minutes a table was spread, and a venison pasty, together with a large gammon of bacon, and a flagon of wine, were set before the stranger, who ate heartily. Having finished his repast, he begged to know the name of his entertainer.

On the knight's replying to this question, the stranger's face was flushed for a moment, and then turned deadly pale; but Sir John noticed it not, and desired a servant to bid the Lady Agnes attend him. She shortly entered, and was introduced by her father as his daughter—his sole remaining child. The breast of the stranger heaved, and a burning blush passed across his fine and manly countenance, but the knight attributed this to bashfulness; his guest was but a youth, and had, perhaps, been little in the company of females; but Godfrey's emotion was occasioned by a far different feeling. He knew that his father, Sir William Maltravers, was the man who had slain the son of his kind and hospitable entertainer, whose hall now sheltered him in a time of danger and uncertainty. It was fortunate that Sir John knew not the name of the destroyer of his son or his dwelling might have been a scene of violence, perhaps of bloodshed, but he had never learnt the name and title of the man who had done him such irreparable injury.

The beauty of Agnes made a strong impression on young Maltravers, who more than ever regretted the fierce rashness of his father. He saw clearly that there was little hope of a union with the family who had suffered such a loss by the hand of his parent; and when night arrived, he retired to rest, his mind disturbed by a multitude of painful reflections. Sleep fled his couch, and when morning dawned, he arose unrefreshed. After dressing himself, and preparing for his daparture, he passed out from his bed-chamber, when the first object he beheld was Agnes.

Great was his astonishment on perceiving her at so early an hour; but, ere he could utter a word, she moved softly away on tiptoe, and waved her hand. Godfrey followed her until she had descended into a lower apartment, when the maiden, while her heart throbbed wildly, said—

"Fly from this place, if you value your life, sir! you are known to one of my father's men."

"Known, dearest lady?" faltered young Maltravers.

"Ay, known as the son of the fierce man who destroyed my poor brother," replied Agnes, while her blue eyes swam with tears; "but fly, if you would not suffer a dreadful death. My maid told me yesterday, that our falconer, who was with my father at Hexham, swore that you are the son of our enemy!—'twill soon reach my father's ears."

"Oh, dearest lady, how shall I express my gratitude—but, believe me, I had no share in your brother's death."

"Talk not of that now—quick, to the stables, and ride hard, for my father will soon be stirring."

"But how shall I pass the gate?"

"I have the keys here—haste, or you will be lost."

She led the way to the stables, and Maltravers, with all haste, saddled his horse. The gates were cautiously unlocked. He pressed the hand of Agnes to his lips, while his sobs impeded his voice; but the danger was great, and, vaulting on his steed, he faltered "Farewell," and soon left the hall behind him.

Leaving Godfrey Maltravers on his way we must return to Haviland Hall.

As the morning advanced the knight arose, and, breakfast being laid in a small room adjoining his study, he waited the presence of his guest. Agnes shortly entered, pale and dejected.

"Why, what ails thee, my child?" inquired Sir John, as he kissed her pale cheek, "thou hast been weeping." Agnes

pleaded illness, and took her seat by her father, who wondered at the absence of his guest. After waiting for some time, a servant was sent to rouse him from his slumbers, when it was discovered that he had fled.

The old knight was astonished beyond measure at the disappearance of his guest, and, concluding that he was some adventurer who had paid him a visit with a sinister intention, desired his servants to look to the plate and other valuables; when, in the midst of the confusion, the falconer came, and informed his master that he had entertained the son of his deadly foe.

Words cannot paint the astonishment and chagrin of Sir John, upon his receiving this intelligence. He stood for some moments as if paralyzed, then, stamping furiously on the floor, he desired that his park-keeper should attend him, and, striding into his study, slammed to the door with great violence, while Agnes, alarmed for the safety of the fugitive, to whose flight she had been a party, flew to her chamber to conceal her agitation.

In the meantime her father paced the room with hurried step; at times stopped and looked on his battered harness, then struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and vented his rage in a low half-stifled voice, by excitement rendered inarticulate, and resembling the growl of an angry wolf. A tap at the door of the study roused him.

"Enter" he cried; and a man strode into the room, cap in hand. He was rather under the ordinary height, but broad-shouldered and muscular, his face was full, but distinctly marked, and his hair was cut quite close to his head; his neck was bare and brawny, and his face, by constant exposure to the weather, had become of a dark brown. His dress consisted of a coarse tunic of green, with trunk hose of red serge, and buskins of buff leather. A short sword hung at a belt, which was buckled tight round his body. His whole appearance bespoke the perfect woodsman.

"Wat Stapler," said the knight, "thou hast been a faithful follower of mine for these twenty years—Harkee, I have need of thy assistance; quick, don thy jazerant."*

"I have left it with Will, the armourer, at Fairford, to be mended," said Wat.

"Take this, then," reaching a jazerant from the wall:

* JAZERANT.—A frock of twisted or linked mail, without sleeves, somewhat lighter than the hauberk worn by the knights.

" haste, and on with it; and, look ye, get your bow and three of your best shafts; begone! and come to me as soon as thou art ready."

Wat left the room, but in a few minutes returned, armed with the knight's mailed coat, and a sallet or light iron cap. He carried his bow in his hand, and bore on his elbow a small target or buckler, like those worn by the archers of that period.

" That's my nimble servitor," said the knight; " and now saddle Cob, my gelding, take the bloodhound, and ride after the fellow who left here this morning:—and, harkee, Wat," in a suppressed voice, " see that he travel no more—thou knowest what I mean? thou hast sharp shafts, and a trusty bow—give him not the same vantage as thou wouldst thine own enemy—he is *mine!* shoot him from his horse, ere he know that thou art near him!"

Wat stopped not a moment to question this command: it was enough that it was given by his master, whose word with him was law. In less than five minutes he passed out on the knight's own horse, at full speed, followed by the hound. After riding a short distance, Wat distinguished the marks of the fugitive's horse's hoofs, and the dog was immediately laid on. He well knew that Maltravers would find it difficult to pick his way over a part of the country with which he was unacquainted, and he doubted not that he should come up with him before he had got far.

Godfrey Maltravers was at no great distance. He heard the yelp of the dog, and a cold tremor ran through his frame, as he discovered that he was pursued. Wat, though he could not see his victim, knew well that he was not far off; he therefore increased his pace, and moved on rapidly. In the mean time, the object of his pursuit had struck out of the road, and galloped across the country. It was not long before a brook stopped his progress: he beheld it with joy, as he well knew it was the only refuge from the enemy that tracked him.

" Now, my good steed," said he, " bear thy master through this trial, or he will never press thy trusty sides again."

He plunged into the brook as he spoke. The stream was swollen, but the noble animal swam with its master for several yards, when the water became shallower. Fearing to land again, Godfrey dashed down the stream, which ran through a wood at a little distance, and arrived there just in time to

escape from the view of his pursuers, who came up to the brook as he entered the wood. Wat swore deeply, on finding that he was baulked.

"Ah! 'tis of no use, Fangs," said he to the hound, as he saw the animal run sniffing up and down the bank of the stream. "We have been tracking an old hand; let us both return and prepare our backs for the cudgel."

After several fruitless endeavours to regain the scent, Wat turned his horse's head towards home. He soon reached the hall, and, having replaced Cob in the stable, he repaired to Sir John's apartment.

"Well, Wat," said the knight, eagerly, "hast thou revenged me?"

"No," replied he, sullenly, searee knowing what to say—"he has escaped."

"Ha! thou knave!" cried Sir John, starting on his feet; "escaped, did'st thou say? Then am I foiled, and through thy mischance—there, villain, take with that thy master's malison!"

As he spoke, he struck Wat a violent blow on his broad chest, which, spite of the jazerant he wore, made the woodsman stagger, and proved that the knight had one powerful arm left. The blood mounted in Wat's dark face—his eyes flashed fire, and, with a thrust of his hand, he sent the knight reeling to the wall—then grasped the handle of his short sword, which he half unsheathed; but it fell back harmlessly in its scabbard; its wearer's head sunk upon his breast—a tear fell on the floor, but the foot of the woodsman was quickly drawn over it, and he stood motionless for several moments, without speaking.

"Wat," said the knight, after a long pause, "thou hast raised thy hand against thy master."

"I have," interrupted Wat; "and will not the poor worm turn on the foot that treads it down?—I am your vassal, 'tis true; I have eaten of your bread these twenty years, and never received a blow before. You are my master, or your blood should wash this floor!"

"These are high words for one of thy stamp," said the knight, in a tone of remonstrance, fearing to anger the resolute woodsman, whose temper was always mild and gentle, except when roused. "A rope and a swing from the wall would have been thy fate, if thou hadst some masters; but thou hast served me faithfully"——

"And been struck like a dog, in return," said the woodsman.

"Nay, nay, Wat, dwell not on that—but how came the springald to escape?"

"He made for the brook, and balked the hound—'twas no fault of mine."

"Well, well," continued the knight, in a calmer tone, "it can't be helped now; but I am vexed at his escape. His father slew my Edward when the poor boy lay on the ground disarmed and wounded."

Sir John drew his hand across his face as he spoke, and wiped away the tear which hung on his eyelid. Wat's rude nature was softened.

"My honoured master," said he, "would I had known that yesternight—you should have been revenged."

"I know thee, Wat—I know thee," said the knight; "and methinks thou hast had time to know thy master, and bear with him when he speaks thee harshly. Here, let this make amends."

He placed several gold pieces in Wat's hand. The woodsman received the money on his broad palm, looked earnestly at it for several moments, then let it slip between his fingers, and it fell on the floor.

"I will not take it, Sir John," he said; "my master's love and protection is the only wage I crave."

He then abruptly left the room, before the knight had time to reply.

"Strange fellow!" exclaimed the knight; "there's not a pampered knave on my poor estate who possesses half thy feeling—thou, at least, art faithful."

We must now return to Godfrey, whom we left, after he had baffled his pursuer. He held on his way at full speed, until he had quite cleared the wood, when he resolved at all hazard to inquire of the next person he met, the way to the town of Tewkesbury. It was not long before he obtained the necessary information, and found that he had deviated considerably from the right road. After an hour's hard riding, he came in sight of the town, and beheld the tents of the Lancastrian forces spread over the fields; while, from one of the largest, the queen's banner floated in the breeze. Various bodies of soldiers were in motion, and their armour and weapons flashed brightly in the morning sun. The host of figures which dotted the landscape added to the beauty of

the scene, above which rose the Cotswold hills covered with the verdure of spring, while, ever and anon, the hum and "note of preparation" came borne upon the gale.

It was not long before a body of mounted soldiers appeared advancing rapidly into the plain. The Lancastrians perceived their approach, and a large party of their fore-riders pushed forward to attack them. They met in a narrow lane, and in an instant a wild shout arose, and a cloud of dust obscured the combatants. Godfrey raised himself in his stirrups for a moment, then, driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, rode hastily towards them. As he approached, he could easily perceive his father's pennon fluttering over the heads of the party, while cries of "A Maltravers! A Maltravers!" were echoed by upwards of two hundred voices. Though armed only with his sword, he dashed boldly forward, and struck down a rawboned figure, who had engaged his father.

"Thanks, my boy," cried Sir William, as he clove the head of his nearest foe, "thou hast arrived in time. Ha! these rogues give ground! upon 'em knaves!—Hurrah!"

The knight spoke truly: the Lancastrian soldiers were broken by the charge of the remainder of his followers, who had now come up, and fled precipitately. To have pursued them, would have been to rush upon the main body of the queen's army, which was now drawn up.

"Ay, there they go, helter-skelter, as if the devil drove them!" said the knight, as the scattered troop scoured back: "we must not follow them."

He wiped the bloody sword as he spoke, on his horse's mane, and, sheathing it, received his son in his mailed arms, with an embrace that made Godfrey writhe with the violence of the pressure.

"And now, my boy," said he, "let us return, or we shall have a fresh body upon us—see, the king is approaching:—I have a suit of harness ready for thee."

The party galloped back to some distance, and waited the arrival of Edward's army, which approached slowly. First came a troop of light horsemen, armed with jack and iron pot, and carrying long lances; then followed a band of archers, covered with dust and sweat, and greatly exhausted by their long march, their bows strung, and an arrow ready in the hand, while their leaden mells were slung at their backs. A body of men-at-arms came next, and then several pieces of artillery drawn on clumsy and unwieldy carriages.

The king followed, surrounded by his friends and brothers, arrayed in a suit of polished steel; his rich surtout, emblazoned with the arms of England and France quarterly, soiled with dust and dirt, from the toilsome march. A page rode by his side, and carried his gilded helmet, which was ornamented with white plumes. A large body of spearmen and bill-men, to the number of several thousands, came next; then another band of archers, and then a horde of ragamuffins, who followed the army in the hope of obtaining plunder. Arriving on a more open ground, they began to form, while the king's brothers, Clarence and Gloster, left him, and took their respective posts.

The Lancastrian force immediately moved forward, and prepared for battle. In the meantime, Sir William had procured a suit of armour for his son, who now rode by his side. The fight soon commenced with great fury; but the particulars have so often been described, that it would be unnecessary to repeat them here. The Lancastrians, as it is well known, suffered a signal defeat, and were chased off the field with great slaughter. Many noblemen fell in the unnatural combat, and the queen's son * was most barbarously murdered by Edward and his brothers, after he was taken prisoner.

The news of the battle soon reached the ears of Sir John Haviland, who foresaw the danger he was in from the marauders, who had been introduced into the neighbourhood, and who now, under pretence of taking vengeance upon those who were hateful to the House of York, prowled about the country, committing all sorts of disorders. He therefore kept his gates closed, and summoned his servants together. His worst fears were realized; for, on the following morning, a party of men arrived at Haviland Hall, and demanded admittance. In answer to the knight's questions, they informed him that they were Lancastrian soldiers, who had escaped from the battle, and begged that he would assist them with

* The murder of this prince is a foul stain upon Edward and his brothers, although it could hardly be said to have been done in cool blood, as the pursuit was not ended when he was brought before the conquerors. Of all the domestic troubles under which England has suffered, the wars of the Roses stand pre-eminent for ferocity. There fell, on either side, during these sanguinary and unnatural conflicts, which may be said to have ended only with the death of Richard the Third, three kings, a prince, eleven dukes, a marquis, seventeen earls, a viscount, and twenty-four barons, besides many knights, and a countless host of common men!

food and money. Not doubting the truth of this story, Sir John desired his servants to admit them; when they threw off the mask, and gave the signal for plunder. The most costly tapestry was soon torn from the walls; the plate and other valuables were seized, and the knight himself treated with the greatest indignity. Sir John was unable to resent these outrages; his household were too weak to make resistance, and he retired to one of the remotest apartments, with his daughter the Lady Agnes, in the hope that the villains would depart after they had been satiated with plunder.

The leader of the band was a man of great stature and strength. A frock of mail over a leathern jerkin descended as low as his knees; his head was defended by a scull-cap of iron, and from a belt with which he was girded hung a ponderous sword and a long dagger. Walter Harder had been engaged in, and had shared in the plunder obtained in the various battles between the rival houses. His undaunted bravery made him a great favourite with the desperate band he led, who were inured to every kind of hardship and danger. He was now most active in encouraging his fellows to plunder, and in a short time the place was stripped of everything valuable. Several pipes of wine had been brought from the cellars into the hall, and their contents had rendered these marauders still more wild and boisterous. In the midst of the uproar Walter Harden thought of Agnes.

"Comrades," said he, "we have wine, but where is the beauty who fled from us when we entered?—shall we not have her here to grace our carousal?"

A loud roar of assent rose from the band; and Walter, rising from a bench on which he had been seated, staggered out of the hall in search of the lady, followed by three or four of his comrades. After searching for some time in vain, they came to the room into which the knight and his daughter had retreated. The door was fastened on the inside, and resisted the efforts of all but Walter himself, who with his foot dashed it into the middle of the apartment, and discovered Sir John, his daughter, and Wat Stapler. The marauder reeled towards the maiden, when Wat interposed, but was besired by his master to remain quiet.

"Fair mistress," said Walter, "we have much need of your company below, for we find your sex passing scarce in this country. Pr'ythee, give me thy hand.'

He took the hand of Agnes as he spoke, and threw his arm around her waist, when Wat suddenly started forward,

and stabbed the ruffian with his short sword. So deadly was the thrust, that the weapon passed through his neck, and came out on the other side full a hand's-breadth. Walter Harding fell to the ground with a gasp, and expired, while his companions sprung upon Wat Stapler, and, though he wounded one of them severely, disarmed and bound him. He was instantly dragged below, with fierce oaths. Loud were the execrations of the band, when they heard of the death of their leader; and they held a council how they should punish the slayer, who was brought before them. Some advised that he should be hanged; others, that he should be thrown headlong from the walls; while a third party proposed that he should be roasted over a slow fire. Several archers begged that he might be made a target of, and bound to a tree as a mark for their arrows. The latter proposition received the assent of the greater part of the band, and Wat was led forth to death.

Sir John and the Lady Agnes were shut up in another room, and one of the band was placed as a guard at the door. The knight's fears for his own safety were forgotten, when he thought on the treatment his child would probably receive from the ruffians, after they had wreaked their vengeance upon Wat. He buried his face in his hands, and remained for some moments insensible to the entreaties of Agnes, who besought him not to despair. At length a flood of tears came to his relief.

"Alas! my child," cried he, "'tis not for myself that I grieve—I can but die—while thou wilt be given up to the brutal violence of these demons."

As he spoke, a hollow sound, like the noise of horses' hoofs was heard, and the next moment a wild cry of alarm sounded without, mixed with the clash of weapons, and cries of "Maltravers! Maltravers to the rescue!" The name acted upon Sir John like an electric shock—

"Ah!" he exclaimed, while every limb was palsied with emotion—"my enemy is come to look upon my ruin, and strike the last blow!"

"Dearest father!" said Agnes, "if it be Sir William Maltravers and his son, we may yet hope"——

But the knight heeded not what she said. The noise without increased, and blows and shouts were distinctly heard, while the man stationed at the door of their prison forsook his post, and ran down stairs. In a short time the noise became fainter, and sounded more distant, while footsteps

were heard ascending the stairs; the bolts which fastened the door were withdrawn—it opened, and Godfrey Maltravers entered, his drawn sword in his hand, and his right arm splashed with blood.

"Sir John Haviland," he said, sheathing his sword, "you are free; the hell-hounds, who have plundered ye, are scattered by my troop."

"Oh! youth," cried the knight, in a half-stifled voice, "I did thee wrong; but forgive me—thy father"——

"Fell at Tewkesbury," said Godfrey. "Let not your wrath descend into his grave: believe me, he sorely repented him of your son's death."

Then may Heaven pardon him, as I do!" ejaculated Sir John, emphatically; "but how shall I find words to thank thee, gallant youth? I am poor in worldly goods."

"Oh, say not so," interrupted the young soldier, "while so fair a maiden calls you father." Then turning to Agnes, whose face was suffused with blushes, he said, "Dear lady, to you I owe my life—say, can constant love requite you?"

Agnes spoke not: she placed her small hand in the gauntletted palm of Godfrey, while the old knight pronounced his blessing on the pair. The union of the lovers took place after Godfrey's term of mourning had expired. His timely arrival had rescued Wat from his perilous situation, and the sturdy woodsman forgot not the service. Sir John lived to behold a group of chubby grandchildren smiling around him, and died at an advanced age, after seeing the factions of the Red and White Roses for ever extinguished.

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

PART II.

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

PART II.

A TOUR TO THE NORTH.

THE ACCIDENT—THE SCHOOLMASTER—THE VETERAN—THE VICAR.

Being on a tour to the North, I was one evening arrested in my progress at the entrance of a small hamlet, by breaking the fore-wheel of my phæton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the next town, from which I was now sixteen miles distant, I directed my steps to a small cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbour, sat a man of about sixty, who was solacing himself with a pipe. In the front of his house was affixed a small board, which I conceived to contain an intimation that travellers might there be accommodated. Addressing myself, therefore, to the old man, I requested his assistance, which he readily granted; but, on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his house all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more so, as there was no inn in the village. It was not till now that I discovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification that he was the schoolmaster, and probably the secretary to the hamlet. Affairs were in this situation, when the vicar made his appearance. He was one of the most venerable figures I had ever seen; his time-silvered locks shaded his temples, whilst the lines of misfortune were, alas! but too visible in his countenance. Time had softened, but could not efface them. On seeing my broken equipage, he addressed me; and when he began to speak, his countenance was illumined by a smile. "I presume sir," said he, "that

the accident you have just experienced, will render it impossible for you to proceed. Should that be the case, you will be much distressed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodation for travellers, as my parishioners are neither willing nor able to support an ale-house; and, as we have few travellers, we have little need of one; but, if you will accept the best accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your service." After expressing the sense I entertained of his goodness, I joyfully accepted so desirable an offer. As we entered the hamlet, the sun was gilding with his departing beams the village spire, whilst a gentle breeze refreshed the weary hinds, who, seated beneath the venerable oaks that overshadowed their cottages, were reposing themselves after the labours of the day, and listening attentively to the tale of an old soldier, who, like myself, had wandered thus far, and was now distressed for a lodging. He had been in several actions, in one of which he had lost a leg, and was now, like many other brave fellows,

> ——————"Doom'd to beg
> His bitter bread through realms his valour saved."

My kind host invited me to join the crowd, and listen to his tale. With this request I readily complied. No sooner did we make our appearance, than I attracted the attention of every one. The appearance of a stranger, in a hamlet two hundred miles from the capital, is generally productive of surprise, and every one examines the new comer with the most attentive observation. So wholly did my arrival engross the villagers, that the veteran was obliged to defer the continuation of his narrative, till their curiosity should be gratified. Every one there took an opportunity of testifying the good-will they bore my venerable host, by offering him a seat on the grass. The good man and myself were soon seated, and the brave veteran resumed his narrative, in the following words:—"After," continued he, "I had been intoxicated, I was carried before a justice, who was intimate with the captain, at whose request he arrested me before I had sufficiently recovered my senses, to see the danger I was encountering. In the morning, when I came to myself, I found I was in custody of three or four soldiers, who, after telling me what had happened, in spite of all I could say, carried me to the next town, without permitting me to take leave of one of my neighbours. When they reached the town it was market-day, and I saw several of the people from our village

who were all sorry to hear what had happened, and endeavoured to procure my release, but in vain. After taking an affecting leave of my neighbours, I was marched to Portsmouth, and there, together with a hundred more, embarked for the coast of Africa. During the voyage, most of our number died, or became so enfeebled by sickness, as to make them unfit for service. This was owing partly to the climate, partly to the want of water, and to confinement in the ship. When we reached the coast of Africa we were landed, and experienced every possible cruelty from our officers. At length, however, a man-of-war arrived, who had lost several marines in a late action, and I, with some others, was sent on board to serve in that station. Soon after we put to sea, we fell in with a French man-of-war. In the action I lost my leg, and was near being thrown overboard; but the humanity of the chaplain preserved my life, and, on my return to England, procured my discharge. I applied for the Chelsea bounty, but it was refused me, because I lost my limb when acting as a marine; and, as I was not a regular marine, I was not entitled to any protection from the Admiralty. Therefore, I am reduced to live on the good will of those who pity my misfortunes."

The village clock now striking eight, the worthy vicar rose, and, slipping something into the old man's hand, desired me to follow him. At our departure, the villagers promised to take care of the old man. We returned the farewell civilities of the rustics, and directed our steps to the vicarage. It was small, with a thatched roof; the front was entirely covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, which strongly scented the circumambient air. A grove of ancient oaks that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook, that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the distant barkings of the trusty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the hamlet, formed a complete concert. On entering the wicket, we were met by a little girl of six years old. Her dress was simple, but elegant, and her appearance such as spoke her destined for a higher sphere. As soon as she had informed her grandfather that supper was ready, she dropped a courtesy and retired. I delayed not a moment to congratulate the good old man on possessing so great a treasure. He replied, but with a sigh, and we entered the house, where everything was dis-

tinguished by an air of elegant simplicity that surprised me On our entrance, he introduced me to his wife, a woman turned of forty, who still possessed some remains of beauty, and had much the appearance of a woman of fashion. She received me with easy politeness, and regretted that she had it not in her power to entertain me better. I requested her not to distress me with unnecessary apologies, and we sat down to supper. The little angel, who welcomed us at the door, now seating herself opposite to me, afforded me an opportunity of contemplating one of the finest faces I had ever beheld. My worthy host, observing how much I was struck with her appearance, directed my attention to a picture which hung over the mantelpiece. It was a striking likeness of my little neighbour, only on a larger scale. "That, sir," said he, "is Harriet's mother. Do you not think there is a vast resemblance?" To this I assented, when the old man put up a prayer to Heaven, that she might resemble her mother in everything but her unhappy fate. He then started another topic of conversation, without gratifying the curiosity he had excited concerning the fate of Harriet's mother; for whom I already felt myself much interested.

Supper being removed, after chatting some time, my worthy host conducted me to my bedchamber, which was on the ground floor, and lined with jessamin, conducted in at the windows. After wishing me good night, he retired, leaving me to rest. The beauty of the scenery, however, and my usual propensity to walk by moonlight, induced me to leave my fragrant cell. When I sallied forth, the moon was darting her temperated rays through the shade that surrounded the cottage, tipping the tops of the venerable oaks with silver. After taking a turn or two on the lawn, I wandered to the spot "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It was small, and, for the most part, surrounded with yew trees of an ancient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered into dust. No sooner did I enter, than my attention was caught by a pillar of white marble, placed on the summit of a small eminence, the base of which was surrounded with honeysuckles and woodbines, whilst a large willow overshadowed the pillar. As I was with attention perusing the epitaph, I was not a little alarmed by the approach of a figure, clothed in a long robe. The apparition continued advancing towards me with a slow step, and its eyes fixed on the ground, which prevented it observing me till we were within reach of each other Great was my

wonder at recognizing my worthy host in this situation; nor was his astonishment less at finding his guest thus courting the appearance of goblins and fairies. After each had expressed the surprise he felt, I proceeded to inquire whose dust was there enshrined. To my question he returned answer—"There, sir, sleeps Harriet's mother, an innocent, but unfortunate woman. Pardon me, sir," said he, "if for a moment I indulge my sorrow, and bedew my Harriet's grave with tears—a tribute that I often pay her much-loved memory, when the rest of the world are lost in sleep." Here he paused, and seemed much agitated. At length, he requested my permission to defer the recital of Harriet's woes till the next day, as he found himself unequal to the task of proceeding in the painful detail. To this proposal I readily acceded, and we returned home. I retired to my room, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. Harriet had so wholly occupied my thoughts, that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, "when soared the warbling lark on high," I left my couch, and rejoined my worthy landlord, who was busily employed in the arrangement of his garden. Though I declined mentioning the subject of our last night's adventure, yet he saw the marks of anxious expectation in my countenance, and proceeded to gratify the curiosity he had inspired. "It will be necessary," said he, "before I proceed to relate the woes that befel my daughter, to give a short sketch of my own life. Six-and-twenty years ago, Mrs. —— came here for the benefit of her health, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. On her arrival, she gave out that she was the daughter of a clergyman, who was lately dead, and had left her in narrow circumstances. I thought it my duty to visit her, and offer her any little attention in my power. She received me with politeness, and expressed a wish to cultivate my acquaintance. I continued to repeat my visits for some time, without suspecting that there was anything particular in her history; till one morning I found her in tears, reading a letter she had just received. On my entrance, she gave it to me; it contained a notification from Lord B——'s agent, that her usual remittances would no longer be continued. On opening this letter, I was led to suppose that her connexion with Lord B—— was not of the most honourable nature. But all my suspicion vanished, on her producing several letters from Lord B—— to her mother, with whom he had

been long connected. From those letters I learnt, that Mrs. —— was the daughter of Lord B—— by Miss M——, sister to a Scotch baronet, whom he had seduced and supported during the remainder of her life. But he had, it seems, determined to withdraw his protection from the fruit of their connexion. Mrs. —— declared she knew not what step to take, as her finances were nearly exhausted. I endeavoured to comfort her, assuring her that she should command every assistance in my power. On hearing this, she seemed a little satisfied, and became more composed. After sitting with her some time, I returned home, to consider in what manner I might most easily afford protection to the young orphan, whose whole dependence was on my support. If I took her home to live with me, as I was unmarried, it would give offence to my parishioners. My income was too confined to admit of my affording her a separate establishment. Thus circumstanced, I determined to offer her my hand. You will, no doubt, say it was rather an imprudent step for a man who had seen his fortieth year, to connect himself with youth and beauty; but, as my brother was then living, it was impossible for me to render her the least assistance on any other plan. She received my proposal with grateful surprise, and accepted it without hesitation. In a few days we were married, and have now lived together six-and-twenty years, in a state the felicity of which has never been interrupted by those discordant jars, which are so frequently the concomitants of matrimony; though, alas! our peace has received a mortal wound from one, the bare mention of whose name fills me with horror!—But, not to digress; before the return of that day which saw me blessed with the hand of Emily, my happiness received an important addition, by the birth of a daughter, who inherited all her mother's charms. It is superfluous to add, that she was equally the idol of both her parents; and, as she was the only fruit of our marriage, she became every day a greater favourite. My wife had received such an education as rendered her fully capable of accomplishing her daughter in a manner far superior to anything her situation required, or, perhaps, could justify. To this agreeable employment, however, she devoted her whole time; and when Harriet had reached her eighteenth year, she was in every respect a highly accomplished woman. She was become what that picture represents her. With an amiable temper and gentle manners, she was the idol of the village.

Hitherto, she had experienced a state of felicity unknown in the more exalted stations of life—unconscious, alas! of the ills that awaited her future years.

"It is with reluctance that I proceed in the melancholy narrative. One evening, as a young man, attended by a servant, was passing through the village, his horse startled and threw him. Happening to be on the spot at the time, I offered every assistance in my power, and, conveying him to my cottage, despatched his servant in quest of a surgeon, who declared our patient was not in any danger, but recommended him to delay his departure for a day or two. His health, however, or rather his love, did not admit of his travelling for near a fortnight; during which time he established his interest with Harriet, by the most pleasing and unremitting attention to her slightest wishes. When about to depart, he requested leave to repeat his visit, on his return from his intended tour, dropping, at the same time, some distant hints of his affection for Harriet, to whom he was by no means indifferent.

"Mr. H—— (for so our guest was named) informed us, previous to his departure, that he had a small independent fortune, but that, from a distant relation, he had considerable expectations. After bidding an affectionate adieu to Harriet, he set out on his intended tour, which lasted a month.

"During the time of Mr. H——'s absence, Harriet appeared pensive, and I observed with pain, that he had made no slight impression on her heart. At length Mr. H—— returned, and Harriet's reception of him left us no room to doubt her attachment. During his second visit, he was very assiduous to secure the favour of all the family: with Harriet he easily succeeded; nor were Mrs. T—— or myself disposed to dislike him. His manners were elegant, and his wit lively. At length he obtained from Harriet the promise of her hand, provided her parents should not object. Hitherto I had never been induced to make any inquiries concerning his circumstances and character. Now, however, by his direction, I applied to a Mr. E——, a clergyman of his acquaintance. This gentleman, now in an exalted station in the church, informed me that Mr. H—— was in every respect a desirable match for my daughter; and that, whenever his cousin should die, he would be enabled to maintain her in affluence and splendour. He added, that his character was unexceptionable. Little suspecting the villanous part Mr. E—— was acting, I readily consented to the proposed union, and performed the

ceremony myself. Mr. H—— requested that their marriage might be kept a secret, till the birth of a son and heir. This proposal rather alarmed me, but it was too late to retreat; and, knowing no one in the great world, it was impossible for me, previous to the marriage, to procure any account of Mr. H——, but such as his friend communicated to me. Thus circumstanced, I could only consent; and, as Harriet readily adopted every proposal that came from one she so tenderly loved, the matter was finally agreed on. After staying a few days, he set off for London, but soon returned, and passed the whole winter with us; and, in the spring, Harriet was delivered of that little girl you so much admire. I now pressed him to acknowledge my daughter as his wife. To this he answered, that had she brought him a son, he would readily have complied with my request; but that his cousin was so great an oddity, that he could not bear the idea (to use his own expression,) of having his fortune lavished in a milliner's shop: 'but,' added he, 'if you insist upon it, I will now risk the loss of all his fortune, and introduce my Harriet to his presence.' Harriet, however, again interfered, and desired that Mr. H—— might not be forced into measures that might in the end prove destructive of his future prospects, and induce him to regret the day he ever saw her. These arguments prevailed, and Mr. H—— was suffered to continue as a member of the family, without any farther notice being taken of the subject. In this manner had three years elapsed, undistinguished by any remarkable event, Mr. H—— generally passing half the year with us, and the remainder in London, attending, as he said, on his cousin: when one day, as he was sitting with us at dinner, a chaise and four drove up to the house. The servants inquired for Mr. H——, and, on hearing he was there, opened the carriage door. A gentleman, dressed like an officer, jumped out, followed by a lady in a travelling dress; they rushed immediately into the room. Their appearance amazed us; but Mr. H—— betrayed the most visible consternation. The lady appeared to be about thirty. She was a woman by no means destitute of personal charms. The moment she entered the room, she seized upon Harriet, and, loading her with every horrible epithet, proceeded to indulge her passion by striking her innocent rival. On seeing this, an old servant of mine seized the lady, and forcibly turned her out of the house, then fastened the door. It was not till now that we perceived the absence of Mr. H——, who had, it seems, retired with the lady's companion. Whilst we were still lost

in amazement at the transaction we had just witnessed, we were alarmed to the highest pitch by the report of a pistol. Harriet instantly fainted. Whilst Mrs. T—— was recovering her, I flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there found Mr. H—— weltering in his blood, with a pistol lying by him. I approached, and found him still sensible. He informed me that the lady's brother and he had fought, and that, seeing him fall, they had both escaped as fast as possible. I instantly procured assistance, and conveyed him to the house, where he was put to bed, and a surgeon was sent for. Meantime, Harriet had several fits, and we were very apprehensive that the hour of her fate was approaching. On the arrival of the surgeon, he declared the wound Mr H—— had received, would probably prove mortal, and recommended the arrangement of his affairs. Mr. H—— received the news with great agony, and desired that I might be left alone with him. No sooner was this request granted, than he addressed me in the following terms:—'In me, sir, behold the most unfortunate, and, alas! the most guilty of men. The lady, whose ill-timed visit has cost me my life, is—I tremble to pronounce the word—my wife.' Seeing me pale with horror, he proceeded. 'No wonder, sir, that you should behold with horror one who has repaid unbounded hospitality by unequalled villany. The bare remembrance of my own guilt distracts me. The awful hour is fast approaching, when I must receive my final doom from that Heaven whose laws I have so daringly violated. To redress the injuries I have committed, is, alas! impossible. My death will be an atonement by no means sufficient. I cannot, however, leave this world till you shall be informed, that ten thousand pounds, the whole of my property that is at my disposal, has long ago been transferred by me into the hands of trustees, for the benefit of my much injured Harriet and her unhappy infant. In my own defence I have nothing to urge; suffer me only to remark, that my misfortune arose from the avarice of my father, who forced me into a marriage with the woman you lately saw, and whose brother has been the instrument, in the hand of Providence, to inflict on me the doom I so much merited. If possible, conceal from Harriet that I was married. Picture, for her sake, an innocent deception, and tell her that I was only engaged to that lady. This will contribute to promote her repose, and the deception may possibly plead the merit of prolonging a life, so dear to

von. For the elevated mind of my Harriet would never survive the fatal discovery of my villany. But, oh! when my unhappy child shall ask the fate of him who gave her being, in pity draw a veil over that guilt which can scarcely hope to obtain the pardon of Heaven.' There he ceased, and, uttering a short prayer, expired. Happily for Harriet, she continued in a state of insensibility for three days, during which time I had the body removed to a neighbouring house, there to wait for interment. Having addressed a letter to Mr. H——'s agent in town, he sent orders for the body to be removed to the family burying place, where it was accordingly interred. Harriet recovered by slow degrees from the state of happy insensibility into which the death of Mr. H—— had plunged her. Her grief became silent and settled. Groans and exclamations now gave way to sighs, and the bitter tears of desponding grief. She seldom or never spoke, but would cry for hours together over her hapless infant, then call on the shade of her departed Henry, little suspecting the irreparable injury he had done her. It was with infinite anxiety I beheld the decline of Harriet's health. Prone as we ever are to hope what we ardently desire, I now despaired of her recovery. Whilst, in a state of hopeless inactivity, I was doomed to witness the lingering death of my lamented Harriet, I received a visit from an old friend. On his arrival, I allotted him the apartment formerly inhabited by Mr. H—— and Harriet. About midnight he was awakened by some one entering the apartment. On removing the curtain, he discovered, by the light of the moon, my adored Harriet in a white dress. Her eyes were open, but had a vacant look that plainly proved she was not awake. She advanced with a slow step; then seating herself at the foot of the bed, remained there an hour, weeping bitterly the whole time, but without uttering a word. My friend, fearful of the consequences, forbore to awake her, and she retired with the same deliberate step she had entered. This intelligence alarmed me excessively. On the next night she was watched, and the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that after quitting the fatal apartment, she went to the room where her daughter usually slept; and, laying herself down on the bed, wept over the child for some time, then returned to her apartment. The next morning we waited with anxiety for her appearance at breakfast; but alas!"—Here a flood of tears afforded to my friend that relief which he so

much needed; and we returned to the house. After passing some days with this worthy couple, I proceeded on my tour, quitting with reluctance the abode of sorrow and resignation. Those whom the perusal of this tale may interest, will, if ever they visit the banks of the Alna, find that the author has copied his characters from nature.

THE RING AND THE MENDICANT.

A TALE OF FRANKFORT FAIR.

"Alas! alas! that thus my dearest love
Should turn my bitterest foe, and
Drive me to the jaws of death and misery."

[It is, or rather was, a commonly believed opinion in Germany, that gifts are frequently bestowed on mortals by the powers of darkness; who in return exact impossibilities, and, on the non-fulfilment of their demands, seize on their unfortunate victims and destroy them.]

"To-morrow is Frankfort Fair; shall you go?" was the question asked by many a village girl and wealthy merchant. The high-road from Darmstadt, always well frequented, was more thronged with passengers: merchants conveying the products of all countries; luxuries for the rich; necessaries, or articles which custom had rendered so, for the poorer classes; travellers who wished to be present at so celebrated a fair; country people who hastened to buy a stock of such articles as they were in want of; not a few near inhabitants, who went to view the preparations for the morrow; and, lastly, a large number of beggars, who joyfully anticipated a plentiful harvest.

About two miles (English and German) from Frankfort, there sat, on the bank which lined the road, a mendicant who silently pleaded for the charity of passers-by. There was something peculiar in this man, which distinguished him from the other beggars who crowded the road. His age did not appear to exceed fifty, although many hairs purely white were intermingled with the raven locks that once shaded his

forehead. His countenance looked aged, the lines of care were deeply imprinted on his brow; they appeared to have been caused rather by bodily pain and torture, than mental grief, for his eyes, large, bright, and expressive of energy, betrayed little or nothing of concealed care. His attire consisted of the merest rags, and he supported himself by leaning with both his hands on a large stick, while a ragged cap lay before him, containing the small coins which charitable persons had bestowed; his head remaining, of course, bare. His look was now meek and lowly, although it required not much penetration to discover it was assumed, and that his real disposition was very different. Had he been observed attentively, it must have been noticed, that though he bent to all who bestowed on him alms, that he glared after them with apparent rage, and that a muttered curse broke from his lips; while, on the other hand, those who passed on without noticing him, or perhaps merely with scorn, were surveyed with evident satisfaction. None, however, thought of observing the motions of an old mendicant.

It was now sunset; the golden rays of the brightly setting orb of day gleamed on the distant spires of Frankfort; and the concourse of passengers seemed rather to increase than diminish. At this time there came riding by, a young lady of exquisite beauty, and evident high descent; she rode with that elegance and true dignity, which nought but noble birth can bestow. Her age appeared about eighteen, and with her veil down, consequently permitting but such a transient and occasional view of her face, as the wild zephyrs capriciously chose to allow; she surveyed, with evident surprise and curiosity, the moving mass of persons pursuing the same route as herself. She was attended by a middle-aged man, who rode at a respectful distance behind her, and, carefully watching all passers, appeared anxious to guard his young mistress from insult. A turn on the road showed her the being we have described: her gentle bosom was touched with pity, and, reining in her well-trained steed, she threw two rix-dollars into his cap, and then, smiling kindly on him, rode forward. The mendicant bent lowly, and, after she had passed, his usual half-muttered, half-mental curse burst forth. it reached the ears of her attentive retainer, who, darting a look of rage upon the beggar as he passed, cried—

"Wretch that thou art! is this thy gratitude? If thy life were worth taking, I would destroy thee on the spot."

"Hold! hold!" screamed the mendicant, "one instant only."

A sentiment of curiosity induced the servitor to [illegible] his horse.

"Has thy mistress a lover?"

"What if she has?"

"I wish"—and the wretch grinned with diabolical malice—"I wish that she may cause the destruction of his body and soul!"

The bright sword sprung from its scabbard: ere he buried it in the body of the speaker, a glance assured this faithful servant that his mistress was out of sight; and, merely darting a look of contempt on the object of his rage, he rode off. The latter surveyed him, as he speedily disappeared, with looks of satisfaction mingled with hate, lifted the rix-dollars from his cap, placed them in his bosom, and resumed his meek and humble appearance.

Amongst the multiplicity of passers, there almost immediately followed a young man, splendidly dressed, evidently of superior rank; his horse, gaily caparisoned, pranced cheerfully along, and by his looks one would judge that the heart of his rider felt not a single care. And, in good truth, the heart of the young, handsome, amiable, and rich Count Roque Schlemil, had hitherto experienced but a very trifling portion of those manifold ills with which poor mortality is tormented. The looks of the beggar caught his eye, and he drew up his horse precisely opposite to him, searched one pocket, then another, and it became apparent that his purse had been forgot.

"Good old man," he said, with kindly accent, "I would willingly tender thee assistance, but my purse I have forgotten: be here to-morrow morning, and I will repay thee for this disappointment."

"Thanks, sir," answered the mendicant, "for thy kind intentions: I will be here to-morrow, and will then bestow on you a thing which is necessary for your perfect happiness."

The count looked on him with some disdain: he continued:—

"Smile, Sir Noble, an' ye will, but so it is; without that which I can give, you never can be happy."

Roque had ridden off without listening to the last words.

"What," thought he, "can I want, which that wretched being can bestow? I am rich—I am tolerably handsome—I am a universal favourite—the lady whom I have chosen loves me, and, two days after the fair, we are to be united. Oh! 'tis evident this poor being is insane:" and he smiled with contempt.

"Many a slip between the cup and the lip," says the old proverb; and so it proved, even with Roque, though a wealthy Count of the Holy Empire. Shortly afterwards, the eye of Count Schlemil suddenly brightened: he raised himself in his stirrups, peered forward with surprise and delight—then dashing the spurs furiously to the sides of his courser, sprung forward.

"Ah! Philip!" he ejaculated, addressing the servitor whom we have noticed before, and who returned this salutation with a low bow; "is that the lady Rosalie?"

"Ay sir," was the reply.

"Why, what has brought her here, in this crowded road, this evening?" and then, without waiting for an answer, another instant conveyed him to the side of his lady-love. We will suppose the first congratulations over, and then Roque expressed his unfeigned astonishment, that the lady Rosalie Steindorff should choose so dusty a road for her evening ride.

"The fact is, dear Roque," answered she, who had relieved the beggar, "something more than a mere wish to breathe the evening air, has brought me here: I wish to make a purchase at Frankfort."

"Indeed!" replied Roque, as much offended as he could possibly be with one whom he adored: "when I inquired, fair lady, for your commands at Frankfort, this morning, you assured me that you had none; if you had thought proper to mention that you must go in person, you well know that I should have been transported to have accompanied you." A pause ensued. Roque looked offended, and Rosalie confused. A few more minutes passed, and he added:—

"Perchance my presence was not desired: as I scorn to intrude, I will wish you, fair lady, a pleasant ride, a safe return, and success to your mission, whatever it may be;" the last words with no trifling degree of bitterness. He turned his horse's head from hers; but when Rosalie glanced towards him, some minutes afterwards, he was still riding by her side: a thoughtless laugh escaped her, and his proud spirit became thoroughly inflamed.

"By Heaven! this is beyond endurance!" and, spurring his horse, he moved quickly forward, and would now, in reality, have departed, had not the soft voice of Rosalie in an instant changed his purpose.

"Dear Roque," she said, and her eye glistened with a ready tear, "I have pained you!—will you pardon me?" As

she spoke, her hand was extended: need we recount the Count's answer? After a few minutes, Rosalie continued.—

"In truth, the commission on which I am now employed, this very morning was not needed."

"I can swear, Rosalie, it is some charitable impulse which leads you now to Frankfort."

"I blush to own, Roque," and she cast her eyes down, "it is the most selfish purpose which induced me to bend my steps to yon city. I see you ready to dispute the fact; and I will therefore state the real motive, and thus most willingly convince you. It is a dream, Roque."

"A dream!"

"Yes—a mere unsubstantial, airy vision. I know you thought me superior to such weakness; but, alas! Roque, I am often but a mere, weak woman."

"A divinity! a goddess! with just enough of mortal failings to convince us you belong to earth! But tell me about this dream."

"Well, then, to tell my story briefly: yesterday I visited Frankfort, for the purpose of choosing some trifling articles of jewellery; among the other curiosities, I beheld a ring formed of a green diamond set in gold, and this, the jeweller assured me, was the only one ever made. I felt a foolish wish to possess it, and inquired the price: fifty florins, however, I thought too much, and consequently did not become the purchaser. No thought of this ring lurked in my mind, when, this afternoon, scarce two hours since, sleep suddenly overpowered me, and I fancied that a voice murmured in my ear, 'Rosalie, unless the green diamond ring is thine, no happiness will abide in thy bosom. Haste to secure it.' Oh, Roque, that voice, so deep, so solemn! it yet sounds in my ear. The impression this vision has made upon my mind is most powerful. Though my heart condemns the folly of my conduct, as I know you do, yet I feel—I feel, the words are truth; I shall be miserable if I do not possess that ring."

"Then, dearest Rosalie, your wish shall be gratified; I will—but stop, have I permission to accompany you?"

The conversation which ensued may be easily imagined, and is of no relative importance to our story: enough will it be to say, that Philip discovered his young mistress stood not in need of his protection.

To the lovers it seemed that scarce a minute had sufficed to carry them to Frankfort; and, leaving their horses in charge of Philip, they entered the shop of the jeweller. Unwilling

to confess that she had come wholly to purchase the toy, she desired to view his collection of rings. These the bowing man of trade immediately exhibited, and Rosalie hastily surveyed them: a sudden emotion paled her cheek.

"You alarm me!" cried Roque; "dearest Rosalie, what causes this agitation?—are you ill?"

"Oh, Roque! the green diamond ring is gone!" and she clung to the table for support.

In the eyes of the Count this agitation, nay, even horror, because a trifling bauble could not be obtained, appeared ludicrous; and he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Rosalie possessed a large stock of pride, like all the German nobility, and, like all handsome ladies, a portion of vanity; and both these were violently offended by the unlucky risibility of the Count.

"Laugh, Sir Count," she angrily said, "an' ye will: this I assure you—until you bring me that ring, I will not again behold you;" and she haughtily left the shop.

"Dearest, hear me! oh, forgive my folly!" frantically cried the Count, as the difficulties which might attend his search flashed across his mind. He caught her hand, it was instantly withdrawn, and, giving it to Philip, he assisted her to mount, and then followed towards the castle of the Baron de Steindorff.

Poor Roque remained in a species of stupor, leaning against the doorway of the jeweller; and the latter, pitying his evident distress, soothingly said—

"Do not be grieved, sir; the lady's whim, I have no doubt, we can easily gratify." Hope catches at straws.

"Think you so?—as how?" eagerly demanded Roque.

"The ring was purchased of me last night by a merchant with whom I am acquainted: it was his intention to proceed to Vienna, and offer the curiosity to the attention of the nobility there resident. He purposes, however, staying here during the fair, and has taken up his abode at but a trifling distance hence. If you please, I will send one of my men with any offer you like to make."

"Ay, do so; for the ring I will give any sum; ten times its worth."

The man was sent, and Roque remained in a state of the most miserable uncertainty until his return. He felt convinced that Rosalie was deeply offended, and that nothing but a speedy fulfilment of her commands would satisfy her wounded pride. At length the man returned, but brought

the unwelcome intelligence that the merchant had sold the ring, at a large advance on the original price, to a man with whom he was perfectly unacquainted, some hours back.

"Can you not make another, precisely similar?" demanded Roque.

"No, sir; that is impossible: it is the only green diamond I ever beheld, nor do I believe there is another in Europe."

Roque was now in perfect despair; he paced the shop with all the gestures of madness; and, in fact, was little short of a lunatic. Suddenly, the mysterious words of the mendicant occurred to his memory, and, darting out, he vaulted upon his horse, and, urging him to his utmost speed, sought the spot where he had met with the old beggar. The sun was now below the horizon, but the groups of wayfarers were still numerous. With feverish haste, Roque sought the spot where he had met the mendicant—he was gone.

"He said the morning," gloomily muttered Roque. "Well! I will be here; probably he will assist me."

"Ay, that he will," said a voice from one of the groups of passers, apparently in reply to some preceding observation of a companion; but Roque seized it as a favourable omen, and bent his way towards his own magnificent mansion, which stood about half a mile from the castle of the Baron de Steindorff, the father of Rosalie, and eight times that distance from Frankfort.

"And yet," thought Roque, when the solitude of his chamber prevented other ideas from disturbing his mind, "the chance that a miserable old man, forced to beg for daily subsistence, should be able to procure me a green diamond ring, is poor indeed; the very idea is absurd;" and yet, though convinced of his folly, he clung to it pertinaciously. And thus it is with human nature; we are ever credulous in believing that which we wish to be true, however ridiculous it may appear to a dispassionate observer. Roque slept little that night; and the earliest peep of dawn found him riding along the road where he had, the preceding evening, seen the mendicant.

Long ere Rosalie had reached her father's castle all her anger had vanished, and had given place to softer emotions: she forgot the impertinent laugh of her lover, and recollected only the deprecating sorrow which was pictured on his face, as she withdrew her hand, and scorned his entreaties for pardon. The ring was no longer thought of, or only regarded as the fatal cause of a serious quarrel. Deeply engaged in these

meditations, Rosalie had reached home without vouchsafing one look on the beautiful scene around, or wasting one thought on the pleasant evening hour. In fact, she was thoroughly dissatisfied with her own conduct, and resolved, that should not the morrow bring Roque, as usual, to the castle, to endeavour to convey to him the intelligence that she had half relented, and was ready to tender a gracious pardon, on being most earnestly entreated to do so.

Rosalie had anticipated the early morn would have seen her lover at the castle, endeavouring to palliate his fault; but she was wrong, and the morning past without his appearing: nay, even the hour at which they were accustomed to ride out together slowly fled without bringing him, and the bright summer sun shone so joyously, it could not be the weather which had detained him.

"He is offended with my foolish anger last even," thought Rosalie—for the idea that Roque was endeavouring to fulfil commands given in a moment of passion, never occurred—"and waits for me to make the first overture of reconciliation: nay, then he shall be disappointed; he was the aggressor, and must sue to me for pardon." Rosalie went to her harp, and close by it she saw lying the duet which they had practised together the preceding day; she pushed it away, and opened her desk; the first thing which met her eye was a copy of verses addressed to her by Roque; in short, everything reminded her of him, and, throwing on her cloak, she joined her father in the garden.

"Why, my love," was his first salutation, "what can have become of Count Schlemil? this is the first day which has past for months, without our seeing him."

"In truth, my father, I last night somewhat angered him; but the day is not yet past."

"True, not yet, but the evening hour is not far distant: is it a serious quarrel? I presume not, though," and the baron smiled; "suppose we ride to his house, and inquire whether he is willing to be reconciled, as I will swear the offended party is?"

"Oh, no!—at least I will not go myself, for he was the aggressor."

Was he? what did he do, then—anything very heinous?"

"He laughed at me, and now you are going to do the same."

"And is that all, Rosalie? Nonsense, come with me; I will be the peace-maker. But pause—yonder is his favourite

servant, Hoffman, riding at full speed towards us, bringing despatches full of prayers for pardon, and entreaties for kind smiles, I doubt not;" and Rosalie blushed with pleasure, and was not able to conceal her delight at this intimation. A short time passed, and Hoffman, cap in hand, was seen approaching them from the castle. There was a something of ill tidings in his face, which made Rosalie shudder, and a half presentiment of evil caused her to cling more closely to her father's arm.

"Well, Hoffman, what news from your master? Why has he not been here?—is he ill?"

Hoffman seemed thoroughly amazed at this address: he stood, without attempting an answer, first playing with the cap in his hands, and then looking at the baron and his daughter, with stupid astonishment. But Steindorff well knew that Hoffman was anything but stupid, and that his attachment to his master was remarkably strong. This knowledge induced him to surmise that some event had occurred which Hoffman was unwilling to detail, although he could not prevent his anger, on beholding the servitor stand so immoveable, from partly bursting forth.

"Why, how now! stupid fellow? tell us what thou hast to say, quickly. Surely thy master's wine cup and thee have been forming acquaintance!"

"Oh, no, my lord, not so; but my dear, kind master, what is become of him? He went out early this morning, and has not yet returned: we thought he was here; and despatches of importance have arrived from Vienna, which should be answered immediately."

"And is that all, you foolish fellow? Your master has, doubtlessly, gone to view the fair, and, having discovered some of his companions there, is spending the day jovially. But in truth he might have asked me to have accompanied him—a favour which I would have granted with pleasure. Come, cheer, fair daughter of mine, Schlemil is but endeavouring to forget thy displeasure in ruby wine, and, when tired of that, will fly to thee for pardon. And, as to those despatches, let them take their chance—the morrow must serve."

"Alas! my lord! I fear your conjectures are wrong," replied Hoffman, mournfully, nothing elated by the cheerful manner of the baron: "many circumstances induce me, and the steward, and all Count Schlemil's household, to imagine that some ill has befallen him. He never went to bed, but was pacing his chamber all night, and he has taken a very

large sum of money with him, and the groom that saddled his horse at dawn, this morning, says that he appeared in a state of violent agitation; and, moreover, my lord, the horse which he rode has been found on the high road to Frankfort, without a rider, and the saddle slipped from its place, and"—

Rosalie had grown fainter and fainter during this relation, and now hung, devoid of sense or feeling, in the arms of her alarmed parent. Without waiting to hear the remainder of Hoffman's statement, the baron bore her to the castle, and here her numerous maidens sought by every means to restore animation; but it was long ere Rosalie awoke once more to life and misery.

* * * * * *

Roque was but a young lover; he fancied that the command of his mistress once given must be positively executed, ere he could again present himself in her presence. Consequently, instead of hasting to the castle, as Rosalie had anticipated, and there seeking to make his peace by exerting his power over her affections, he sedulously endeavoured, by every means which he could employ, to perform the exact commands, which she, impelled by momentary anger, had imposed upon him.

On arriving at the spot where the mendicant had been seated the preceding day, he discovered no traces, as yet, of him, and was forced to parade about for several hours, ere that important personage appeared. As the morning advanced, all the love and despair which tormented the heart of Roque, could not prevent the pangs of hunger becoming violent; and, finding that the being he wished to behold did not arrive, he directed his steps to Frankfort, and, forcing his way through the crowded streets, sought a place wherein to break his fast, which is, especially to a German stomach, most unbearable. A few minutes sufficed to satisfy his hunger, and he turned once more towards that place which had been the station of the beggar. There he sat, precisely in the same posture as the preceding evening, his eyes wearing a meek and lowly look, bent on the ground, and the cap, meant to shelter his head, lying by his side, tacitly imploring the contributions of the charitable. Roque stopped his horse before this being, and addressed him thus:—

"Good-morrow, friend; here am I to perform my promise," and he threw a florin in the cap. The beggar looked at him inquiringly, as he lifted the coin and placed it in his bosom."

"Hast thou no motive save that of charity, Sir Count, for being here so punctually?"

"Yes; you promised to bestow on me something which should render me happy. Can you fulfil your words?"

The mendicant smiled maliciously. "What can I give which can render the lot of Count Schlemil more felicitous?"

"I desire," replied Roque, "a ring formed of a green diamond set in gold. I do not suppose you possess so singular a curiosity, but can you direct me where to procure it? Well shall you be rewarded." In spite of his hopes and fears, Roque could scarce forbear smiling, when he reflected on the absurdity of his request; and yet, a strange sensation of joy fluttered in his heart, when he observed that it was heard without any expression of absolute denial. A short pause ensued.

"Within the miserable hut which shelters these aged limbs from the angry elements, I have a box which doth contain some few most curious articles, gathered in my long intercourse with the world; I know not, Sir Count, if there is in it that which thou desirest, but if thou wilt follow, we will search together."

"Surely," said Schlemil, impatient by nature, now doubly so, "surely you must well know if possessed of so valuable a jewel; satisfy all doubts, and say you have it?"

"Nay, nay, if I must answer thee without delay, I would say, I have it not."

"Hold! rather than receive that fatal answer, I will follow and search with you."

The old man rose, replaced the cap upon his head, and, leaning on his stick, moved in an opposite direction to that which led to the city. Roque rode by his side, by no means relishing the smiles and jeers of the passers, commenting upon the strange companion he had chosen, and inquiring what relationship bound them together. Willingly would he have immolated these jesters on the spot, but the beggar, aided by his staff, moved tolerably fast; and he feared, that should he lose sight of him, all chance of obtaining the ring would likewise vanish. This consideration induced him to suppress his ire, although his fiery looks expressed with what difficulty this command of his passions was retained. His companion appeared not to hear the words of those around him, nor to heed their motions; deep thought enveloped his faculties. Suddenly he stopped; it was about the centre of the forest, through which winds the road from Darmstadt to Frankfort.

"Sir Count," he said, "you must dismount; we turn to the left, and no horse can thread these dark intricacies."

"And wherefore must we enter this gloomy labyrinth?" demanded Roque: and he thought, perchance, this is some snare, and murderers lurk in yonder shades.

"The roof which shelters me is reared within it; once more, dismount and follow me;" and he entered among the trees.

Although boiling with rage at these imperative words, the all-powerful motive which had hitherto impelled the Count still possessed its sway, and, springing from his saddle, he followed the mendicant. The gallant steed, unused to liberty, immediately bounded away, and, in his joyful gambols, displaced the saddle, and, being found shortly afterwards by some of his master's retainers, gave rise to the alarm which quickly spread throughout the household.

No word escaped the lips of either Roque or his conductor, as they threaded the gloomy shades; the latter appeared once more lost in thought, and the former was agitated by many conflicting sensations, although he closely watched the motions of his mysterious companion. For nearly an hour did they traverse where no path marked an approach to human habitations; not, indeed, without causing many expressions of impatience from Roque, most of which were unanswered by the mendicant, and others replied to merely by inquiries, whether he would wish to return without obtaining his object.

"Patience, young noble," he would sneeringly add, "is the most necessary ingredient of life!"

It was now noon: the heat would have been excessive, had not the leafy trees prevented the burning rays of the sun from descending into the wild forest glades they were traversing.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Roque, stopping suddenly, "I will go no further—you do but mock me."

Without words, the beggar silently pointed to where the trees, growing somewhat widely apart, disclosed a rudely constructed hut; a few seconds brought them upon the little knoll where it stood, and the mendicant, lifting the latch, entered, followed closely by his companion. It consisted of one room, desolate in its appearance, and without the slightest article of furniture, save one old stool, and a large chest; a quantity of fire-wood was piled in one corner, and on the hearth yet glimmered a few dying embers, apparently the remains of a huge fire, which had burnt away. Seating himself

on the stool, the beggar looked at Roque, and, pointing to the wood, said—

"Throw some on the fire!"

It is impossible to describe the rage which inspired the bosom of the Count at this command. Folding his arms proudly on his breast, he angrily said—

"If you have the jewel which I require, produce it immediately: if not, I will immolate you on the spot."

"Truly, Sir Count," (sneeringly.) "a valorous exploit, nathless, I will excuse your replenishing the fire; but reach me yon box; it is that which doth contain my riches."

Roque commanded himself sufficiently, although with much difficulty, to execute this order, and dragged it to where the old man sat, who applied a key to the padlock which secured it, and lifted the lid. Roque peered in with curiosity; it comprised a strange medley of articles:—mouldy crusts, bones, bits of rusty iron, several pieces of gold, divers articles of jewellery, and a human skull. This last the beggar lifted, presented it to the Count, and smiling, with a peculiar expression, uttered—

"Seest thou this, Sir Noble? ah! thou shudderest! yet this must thou come to!" He threw it from him with force: it rolled across the stone floor, with a sound which to Roque appeared frightful. It is well known that a human skull, when rolling on the ground, produces a noise resembling no other in nature. The mendicant continued searching in the chest, and then produced a ring.

"Is this what thou desirest?" He held it towards him: Roque snatched it eagerly, and a joyful exclamation passed his lips.

"Yes, yes! this is the green diamond ring!—thy price!—be speedy—what is thy price?"

"My demands are moderate: perform one action which I shall name, and the ring is thine."

"Say, what must I do?"

"First swear to execute what I shall dictate."

"Assure me, that it militates not against my honour, my religion, or my country, and I will readily swear—not otherwise."

The mendicant laughed.

"Vain mortal! what is thy honour? A phantom, a bubble a vision of air; created by man, and worshipped by its creator. And what is thy religion? Merely a certain form

to which long habit hath rendered thee attached. Truly, and well dost thou perform its ordinances. Thou acknowledgest a certain faith to be true and real, and yet actest contrary to its most earnest precepts: thou confessest its doctrines to be most wise, and dost that which is essentially different. And what is thy country? merely a small space of the globe, whose inhabitants differ from their fellow-beings, and accord with thee, in language and dress. I make no conditions: swear to perform what I shall name, and the ring is thine."

"This is mere trifling! nay, worse than trifling—it is a juggling attempt to hide the villany of that which you wish me to perform, under the mask of deception. No! I will not swear. Name what you esteem the value—it shall be yours."

A short pause followed; a dark and gloomy look of disappointment hung on the visage of the beggar; suddenly, a gleam of satisfaction shone in his eyes, and he ejaculated—

"Give me, then, its weight in gold."

Roque was amazed, and he surveyed the speaker with a glance, expressive of his amazement.

"The weight of this! why, man, thou art mad; it scarcely weighs a single ounce."

"Diamonds, Sir Noble, weigh heavier than they appear to do: I shall be contented with what I have specified. Do you accept my offer?"

"Willingly. I will give you double its weight;" and he laughed somewhat contemptuously.

"Agreed! I hold you to your promise."

He produced a pair of scales from the chest, and, throwing the ring in on one side, placed some ancient weights against it.

"Two ounces, Sir Count, is its weight; you promised me double: you are, therefore, indebted to me four ounces of pure gold; if the debt is not discharged ere the bright sun sheds its last rays on Frankfort, dread the consequences; a broken faith with me is ever fearfully revenged."

"That last absurd threat, old man," replied Roque, his joy at having procured the ring, struggling with his passion at these rude words, "might have been spared: I will pay thee instantly." It has been already stated, that Roque took a large sum of money with him, when he left his home in the early morn, for the purpose of securing the ring, at whatever price the avarice of the seller might dictate; this, he now

recollected, had been securely placed within a portmanteau attached to his saddle, and, of course, left with his horse in the public road.

"I have," he said, "left the gold with which I purposed to pay you, with my horse; if you will return with me, I will give you what you demand."

"That must not be. I move not from here until you have fulfilled your portion of the contract. Swear to do so ere the sun has sunk, or if not, return to me yon sparkling jewel."

"I swear to give you the gold ere sunset: by all my hopes of happiness, I swear."

The mendicant, apparently satisfied, amused himself by looking over the multifarious contents of the chest, saying, as he did so—

"If the horse, Sir Count, is thy reliance, it is but an unstable one, for, as we entered the forest, I saw him fly down the road to Frankfort."

This was extremely unpleasant news for Roque; not because the loss (though a large sum) would injure his fortune, but it was all the ready gold which he could command without the assistance of his steward, and that would employ time.

"I must to my castle, then," he said, thoughtfully; "farewell, old man, I will return by the appointed time;" and he quitted the hut.

* * * * * *

It was several hours ere Roque reached the gate of his castle: the bewildering path through the forest, and his own confusion of ideas, had rendered it no easy task to retrace his devious way; and when he summoned the porter to admit him, it wanted scarce an hour to sunset.

"Desire Mein Herr Claud to attend me in the library," he said, and, rushing through the crowd of menials, whom the return of their young and well-loved master had called to the spot, he entered the apartment he had named, and threw himself on one of the settees with which it was furnished Ere the feeble old steward appeared, a variety of ideas had passed athwart the brain of Roque. At one instant, the beautiful, adored form of Rosalie possessed his imagination, and then she disappeared, and the mendicant presented himself:—"Yes, he is a supernatural being! the powers of darkness are in league with him; and, if my oath is not performed, oh, God! what will be my fate! Oh, Rosalie, Rosalie," and he gazed on the declining sun, "thou hast destroyed me!"

The old steward now entered, and bowing, waited his master's commands.

"Good Peter, I want four ounces of pure gold immediately, and direct Hoffman and three others to prepare horses for themselves and me, and likewise some torches, with all possible speed."

"Your will, my lord, shall be obeyed, as far as is in my power. Your horse was found this morning on the road to Frankfort, and we all feared some accident had befallen you: we searched along the road, but could discover no traces of you; and, some time back, Hoffman hastened to the castle of Steindorff, in hopes you might be there, and has not yet returned."

"Then bid some other supply his place:—speed, Claud, speed."

The old man bowed and withdrew; Roque sat in the same posture, so deeply involved in thought, that he heeded not an extraordinary bustle in the outer passage; nor was it until a shout of joy sounded loudly in his ear, that he awoke from his waking trance, to behold Hoffman, with a countenance of most expressive delight, standing before him, and the Baron Steindorff a few paces distant, supporting the form of his now shrinking daughter.

Roque started from his seat.

"Baron, this visit is kind: Lady Rosalie—how shall I address you? Have you graciously condescended to pardon my but too momentary folly?"

"What nonsense is this?" exclaimed the baron, "the girl has been fainting and weeping all day, perplexing me most fearfully: you shall marry her directly, Roque, and, Heaven in its mercy grant she may never plague you, as she has me, this day."

Roque caught the blushing Rosalie in his arms.

"Dearest," he softly whispered, "behold, your wish is complied with;" and he placed the ring on her finger. He fancied that the look and smile which he received, well repaid all his exertions; but Roque was a lover.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Peter Claud entered, to inform his lord that his orders were obeyed, and his retinue in waiting.

The recollection of what he had yet to do flashed across his mind; he glanced upon the casement—the last rays of the setting sun played upon it He started, and a half shout escaped his lips.

"I am called!—Baron Steindorff—Rosalie—I must away I pray you abide here until my return—I will then explain;—Rosalie, dearest Rosalie, farewell!" He relinquished her from his embrace. "Hoffman, attend me!"

He rushed from the apartment, followed by his servitor, and leaving the baron and his daughter lost in amazement at his mysterious words and conduct.

A few moments more beheld Roque, attended by Hoffman and three others, wending his way at no gentle pace towards the forest: the sun sunk as they entered its gloomy shades, and it became necessary to light the torches which his caution had provided. The path was, in some degree, now remembered; and, having left their horses to the care of one man he and his three attendants traversed its dismal mazes. No word was spoken; Roque remained in gloomy thought; and, although many wondering looks passed between his astonished followers, none ventured to break the profound silence which their master observed.

Somewhat more than one hour had passed, and they found themselves on the little spot of ground before the hut. It stood about the middle of the open space which was surrounded by the aged and gloomy inmates of the forest; and when seen without the cheering light of day, and merely beheld by the aid of flashing torches, appeared the very fixed abode of wretchedness and guilt; a light was seen through the broken casement, as though a solitary lamp burnt within. The count bid his followers pause at the distance of a few yards from the door, and then demanded, in a low firm tone—

"Have either of you a bugle?"

"I have, my lord," eagerly cried Hoffman; "but surely you will not enter that place alone? allow me to accompany you?"

"No, Hoffman, no, it must not be; perchance," and a ghastly smile overspread his features, "it may be my fate to perish, and it would be most vile in me to expose another to a like fate: no, Hoffman—and yet, thy fidelity shall not go unrewarded;" he paused—drew forth his tablets, and wrote:—

"Mein Herr Peter Claud,

"I bestow on Lawrence Hoffman five hundred florins; render to him that sum, and be this your guarantee.

"Roque Schlemil."

"Give that to the steward; and Hoffman,"—the firm voice faltered;—"if I return not alive, commend me well to the lady Rosalie: tell her the last thought which I gave to earth was bestowed on her."

Hoffman knelt: big tears coursed down his cheeks.

"My lord, I entreat, I pray you not to enter there; it is well known that a forest fiend haunts that hut"—

"Ah! I knew it not! what form beareth he?"

"An aged mendicant."

"I am lost!"

A brighter blaze flashed through the casement of the hut, and a laugh was heard within, so fearful, so unearthly in its sound, that it chilled the hearts of the hearers.

"Hoffman, he gave me a ring: fool that I was, I accepted it: the condition for which he bargained is yet unfulfilled: yet will I not die without a struggle; when ye hear this bugle, break down you fragile door, and enter the hut."

The servitors bowed: Hoffman could not speak, and, with steady, unfaltering step, the count advanced, and laid his hand upon the latch. No men are braver than the Germans, and Roque possessed this characteristic of his countrymen in an eminent degree. It was not a fear of pain or death which caused his heart to flutter, and his hand to shake as he lifted the latch; it was an indefinable sensation, a species of superstitious terror, a feeling that he was about to witness, nay, to act a principal part, in some frightful scene of magic, which palsied his hand; but, in another fleeting moment he was firm, and, throwing open the door, he entered the hut. It appeared precisely as it did in the morning, save that a lamp, burning on the chest, shed a faint glow on the bare walls and miserable interior of the hovel. There sat the mendicant, exactly in the same position as the count had left him hours before, and looking as though he had literally fulfilled his words, and had not moved in the slightest degree since that time; Roque advanced, and the door fell to behind him.

* * * * * *

Hoffman, and they who had accompanied him, watched eagerly the hut which their master had entered—their torches grasped firmly in one hand, and their drawn swords in the other. A loud hum of voices reached their ears, and suddenly, the count vociferated loudly:—

"Never, by Heaven!" and then the silence triumphed again undisturbed. A few minutes passed, and the wretched casement was powerfully illumined by a strong light from within, while, at the same instant, Count Schlemil's bugle awakened the forest echoes. With one accord, they rushed forward, Hoffman first; the slight barrier was burst open, and the breathless body of their master met their gaze. No

violent mark could they discover; it would have rather appeared that his own powerful feelings and passions deprived him of life, had not his hand grasped his unsheathed trusty sword, injured as though by fire. Nothing else could they discover; and, bearing his lifeless frame, they mournfully retraced their way.

* * * * * * *

The wild tale soon reached the ears of Rosalie. Let those who love fancy what she suffered: let those who *have loved* fancy how she died. Ere the fair of Frankfort was over, that beauteous maiden tenanted the grave.

Many a bright eye was dimmed with a tear of pity, and many a manly breast marvelled at the relation, when the story was told of Count Roque Schlemil and the Diamond Ring.

THE JOURNEY OF AZIBAH.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Towards the conclusion of the 12th year of the reign of Hallam, monarch of Indostan, Ozmah, captain of the palace-guards, came into the chamber of Azibah, the son of Hedan, near the time of the second prayer, and said: "Azibah, son of Hedan, I wish the command I am going to execute, may prove advantageous to thee. Give me thy sabre, and follow me to the sultan; for such is his pleasure." The moment Azibah heard these words, he fell prostrate, and, after imploring the protection of the Prophet, said to Ozmah, "Put thy hand upon my head; the sultan is master of my life, and I am his slave!" At the same time, he delivered up his sabre, and followed him. At the bottom of the stairs, ten guards were posted, who environed Azibah, and conducted him into the presence of Hallam.

This monarch had with him only Serah, general of his forces, and Naran, chief of the Imans. Ozmah presented him Azibah's sword, and said, "Light of the faithful, Azibah, without the least resistance, hath submitted himself to thy orders: may thine enemies imitate this example." Though Azibah was not conscious of having offended in anything, yet his spirits were seized with terror: he, however, armed him-

self, so as to prevent any appearance of it in his countenance. As soon as the sultan saw Azibah at his feet, he said, "Son of Hedan, let us fall down before him that never dies!" These words increased the terror of Azibah. The sultan, the general, the Imam, the captain of the guards, kneeled down, bowed their faces towards the ground, and glorified the Prophet. Azibah, uncertain of his fate, thus implored the protection of Mahomet: "If my resolutions were sincere, when I went to pay honour to thy shrine, and to bedew with my sweat the holy Mount Arafat; if I have made it hitherto the chief delight of my mind, and the attention of mine eyes, to read over the divine book, be now my support. The computation of my days will soon, perhaps, be expired. I see already the dark and frightful angel, ready to receive me. Remember, how much faith I repose in thee: there is but one God, and thou art his Prophet."

The prayer being ended, the sultan rose up, and, turning towards Azibah, said, "Son of Hedan, I have resolved to make thee undertake a long voyage; bow down thine head." "Father of Musselmen," answered Azibah, "the voyage will be certainly long, and without return, which we must all expect to make at different times. May the most mighty and merciful God multiply thy years!" Having pronounced these words, he stretched forth his neck to meet the fatal stroke. The sultan drew the sabre, and extended his arm; but instead of severing Azibah's head from his body, he returned the blade into its sheath; which unexpected clemency drew from the assistants loud acclamations of joy. Azibah again opened his eyes, which darkness, the forerunner of death, had already closed; and Hallam, with a pleasant aspect, embraced him, and, having placed him between Naran and Serah, over against his sofa, made signs for Serah to speak to him.

"My lord," said Serah, "I have seen, and talked, with a man who was 340 years old, and who had ten more to live. He was found oppressed with chains, in the King of Golconda's camp, after his defeat; and the victory you obtained over that prince, gave this person his liberty. I detained him three days, which hardly sufficed to relate the revolutions he had seen during the course of his long life. I did not think proper to keep him any longer, so I gave him ten rupees, with his liberty to go where he pleased. He was a native of Bengal, and was called the old man of that place. His eyes were very much sunk in his head, his voice was clear, his hair and beard very nicely combed out, and as white as snow

Though his visage was full of wrinkles, yet it was enlivened with a fine fresh colour, and one might easily discover in it a gaiety, that naturally accompanies perfect health. Being asked, what means he used to attain so very advanced an age, he told me his father, who was 350 years old, had bequeathed him three doses of the water brought from the fountain in the island of Borico, by virtue of which he had been thrice restored to his former youth. I cautiously desired him to tell me in what part of the world this island was, and whether it was permitted to fetch any of the water contained in this fountain of life. He protested, he could not answer either of the questions, and that he had even several times proposed the same demands to his father, but could never be satisfied in them. I then pressed him very strenuously to inform me by what means his father came by so surprising a liquor: he always made answer, that it was a present made him by Vichnou, a god, whom he had for a long time sacrificed to. This, my lord, was all I could gather from this man. So fabulous a conclusion as that was, did not a little contribute to make me despise him; for, after what manner soever I questioned him, he still persisted in the same story."

The sultan, perceiving Serah had done speaking, looked steadfastly on Azibah, and said to him, "Son of Hedan, if the voyage I seemed to threaten thee with, could not make thee afraid, why shouldest thou dread going to the island of Borico in my service?" "Most potent of kings," answered Azibah, "I fear none but thee on earth. This instant, I range every corner of the world; and, if I fail to bring thee the water thou desirest, then sever my head from my body, and end the life of a creature no longer worthy of it." The sultan, having charged all present to conceal the secret, ordered Naran to provide everything necessary for the journey.

The next morning, as soon as Aurora had withdrawn the curtains of the East, and painted the mountains tops with glowing purple, Azibah left the city of Agra, and joined the caravan going to Cambaye. He had no equipage, and his dress was but ordinary, though he carried about him, in gold and jewels, more than the value of a common city. He generally let the company pass on before him, that he might enjoy the greater liberty of reflecting on the method of executing his commission. He was very pensive, being persuaded there was no possibility of success, and, therefore, looked upon his expedition as a banishment. "I am going," said he to himself, "to wander, I know not where, in search of a fountain, which

has, perhaps, no existence. And, even if it has, I am entirely ignorant of the country in which it is situated; and am now, perhaps, travelling the direct opposite way." These discouraging thoughts, however, at last began to give way to more pleasing sensations, and he determined either to find the fountain, or convince himself that all search was in vain. He had not travelled three days with his caravan, before he perceived he was not the only person who had avoided company to indulge reflection. A young man, well mounted, of a very agreeable aspect, seemed to be much in the same way of thinking with himself.

To meet with companions in misfortune, always, in some measure, alleviates our grief. Azibah was greatly pleased to find an associate in affliction, and determined to make him acquainted with the nature of his journey; hoping he might be able either to direct him in his way, or confirm his suspicions that there never existed such a fountain in nature. Accordingly, Azibah approached him, and, after a short conversation on general subjects, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that your spirits are oppressed by the hand of affliction: mine are also in the same condition. Let us, therefore, mutually impart to each other the causes from which our afflictions flow; perhaps each may derive advantage from the counsel of the other." To this Sebah, (which was the name of the young man,) readily consenting, Azibah acquainted him with the commands he had received from the sultan; intimating, at the same time, that he looked upon the fountain of Borico as a mere chimera.

Sebah listened with great attention to Azibah's relation, and, after a few minutes' silence, said, "Sir, I have accidentally acquired some knowledge of the situation of that famous fountain, which I shall gladly impart to you. I am the son of Rephan, a physician, well known in Sciras; and I need not acquaint you, that all the youths of that city delight in dancing, and playing on some instrument. One evening, when the heat of the season rendered the night more pleasant than the day, I left my father's house to enjoy the refreshing breeze, and played on a flageolet, as I passed along the streets. In my return home, I heard the window of a spacious house open; and, directing mine eyes towards the place, I saw, by means of the light of the moon, which was then shining in her greatest splendour, a most beautiful lady, who seemed to listen to my music very attentively. Pleased with the adventure, I stood still, and continued playing, till she withdrew from the

window; which was not till some considerable time after I first saw her. I took particular notice of the house, determining to return the succeeding evening; but, just as I reached my father's house, an arrow passed whizzing by my ear, which made me start. And, looking back, I perceived a man making towards me, armed with a bow in his left hand, and a long javelin in his right. As he approached me, he cried out, 'Traitor, though I have missed thee once, I shall be more fortunate a second time!' Seeing him alone, I took courage, drew my sabre, and, having happily parried his thrust, I gave him two wounds in the breast. He instantly dropped, and begged his life; telling me he was son to the Bashaw of Sciras. I immediately sent a surgeon to his assistance; but, knowing I had everything to fear from the fury of his father, I stayed no longer in the city, than to provide myself with a horse and money.

"I followed the high-road, till nature, overwhelmed with fatigue, required repose, when I quitted it, taking a path between two mountains, the end of which terminated in a wood. Then alighting, and tying my horse to the branch of a cedar, I laid myself down at the foot of a large wild palm-tree, where I slept till Aurora visited the earth with her enlivening beams. On my waking, I was much surprised to hear the voice of a man speaking in the following manner:—

"'Now is the precious hour, child, that the genii appear under different forms, to princes who delight in executing justice, and to tyrants who deserve punishment. Oh, child! couldest thou, as clearly as I, foresee this moment, then wouldest thou behold some employed in the dark shades of Mezanderan, to drive the lions and tigers from their dens, in defence of the innocent in oppression, and admire the facility of others, in rendering the hydras and griffins tame and familiar.'

"I had not patience any longer to listen to so strange a discourse, without having a curiosity to see the person that delivered it. So, advancing softly, from one tree to another, I came to a pretty thick grove of laurels, where, concealing myself, I had the advantage of discovering, without being perceived, a grave old man, dressed in a long brown robe, and a young maid sitting near him, in a blue veil, which covered every part of her, except her face and hands. Her eyes were modestly fixed on the old man, whom she seemed listening to with great attention. I showed myself, and by that means interrupted their conversation. At my appearance the young maid drew her veil over her face, and the old man arose and

met me. 'You behold,' said I, 'a traveller distressed by hunger and fatigue, compelled to crave your assistance.' 'By Ali!' replied he, 'thou art most heartily welcome; the sages were never inhospitable. The charity I show you, will serve as a new instruction for my daughter. Go, refresh yourself in our retreat; we will join you in an hour.' He showed me, at the same time, a little path, which following, conducted me, after several turnings, into a grotto.

"Though the entrance was very narrow and obscure, yet it was sufficiently light within, and contained several apartments. A slave, to whom I declared my distress, and the charitable intentions of his master, set before me raisins, pistachios, fresh dates, white bread, and an excellent liquor from the palm-tree. Whilst I was employed in satisfying the cravings of nature, I desired him to go in search of my horse, describing, as well as I could, the place where I left it. The slave accordingly departed; and, after I had eaten and drank sufficiently, my curiosity prompted me to visit every corner of so romantic a habitation. The most remote cavity of the grotto formed a cabinet, filled with books, talismans, and figures of all kinds of plants and animals. Here I amused myself for some time, and, casting my eyes towards the farther part of the cavity, I saw, against the rock, the following inscription, in letters of gold:—'Reader, whoever thou art, that hast been favoured to approach this secret recess of the sages, ponder this, and be wise:—Reverence the Most High, seek wisdom, love mercy, and be a shield of defence to the innocent: then shall thy years be prolonged, unassisted by the waters of Borico; nor shall any plagues or misfortunes approach thine habitation.' While I was attentively perusing this inscription, the old man approached me, saying, 'Son, let the precepts of that writing be engraven, in living characters, on the table of thy memory.' I thanked him for his kind advice, and desired him to explain what was meant by the waters of Borico. 'My son,' said he, 'in the kingdom of Sofala, in Africa, is a large lake, in the midst of which are several islands, and, particularly, one much larger than the rest, called Borico. In this island is a fountain, whose water is endued with the most amazing property of restoring youth to those who drink of it. On the borders of this fountain grow many beautiful trees, which fill the air with a delightful fragrance, and are always loaded with the most delicious fruits. But the passage to this fountain is guarded by leopards; so that it is almost impossible to approach it.'

"The old man having finished his explanation of this mystery, after returning him my thanks for his kindness and hospitality,

I took my leave of him, mounted my horse, which the slave had brought to the entrance of the grotto, and, after wandering a long time through unknown parts, I had the good fortune to join this caravan, and find in it a companion in misfortune."

Azibah listened with the utmost attention to Seba's narrative, being agreeably surprised at so unexpected a discovery, and determined to direct his course to Africa, in search of the fountain of Borico.

On their arrival at Cambaye, Seba was informed that the Bashaw's son was not only recovered from his wounds, but also become his friend. On hearing this agreeable news, Seba set out on his return to Sciras, and Azibah, having procured a ship, sailed for the coast of Africa. After a long and tedious search through uninhabited deserts, he had the good fortune to discover the lake, in the midst of which the island of Borico was situated. Being arrived at the side of the lake, he prevailed on some fishermen to carry him to the island. They did all in their power to dissuade him from such a rash attempt, by assuring him that it was only inhabited by wild beasts, from which it would be impossible for him to escape. These reasons were lost on Azibah; he persisted in his resolution; and the fishermen, finding it in vain to oppose him, landed him on the island.

He wandered over a great part of the island, seeking in vain the salutiferous fountain; and, despairing of success, set himself down in a valley and fell asleep. When he awoke he beheld a beautiful lady, dressed in the habit of the country, approaching him; who, with a great deal of sweetness, asked him what he sought. He acquainted her with the commands of the sultan, and the reasons which induced him to come thither in search of the fountain. "Since you apply to me," answered she, "it will be your own fault if you do not succeed. As you go out of this valley, you will find a crystal stream flowing from a beautiful fountain, and discharging itself into a large river not far distant from its source. At the bottom of the fountain you will find a little blue pebble, which you must not fail to take up; then follow the stream, till you arrive at the river, and direct your course along the bank of the river, till it divides itself into two branches, and forms an island, or rather garden, in the middle of which is the salutiferous fountain. Over the arm of the river next to us, there is a fine marble bridge, whose passage is defended by twenty-seven leopards. Before you come in sight of them, put the

little blue pebble in your mouth, and pass boldly over the bridge, for the pebble will render you invisible. When you approach the fountain, take up what water you intend, and return immediately. But be careful not to eat of the fruits of the luxuriant trees growing on the margin of the fountain." The lady, after uttering these words, disappeared; and Azibah took the path she directed.

The fountain, the pebble, the river, the bridge, and the leopards, presented themselves successively to his view. As he entered the garden, he was saluted with an odour inexpressibly ravishing, proceeding from the flowers and fruits, which it produced in the greatest profusion. Near the margin of the salutiferous fountain was a tree eminently taller than the rest, loaded with fruit of so enchanting an aspect, that even imagination itself can hardly paint anything so beautiful. Azibah, unable to withstand the temptation, took the pebble out of his mouth, plucked off the fruit and began to eat. The taste was delicious and enchanting; but alas! the pleasure was but of short duration. The leopards now cast their furious eyes upon him, made towards him with incredible swiftness, and were just on the point of tearing him to pieces, when the lady, who had before directed him, suddenly appeared. At her presence these fierce creatures returned to their station, and Azibah prostrated himself at her feet, endeavouring to express his repentance and gratitude. "You are now," said she, "lost to all hopes of success; acknowledge your fault, and spend the remainder of life in solitude." Having said this, she took him by the hand, and, after conducting him beyond the bridge, charged him to return the same way that he came, and to put the pebble in its place, as he passed by the fountain; which he had no sooner done, than the whole vanished from his sight; neither bridge, river, nor fountain were any longer visible; and, to add to his astonishment, he found himself on the top of the mountain of Arafat.

Thus was the unfortunate Azibah, through his own folly, disappointed, when he thought the object he had pursued through so many difficulties within his reach. And hence we should learn to govern our passions and appetites; for, if we suffer them to prevail, all our resolution, assiduity, and perseverance, in any undertaking, will be rendered abortive. Health, honour, and reputation will be sacrificed to the gratification of some mean and unworthy passion; and, like Azibah, for the momentary pleasure of tasting one delicious morsel, lose the salutiferous waters of Borico.

THE DEATH'S HEAD.

"What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead, how sacred!"

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

THE beauty of the evening, which succeeded to a very sultry day, tempted Colonel Kielholm to sit, surrounded by his little family, on the stone bench placed before the door of the noble mansion he had recently purchased. In order to become acquainted by degrees with his new tenants, he took pleasure in questioning, on their occupations and conditions, the greater part of those who passed by: he alleviated their little sufferings by his advice as well as by his bounty. His family enjoyed particular pleasure in seeing the little inn situated in front of the *château*, which, instead of presenting a disgusting object, as when the late owner lived there, became, each succeeding day, better and more orderly. Their pleasure was heightened from the circumstance that the new landlord, who had been many years a servant in the family, was loud in his praises of its amended condition, and delighted himself in his new calling, with the idea of the happy prospects it held forth to himself, his wife, and children.

Formerly, though the road was greatly frequented, nobody ventured to pass a night at this inn; but now, each day, there was a succession of travellers; carriages were constantly seen at the door, or in the court-yard; and the air of general satisfaction of each party, as they proceeded on their route, incontestably proved to the landlord, (who always, hat in hand, was at the door of their carriages as they drove off,) that his efforts to please the various travellers were completely successful.

A moving scene of this nature had just disappeared, which furnished conversation for the moment, when a whimsical equipage, which arrived from another quarter, attracted the attention of the colonel and his family. A long carriage, loaded with trunks and all sorts of luggage, and drawn by two horses, whose form and colour presented the most grotesque contrast imaginable, but which, in point of meagreness, were an excellent match, was succeeded by a second long and

large vehicle, which they had, most probably, at the expense of the adjacent forest, converted into a travelling thicket. The four steeds which drew it did not in any respect make a better appearance than the two preceding. But the colonel and his family were still more struck by the individuals who filled this second carriage: it was a strange medley of children and grown persons, closely wedged together; but not one of their countenances bore the slightest mark of similarity of ideas. Discontent, aversion, and hatred, were legible in the face of each of these sunburnt strangers. It was not a family, but a collection of individuals, which fear or necessity kept together, without uniting.

The colonel's penetrating eye led him to discover thus much, though the distance was considerable. He, at length, saw descend from the back part of the carriage, a man of better appearance than the others. At something which he said, the whole troop turned their eyes towards the inn; they assumed an air of greater content, and appeared a little better satisfied.

The first carriage had already stopped at the door of the inn, while the second was passing the *château;* and the extremely humble salutations from the passengers in the latter, seemed to claim the good-will of the colonel and his family.

The second carriage had scarcely stopped, ere the troop were out of it, each appearing anxious to quit those next to whom they had been sitting, with all possible speed. The spruce and agile manner in which they leaped out of the vehicle, left no doubt on the mind what their profession was—they could be none other than rope-dancers.

The colonel remarked, that "notwithstanding the humble salutations they had made, he did not think they would exhibit in these parts; but, according to appearances, they would proceed to the capital with all possible despatch; as it was hardly to be expected that they would be delayed a single day, by the very trivial profit to be expected from exhibiting in a mere country village.

"We have," said he, "seen the worst side of these gentry, without the probability of ascertaining whether they have anything to recommend them to our notice."

His wife was on the point of expressing her dislike to all those tricks which endanger the neck, when the person whom they had observed as being superior to the rest, advanced towards them, and, after making a low bow, asked permission

to remain there a few days. The colonel was unable to refuse this request, as he showed them a passport properly signed.

"I beg you," replied the colonel, to declare most positively to your company, that every equivocal action is punished in my villages; as I am anxious to avoid all possibility of quarrels."

"Do not in the least alarm yourself, monsieur; an extremely severe discipline is kept up in my troop, which has in some respects the effect of a secret police among ourselves: all can answer for one, and one can answer for all. Each is bound to communicate any misconduct on the part of another to me, and is always rewarded for such communication; but, on the contrary, if he omits so to do, he is severely punished."

The colonel's lady could not conceal her aversion to such a barbarous regulation; which the stranger perceiving, shrugged his shoulders.

"We must all accommodate our ideas to our condition. I have found, that if persons of this stamp are not so treated, there is no possibility of governing them. And you may the more confidently rely on my vigilance, as I had the happiness of being born in this place, and, in consequence, feel a double obligation; first, to the place of my birth; secondly, to his worship."

"Were you born here?" demanded the colonel's wife, with surprise.

"Yes, my lady; my father was Schurster, the schoolmaster, who died lately. But I call myself Calzolaro, finding that my profession succeeds better under an Italian, than a German name."

This explanation redoubled the interest the colonel and his lady already felt for this man, who appeared to have received a tolerable education. They knew that the schoolmaster, whose profession had been pretty lucrative, owing to the numerous population of the village, had died worth some considerable property; but, that he had named a distant female relation as his sole heiress, leaving his only son an extremely scanty pittance.

"My father," continued Calzolaro, "did not behave to me as he ought: and I cannot but think I should be justified in availing myself of some important informalities in his will, and endeavouring to set it aside, which is my present intention. But excuse, I pray you, my having tired your patience with relations to which the conversation has involuntarily given

rise. I have still one more request to make: permit me to return you my best thanks for your gracious condescension, and to show you some of the exercises for which my troop is famous."

The colonel acceded to Calzolaro's request, and a day was fixed for the performance.

Calzolaro went that very evening to the village pastor, and communicated to him his intentions relative to his father's will. The worthy minister condemned such a procedure, and endeavoured to convince Calzolaro that his father's anger was just. "Picture to yourself, young man," said he, "a father who has grown old in an honest profession, and who rejoices in having a son to whom he can leave it: added to which, this son has great talents, a good understanding, and is well disposed. It was natural, that the father should use every possible exertion, to obtain for this son his own situation at his death. The son is, in truth, nominated to succeed him. The father, thinking himself secure from misfortune, feels quite happy. It was at this period that the son, enticed by hair-brained companions, gave up a certain and respectable, though not very brilliant provision. My dear Schurster, if, when shaking off the salutary yoke, and quitting your venerable father, to ramble over the world, you could lightly forget the misery it would occasion him, you ought at least, in the present instance, to behave differently; or, in plain terms, I shall say you are a good-for-nothing fellow. Did not your father, even after this, do all he could to reclaim you? but you were deaf to his remonstrances."

"Because the connexion which I had formed imposed obligations on me, from which I could not free myself, as from a garment of which one is tired. For, had I then been my own master, as I now am"——

"Here let us stop, if you please: I have only one request to make of you. You ought, from respect to your father's memory, not to dispute his will."

This conversation, and the venerable air of the pastor, had a little shaken Calzolaro's resolutions; but the next day, they returned with double force; for he heard several persons say, that shortly before his death, his father was heard to speak of him with great bitterness.

This discourse rendered him so indignant, that he would not even accede to a proposal of accommodation with the heiress, made to him by the pastor.

The colonel tried equally, but without success, to become a

mediator, and at length determined to let the matter take its course.

He, however, assisted at the rehearsals made by the troop; and took so much pleasure in the performances prepared for the amusement of himself and his family by Calzolaro, that he engaged him to act again, and invited several of his neighbours to witness them.

Calzolaro said to him on this occasion: "You have, as yet, seen very trifling proofs of our abilities. But do not fancy that I am an idle spectator, and merely stand by to criticise; I, as well as each individual of my troop, have a sphere of action; and I reserve myself to give you, before we take our leave, some entertaining experiments in electricity and magnetism."

The colonel then told him, that he had recently seen, in the capital, a man who had exhibited experiments of that sort, which had greatly delighted him; and, above all, he had been singularly astonished by his powers of ventriloquism.

"It is precisely in that particular point," replied Calzolaro, "that I think myself equal to any one, be they whom they may."

"I am very glad of it," answered the colonel. "But, what would produce the most astonishing effect on those who have never heard a ventriloquist, would be a dialogue between the actor and a death's head: the man of whom I made mention, gave us one."

"If you command it, I can undertake it."

"Delightful!" exclaimed the colonel. And Calzolaro having given some unequivocal proofs of his powers as a ventriloquist, the colonel added: "The horror of the scene must be augmented by every possible means: for instance, we must hang the room with black; the lights must be extinguished; we must fix on midnight. It will be a species of phantasmagoria dessert after supper; an unexpected spectacle. We must contrive to throw the audience into a cold perspiration, in order that when the explanation takes place, they may have ample reason to laugh at their fears. For, if all succeeds, no one will be exempt from a certain degree of terror."

Calzolaro entered into the project, and promised that nothing should be neglected to make it successful. They unfurnished a closet, and hung it with black.

The colonel's wife was the only one admitted to their confidence, as they could rely on her discretion. Her husband

had even a little altercation on the subject with her. She wished that, for the ventriloquist scene, they should use the model of a head in plaster, which her son used to draw from; whereas, the colonel maintained that they must have a real skull: "otherwise," said he, "the spectators' illusion will speedily be at end; but, after they have heard the death's head speak, we will cause it to be handed round, in order to convince them that it is in truth but a skull."

"And where can we procure this skull?" asked the colonel's wife.

"The sexton will undertake to provide us with it."

"And whose corpse will you thus disturb, for a frivolous amusement?"

"How sentimental you are!" replied Kielholm, who did not consider the subject in so serious a light: "we may easily see you are not accustomed to the field of battle, where no further respect is paid to the repose of the dead, than suits the convenience of the labourer in the fields where they are buried."

"God preserve me from such a spectacle!" exclaimed the colonel's lady, in quitting him, when she perceived her husband was insensible to her representations.

According to the orders which he received, the sexton one night brought a skull in good preservation.

The morning of the day destined for the representation, Calzolaro went into the adjacent forest to rehearse the dialogue which he was to have with the death's head. He considered in what way to place the head, so as to avoid all suspicion of the answers given by it being uttered by a person concealed. In the meanwhile, the pastor arrived at the spot from a neighbouring hamlet, where he had been called to attend a dying person; and, believing that the interposition of Providence was visible in this accidental meeting, the good man stopped, in order once again to exhort Calzolaro to agree to an accommodation with the heiress.

"I yesterday," said he, "received a letter from her, in which she declares that, rather than any disrespect should be paid to your father's last will and testament, she will give up to you half the inheritance to which she is thereby entitled. Ought you not to prefer this to a process at law, the issue of which is doubtful, and which, at all events, will never do you credit?"

Calzolaro persisted in declaring that the law should decide between him and the testator. The poor young man was

not in a state to see, in a proper point of view, his father's conduct towards him. The pastor, finding all his representations and entreaties fruitless, left him. Calzolaro proceeded slowly to the inn, to assign to each of his band their particular part. He told them, that he should not be with them; but, notwithstanding, he should have an eye over their conduct. He was not willing to appear as the manager of these mountebanks, to the party assembled at the colonel's, thinking, that if he appeared for the first time in the midnight scene, as an entire stranger, it would add still more to the marvellous.

The tumblers' tricks and rope-dancing were performed to admiration. And those of the spectators, whose constant residence in the country prevented their having witnessed similar feats, were the most inclined to admire and praise the agility of the troop. The little children in particular were applauded. The compassion excited by their unhappy destiny, mingled with the approbation bestowed on them; and the ladies were subjects of envy, in giving birth to the satisfaction depicted in the countenances of these little wretches, by their liberal donations.

The agility of the troop formed the subject of general conversation the whole afternoon. They were even speaking in their praise after supper, when the master of the house said to the company assembled:—

"I am rejoiced, my dear friends, to see the pleasure you have received from the little spectacle that I have been enabled to give you. My joy is so much the greater, since I find you doubting the possibility of things which are very natural; for, I have it in my power to submit, for your examination, something of a very incomprehensible nature. At this very moment, I have in my house a person who entertains a most singular intercourse with the world of spirits, and who can compel the dead to answer his questions."

"O!" exclaimed a lady, smiling, "don't terrify us."

"You jest now," replied the colonel; "but I venture to affirm, your mirth will be a little changed when the scene takes place."

"I accept the challenge," answered the incredulous fair one. All the party was of her opinion, and declared themselves so openly and so loudly against the truth of these terrific scenes, that the colonel began to be really apprehensive for the effects likely to be produced by those he had prepared. He would have even relinquished his project, if his guests, one and all, had not entreated him to the contrary.

They even went further: they besought him not long to delay the wonderful things he promised. But the colonel, keeping his own counsel, feigned ignorance that they were laughing at him; and, with a grave air, declared that the experiment could not take place till midnight.

The clock at length struck twelve. The colonel gave his servants orders to place chairs facing the door of a closet which had been hitherto kept shut; he invited the company to sit down, and gave orders for all the lights to be put out. While these preparations were making, he thus addressed the company:—

"I entreat you, my friends, to abstain from all idle curiosity." The grave and solemn tone in which he uttered these words, made a deep impression on the party, whose incredulity was not a little lessened by the striking of the clock, and the putting out the lights, one after the other. Presently, they heard from the closet facing them, the hoarse and singular sounds by which it is pretended spirits are conjured up, and which were interrupted, at intervals, by loud strokes of a hammer. All on a sudden, the door of the closet opened; and as, by slow degrees, the cloud of incense which filled it evaporated, they gradually discovered the black trappings with which it was hung, and an altar in the middle, also hung with black drapery. On this altar was placed a skull, which cast its terrifying regards on all the company present.

Meanwhile, the spectators' breathing became more audible and difficult, and their embarrassment increased in proportion as the vapour gave place to a brilliant light issuing from an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling. Many of them, indeed, turned their heads away in alarm, on hearing a noise behind them; which, however, they discovered simply proceeded from some of the servants, whom the colonel had given permission to be present during the exhibition, at a respectful distance.

After a moment of profound silence, Calzolaro entered. A long beard had so effectually altered his youthful appearance, that though several of the spectators had previously seen him, they could not possibly recognize him under this disguise. And his Oriental costume added so much to the deceit, that his entrance had an excellent effect.

In order that his art should impose the more, the colonel recommended to him a degree of haughtiness in addressing the company; and that he should not salute them according to any prescribed forms of politeness, but to announce him-

self in terms foreign from all ordinary modes of conversation. They both agreed that a mysterious jargon would best answer their purpose.

In consequence of such determination, Calzolaro, assuming a deep sepulchral tone, thus began:—"After our present state of existence, we are swallowed up in the obscure abyss which we call death, in order that we may become incorporated in an entirely new and peaceful state. It is in order to emancipate the soul from this state, that the sublime arts are exercised, and to create, among fools and weak persons, the idea of its being impossible! The wise and learned pity them for their ignorance, in not knowing what is possible and impossible, true or false, light or dark; because they do not know, and cannot comprehend, the exalted spirits who, from the silence of the vault and the grave, from the mouldering bones of the dead, speak to the living in a voice no less formidable than true. As to you, who are now here assembled, listen to a word of advice. Avoid provoking, by any indiscreet question, the vengeance of the spirit who, at my command, will be invisibly stationed beneath this human skull. Endeavour to moderate your fear; listen to everything with calmness and submission; for I take under my especial care all those who are obedient, and only leave the guilty as a prey to the destruction they merit."

The colonel remarked, with secret satisfaction, the impression produced on the company, hitherto so incredulous, by this pompous harangue.

"Everything succeeds better than I could have hoped," said he, in an under tone, to his wife, who was not at all amused by the performance, and who was only present to please her husband.

Meanwhile Calzolaro continued:—"Look on this pitiful and neglected head: my magic art has removed the bolts of the tomb to which it was consigned, and in which reposes a long line of princes. The owner of it is now actually there, rendering up to the spirits an exact account of the life he had led. Don't be alarmed, even though it should burst forth in terrible menaces against you: and against me his impotency will be manifest, as, spite of his former grandeur, he cannot resist the power I have over him, provided no culpable precipitation on your part interrupt the solemnity of my questions."

He then opened a door of the closet, hitherto concealed from the company, brought a chafing-dish filled with red-hot coals, threw thereon some incense, and walked three times

round the altar, pronouncing at each circle a spell. He then drew from its scabbard a sword which hung in his girdle, plunged it in the smoke issuing from the incense, and, making frightful contortions of his face and limbs, pretended to endeavour to cleave the head, which, however, he did not touch. At last, he took the head up on the point of his sword, held it up in the air before him, and advanced towards the spectators, a little moved.

"Who art thou, miserable dust, that I hold at the point of my sword?" demanded Calzolaro, with a confident air and a firm voice. But scarcely had he uttered this question, when he turned pale; his arm trembled; his knees shook; his haggard eyes, which were fixed on the head, were horror-struck; he had hardly strength sufficient to place the head and the sword on the altar, ere he suddenly fell on the floor, with every symptom of extreme terror.

The spectators, frightened out of their wits, looked at the master of the house, who in his turn looked at them. No one seemed to know whether this was to be considered part of the scene, nor whether it was possible to explain it. The curiosity of the audience was raised to its utmost pitch: they waited still a considerable time, but no explanation took place. At length, Calzolaro, half-raising himself, asked if his father's shadow had disappeared.

Stupefaction succeeded astonishment. The colonel was anxious to know whether he was still attempting to impose on the company, by a pretended dialogue with the death's head?

Calzolaro answered that he would do anything. and that he would willingly submit to any punishment they chose to inflict on him for his frightful crime; but he entreated they would instantly carry back the head to its place of repose.

His countenance had undergone a complete change, and only resumed its wonted appearance on the colonel's wife acquiescing in his wish: she ordered the head to be instantly conveyed to the churchyard, and to be replaced in the grave.

During this unexpected denouement, every eye was turned on Calzolaro; he, who not long ago was talking with so much emphasis, and in such a lofty strain, could now scarcely draw his breath; and, from time to time, threw supplicating looks on the spectators, as if entreating them to wait patiently till he had recovered strength sufficient to continue his performance.

The colonel informed them, in the meanwhile, of the

species of jest that he had projected to play on them, and for the failure of which, he could not at that moment account. At last, Calzolaro, with an abashed air, spoke as follows:—

"The spectacle which I designed to have given, has terminated in a terrible manner for me. But, happily for the honourable company present, I perceive they did not see the frightful apparition which caused me a temporary privation of my reason. Scarcely had I raised the death's head on the point of my sword, and had begun to address it, than it appeared to me in my father's features: and, whether my ears deceived me or not, I am ignorant; neither do I know how I was restored to my senses; but I heard it say, 'Tremble, parricide, whom nothing can convert, and who wilt not turn to the path thou hast abandoned!'"

The very recollection produced such horror on Calzolaro's mind, as to stop his respiration and prevent his proceeding The colonel briefly explained to the spectators what appeared to them mysterious in his words, and then said to the penitent juggler:—

"Since your imagination has played you so strange a trick, I exhort you in future to avoid all similar accidents, and to accept the arrangement proposed to you by the person whom your father has named as his heir."

"No, monsieur," answered he, "no agreement, no bargain; else I shall only half fulfil my duty. Everything shall belong to this heiress, and the law-suit shall be abandoned."

He, at the same time, declared that he was weary of the mode of life he had adopted, and that every wish of his father's should be fulfilled.

The colonel told him, that such a resolution compensated for what had failed in the evening's amusement.

The company, however, did not cease making numberless inquiries of Calzolaro, many of which were very ludicrous. They were anxious to know, among other things, whether the head which had appeared to him. resembled that of a corpse or a living being.

"It most probably belongs to a corpse," he replied. "I was so thunderstruck with the horrible effect of it, that I cannot remember minutiæ. Imagine an only son, with the point of a sword which he holds in his hand, piercing his father's skull! The bare idea is sufficient to deprive one of one's senses."

"I did not believe," answered the colonel, after having for some time considered Calzolaro, "that the conscience of a

man who, like you, has rambled the world over, could still be so much overcome by the powers of imagination."

"What! monsieur, do you still doubt the reality of the apparition, though I am ready to attest it by the most sacred oaths?"

"Your assertion contradicts itself. We have also our eyes to see what really exists; and nobody, excepting yourself, saw any other than a simple skull."

"That is what I cannot explain: but, this I can add, that I am firmly persuaded, although even now I cannot account for my so thinking, that, as sure as I exist, that head is actually and truly the head of my father: I am ready to attest it by my most solemn oath."

"To prevent your perjuring yourself, they shall instantly go to the sexton, and learn the truth."

Saying this, the colonel went out to give the necessary orders. He returned an instant afterwards, saying:—

"Here is another strange phenomenon. The sexton is in this house, but is not able to answer my questions. Anxious to enjoy the spectacle I was giving my friends, he mixed with some of my servants, who, possessing the same degree of curiosity, had softly opened the door, through which the chafing-dish was conveyed. But, at the moment of the conjuror falling on the floor, the same insensibility overcame the sexton; who, even now, has not recovered his reason, although they have used every possible method to restore him."

One of the party said, that, being subject to fainting himself, he constantly carried about him a liquor, the effect of which was wonderful in such cases, and that he would go and try it now on the sexton. They all followed him: but this did not succeed better than the methods previously resorted to.

"This man must indeed be dead," said the person who had used the liquor without effect on him.

The clock in the tower had just struck one, and every person thought of retiring; but slight symptoms of returning life being perceptible in the sexton, they still remained.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the sexton, awaking; "he is at length restored to rest!"

"Who, old dad?" said the colonel.

"Our late schoolmaster."

"What, then! that head was actually his?"

"Alas! if you will only promise not to be angry with me, I will confess—it was his."

The colonel then asked him how the idea of disturbing the schoolmaster's corpse in particular, came into his head.

" Owing to a diabolical boldness. It is commonly believed, that when a child speaks to the head of its deceased parent, at the midnight hour, the head comes to life again. I was anxious to prove the fact, but shall never recover from its effects: happily, however, the head is restored to rest."

" They asked him how he knew it. He answered, that he had seen it all the while he was in a state of lethargy: that, as the clock struck one, his wife had finished reinterring the head in its grave. And he described, in the most minute manner, how she held it.

The curiosity of the company assembled, was so much excited by witnessing these inexplicable events, that they awaited the return of the servant whom the colonel had despatched to the sexton's wife. Everything had happened precisely as he had described; the clock struck one at the very moment the head was laid in the grave.

These events had produced to the spectators a night of much greater terrors than the colonel had prepared for them. Nay, even *his* imagination was raised to such a pitch, that the least breath of wind, or the slightest noise, appeared to him as a forerunner to some disagreeable visitor from the world of spirits.

He was out of his bed at dawn of day, to look out of his window, and see the occasion of the noise which at that hour was heard at the inn-door. He saw the rope-dancers seated in the carriage, about to take their departure. Calzolaro was not with them, but presently afterwards came to the side of the vehicle, where he took leave of them: the children seemed to leave him behind with regret.

The carriage drove off; and the colonel made a signal to Calzolaro to come and speak to him.

" I apprehend," said he to him, when he came in, " that you have taken entire leave of your troop."

" Well, monsieur, ought I not so to do?"

" It appears to me, a procedure in which you have acted with as little reflection as the one which tempted you first to join them. You ought rather to have availed yourself of some favourable occasion for withdrawing the little capital that you have in their funds."

" Do you then, monsieur colonel, forget what has happened to me; that I could not have enjoyed another moment of repose in the society of persons who are only externally men?

Every time I recall the scene of last night to my recollection, my very blood freezes in my veins. From this moment, I must do all in my power to appease my father's shade, which is now so justly incensed against me. Without much effort, I have withdrawn myself from a profession which never had any great charms for me. Reflect only on the misery of being the chief of a troop, who, to earn a scanty morsel of bread, are compelled every moment to risk their lives!—and even this morsel of bread not always attainable. Moreover, I know that the clown belonging to the troop, who is a man devoid of all sentiment, has for a long while aspired to become the chief; and I know that he has for some time been devising various means to remove me from this world: therefore, it appears to me, that I have not been precipitate in relinquishing my rights to him, for a trifling sum of money. I only feel for the poor children, and would willingly have purchased them, to save them from so unhappy a career; but he would not take any price for them. I have only one consolation, which is, the hope that the inhuman treatment they will experience at his hands, will induce them to make their escape, and follow a better course of life."

"And what do you purpose doing yourself?"

"I have told you that I shall retire to some obscure corner of Germany, and follow the profession to which my father destined me."

The colonel made him promise to wait a little; and, if possible, he would do something for him.

In the interim, the heiress to his father's property arrived, to have a conference on the subject with him. As soon as he had made known his intentions to her, she entreated him no longer to refuse half the inheritance, or at least, to receive it as a voluntary gift on her part. The goodness, the sweetness of this young person (who was pretty also) so pleased Calzolaro, that a short time afterwards he asked her hand in marriage. She consented to give it to him; and the colonel then exerted himself more readily in behalf of this man, who had already gained his favour. He fulfilled his wishes by sending him to a little property belonging to his wife, to follow the profession his father had fixed on for him.

Ere he set off, Calzolaro resumed his German name of Schurster. The good pastor, who had so recently felt indignant at his obstinacy, gave the nuptial benediction to the happy couple, in presence of the colonel and his family, who, on this occasion, gave an elegant entertainment at the *château*.

In the evening, a little after sunset, the bride and bridegroom were walking in the garden, at some little distance from the rest of the company, and appeared plunged in a deep revery. All on a sudden they looked at each other, for it seemed to them that some one took a hand of each and united them. They declared, at least, that the idea of this action having taken place came to them both so instantaneously and so involuntarily, that they were astonished at it themselves.

An instant afterwards, they distinctly heard these words:—

"May God bless your union!" pronounced by the voice of Calzolaro's father.

The bridegroom told the colonel, some time afterwards, that without these consolatory words, the terrible apparition which he saw on the memorable night, would assuredly have haunted him all his life, and have impoisoned his happiest moments.

WALDECK.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

Aloys von Waldeck was the son of a respectable gentleman in the territory of Hesse-Cassel; and the germs of his promising genius were early unfolded by a liberal education. When yet very young, but already furnished with well-grounded knowledge, he entered the military service of his sovereign; and, as a young man of great merit and still greater hope, he could not long remain unknown to such a prince. He was in the full fire of youth; so was the prince. Aloys was ardent and enterprising; the prince, who was of a similar temperament, had a natural affection for characters so constituted. With a rich vein of wit, Waldeck had a great facility in giving animation to social intercourse: every circle in which he mixed, he enlivened by an unfailing festivity of mind; and, indeed, upon everything which chance brought before him, he had the art of shedding life and fascination. Such graces and accomplishments the prince could not want discernment to appreciate. Everything which Aloys undertook—even his very sports—had an air of grandeur. A fine person, the image of health and strength, and a native majesty

of deportment, enhanced the value of his attractive qualities. The favour of his sovereign led to a frequency of promotion; and, before he was twenty-two years old, he found himself upon an elevation which hitherto had been to the most fortunate the consummation of their career. But a mind so active as his, could not long repose in the bosom of indolent vanity, or content itself with the glittering pomp of a high station, the substantial exercise of which he felt in himself courage and abilities to conduct. Whilst the prince was flying after the circles of pleasure, the young favourite buried himself among archives and books, and dedicated himself with laborious industry to business, of which at length he became so expert a master, that every concern which was of any importance passed through his hands. From the associate of his pleasure, he soon became the first counsellor, the prime minister, and, finally, the ruler of his sovereign. He disposed of all offices and dignities, and all rewards were received from his hands.

To this greatness he had mounted in too early youth, and by too hasty steps, to enjoy it with moderation. The eminence upon which he beheld himself, overpowered his modesty. The respectful submissiveness of manner in which he was addressed by the first persons of the land, tended to intoxicate his pride; and the unlimited power which he possessed, drew into light a certain harshness of manner, which had been long latent. No service was so toilsome and so vast, which his friends did not with confidence anticipate at his hands; but his enemies might well tremble; for, as he pushed his favour to extravagant lengths, so did he carry with him a total neglect of all moderation in the prosecution of his vengeance. The influence of his station he employed, not so much to enrich himself, as to lift into fortune and notice a multitude who should pay homage to him as the creator of their prosperity; but caprice, and not justice, determined the choice of his vassals. By a haughty and imperious demeanour, he alienated the hearts of those whom he had most obliged, whilst he converted his rivals into irreconcileable enemies.

Among those who watched his steps with eyes of jealousy and envy, and who were silently preparing instruments for his destruction, was Joseph Martinelli, a Piedmontese, whom he had highly favoured. Having a place in the household, the artful Italian took every opportunity of making himself necessary and indispensable to the prince's comfort. He penetrated the recesses of his master's mind, discovered every

avenue to his confidence, and imperceptibly stole into his favour. All those arts, which a noble pride and a natural magnanimity had taught the minister to disdain, were brought into play by the traitor, who did not reject the most abject means that could promote the accomplishment of his purpose. Well aware, that man nowhere feels his want of a guide and an assistant more powerfully than in the paths of vice, and that nothing gives a title to bolder familiarities, than sharing in the knowledge of infirmities and degradations which have been concealed from others, he roused passions in the prince which had slumbered within him, and then obtruded himself upon him as a confidant and an accomplice. He hurried him into excesses of that sort, which can least of all endure witnesses; and he thus accustomed the prince imperceptibly to make him the depository of mysteries from which every third person was excluded. He at length succeeded in founding his infamous schemes of personal elevation upon the degradation of the prince; and, from the very same mystery which he had adopted, as an essential instrument of success, he drew this farther advantage—that the heart of the prince was his own, before Aloys had even allowed himself to suspect that he shared it with any other.

It may seem surprising that a revolution so important should escape the notice of the latter; but he was too well assured of his own value, ever to think even of such a man as Martinelli in the light of a competitor; and the Italian was far too much alive to his own purposes, and too much on his guard, to allow himself, by any indiscretion, to disturb his enemy in this haughty state of security. That, which has caused thousands before him to lose their footing upon the slippery ground of princely favour, also supplanted Waldeck—immoderate self-confidence. The secret intimacy between Martinelli and his master, gave him no alarms. He readily made over to this stranger a privilege which, for his own part, he heartily despised, and which had never been the object of his exertions. Simply, because in that way only he could pave his road to the supreme power, had the prince's friendship offered any attractions to him; and, no sooner had the ladder lifted him to the eminence which he coveted, than, with perfect levity, he suffered it to fall behind him.

Martinelli was not inclined to rest satisfied with a part so subordinate. At every step which he advanced in the favour of his master, his wishes became bolder, and his ambition began to grasp at a more substantial gratification. The artful

and histrionic sort of humility, which he had hitherto constantly maintained in the presence of his patron, grew more and more oppressive to him, as the increase of his personal consequence roused his pride into activity. At length this constrained and discordant connexion became so irksome to him, that he framed a serious scheme for putting an end to it at once, by the destruction of his rival. This scheme, under the most impenetrable veil of dissimulation, he nurtured into maturity. As yet, he durst not run the hazard of measuring his strength against that of his competitor, in open combat; for, although the early bloom had passed away from the favour which Aloys had once enjoyed, yet it had begun too early, and had taken root in the breast of the young prince too deeply, to be thus abruptly dislodged. The slightest occurrence might restore it in all its original strength; and, therefore, Martinelli well knew that the utmost caution was requisite. What Aloys might have lost, perhaps, in the affections of the prince, he had gained in his respect. The more his highness had withdrawn himself from the administration of public affairs, the less he could dispense with the services of a man, who, with the most conscientious devotion and fidelity, had consulted the private interests of his master, even at the expense of the country; and, dear as Waldeck had formerly been to him, in the character of friend, no less important to him was he at this moment, in that of minister.

It is uncertain by what means the Italian accomplished his purpose; but it is conjectured, that he laid before the prince the original draughts of a clandestine and very suspicious correspondence, which the minister was said to have carried on with a neighbouring court. In the eyes of his master, he appeared the most ungrateful traitor, whose offences were placed so far beyond all colourable doubt, that, without farther investigation, there seemed to be no room for hesitating to proceed against him. In the profoundest secrecy, the whole affair was arranged between Martinelli and his master; so that Aloys suspected not in the least his danger.

The parade of guard, the ordinary scene of his power, now became the theatre of his disgrace. With a careless step he entered the well-known circle, that on this day, as on all the former, opened before him, respectfully awaiting his commands. Short was the interval which elapsed, before there appeared, with two adjutants in attendance, Martinelli; who, with a determined step of defiance, strode up to the minister, and, facing him with his head covered, demanded his sword in

the prince's name. With a look of silent consternation, the sword was surrendered to him: drawing it from the seabbard, he inclined the point to the ground; with a single step split it in two, and threw the fragments at the feet of Aloys. At this appointed signal, the two adjutants proceeded to lay hands upon him; one busied himself in cutting away from his breast the cross of his order; the other in stripping off both his epaulettes, together with the facing of his uniform, and in tearing out of his hat the badge and plume. Throughout this appalling operation, which was conducted with incredible speed, from the whole assembly of above five hundred persons, who were standing closely around, not a sound, not a single respiration could be heard. With pallid faces and hearts throbbing, stood the dismayed multitude in a circle about Waldeck, who, during the confounding disarray of his person, had in a moment lived through all the feelings that could be experienced on the scaffold. Many, in his situation, would have been stretched senseless on the ground by the first shock; but his robust structure of nerves, and his firmness of spirit, bore him up against this dreadful trial, and enabled him to drink up its horrors to the last drop.

Scarcely was this scene over, when he was led through ranks of innumerable spectators, to the extremity of the parade, where a close carriage was in waiting. A silent glance commanded him to enter it, and an escort of hussars attended him. Meantime, the report of what had just passed, was spread through the whole city; every window was flung up, every street was crammed with anxious spectators, who followed the cavalcade, shouting and repeating his name, amidst tumultuous and conflicting outcries of scorn, of malicious exultation, and of commiseration, more bitter than either. At length he cleared the town, and the carriage, about sun-set, halted at the place of his destination—the state prison. Bereft of consciousness, midway between life and death (for a twelve hours' fasting, and a burning thirst, had subdued even his colossal nature,) he was dragged out of the coach; and, in a hideous subterranean vault, he first returned to his senses. The first object which presented itself to him, as life was again dawning upon his eyes, was a dreadful dungeon wall, feebly illuminated by a few rays from the moon, which penetrated downwards, through small crevices, to a depth of nineteen fathoms. By his side he found a coarse loaf, with a jug of water; and, close to that, a bundle of straw for his bed. In this condition he remained until the succeeding noon, when

a trap-door opened in the middle of the tower, and two hands appeared, by which food, such as he had found on the preceding night, was let down in a hanging-basket. At this moment, for the first time during this whole frightful revolution of fortune, did pain, and the anguish of suspense, extort from him a question or two. Wherefore was he brought hither? What offence had he committed? But no answer came from above; the hands vanished, and the trap-door closed. In this abode of misery—without a glance even at "the countenance divine" of man, without a sound from human voices, without any ray of light to interpret his awful destiny, fearful doubts and misgivings overshadowing alike the past and the future, cheered by no beams of "day or the warm light," with no refreshment of healthy breezes to his fainting spirits, shut out and rejected from the sympathy of mankind—in this abode did he number a long succession of days of anguish, registering them by the wretched loaves, which at every noon-time, day after day, in mournful monotony, were let down into his dungeon. But one discovery, which he made in an early stage of his confinement, filled up the measure of his affliction. He recognized the place; he was the man who, a few months before, had rebuilt it, under the impulse of an ignoble revenge, in order to inflict a languishing imprisonment on a deserving officer, who had been so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure. With barbarous ingenuity, he had himself suggested the means of aggravating the horrors of confinement in this dungeon, and had made a journey for the sole purpose of inspecting the building and hastening its completion. As if to push his torments to the utmost, the very officer for whom this prison had been constructed, had just succeeded the late commandant of the fortress, and in this way, from being the victim of his vengeance, had become the master of his fate. Thus vanished from his eyes the last melancholy consolation of his misery—the privilege of feeling pity for himself, or of taxing his destiny, harshly as it might treat him, with any injustice. In addition to the lively sense of his own sufferings, he now felt a bitter self-contempt, and also the pain (which, to a proud spirit, is among the severest) of a conscious dependence upon the magnanimous forbearance of an enemy, to whom he had himself shown none.

The new commandant, however, was too noble to allow himself a base revenge. Infinite was the pain which it cost his benignant mind to enforce against the prisoner those severities of treatment which his instructions enjoined him. Nevertheless,

as an old soldier, who had been accustomed to observe the letter of his orders with unquestioning fidelity, he had it not in his power to grant him anything more than his pity. A more active assistant the unhappy man at length found in the chaplain of the garrison, who, moved by the sufferings of the prisoner, resolved to do something for their alleviation. This venerable clergyman thought that he could in no better way fulfil the duties of his pastoral office, than by exerting its whole influence in behalf of a wretched man, whom he had no other means of serving. Not being able to obtain leave of access to the prisoner from the commandant of the fortress, he repaired to the metropolis, there to urge his suit with the prince. He kneeled before his highness, and besought him to extend his mercy to one, who, shut out as he was from the consolations of Christianity, and from those privileges of humanity which the heaviest guilt could not cancel, was pining away in helpless desolation, and possibly not far from despair. With all that intrepidity and dignity which the conscious discharge of duty bestows, he demanded free entrance to the prisoner, as a son of affliction and of penitence, who belonged of right to him, and for whose soul's welfare he was answerable to God. The good cause in which he spoke made him eloquent; and, as the prince's displeasure had been in some degree softened by time, his prayer was granted.

Horror seized the chaplain, on his entrance into the dungeon. His eyes were wandering about in search of a human creature; and, behold! from a corner opposite to him, which resembled rather the lair of a wild beast than the abode of anything in human shape, crawled forth a creature that awakened a rueful and a shuddering pity—a ghastly and death-like skeleton—a face in which sorrow and despair had imprinted deep furrows—beard and nails, through long neglect, grown to a hideous length—clothes, from long use, half rotted away—and, from total want of ventilation, the very air about him thick, sickly, and infectious; such was the condition in which he found this darling of fortune; and even in such a state his iron constitution had not given way. Transported with horror by such a spectacle, the chaplain hurried away to the governor, for the purpose of extorting a second indulgence to the poor wretch, without which, the first went for nothing.

As the governor again excused himself, by pleading the express letter of his instructions, the chaplain resolved on a second journey to the capital, with the view of once more

making a claim upon the prince's clemency. There he protested solemnly, that, without violating the holy majesty of the sacrament, he never could bring himself to go through any sacred rites with the prisoner, unless some resemblance to the form of man should be restored to him. This petition was also granted to him; and, from this day, the prisoner drew his breath again in an atmosphere of hope. He passed many years in this fortress; but, after the first summer of the new favourite had elapsed, and others had succeeded to his post, who either thought more humanely, or, who had no vengeance to wreak upon him, he spent them in a far more tolerable condition. At last, after a ten years' confinement, the day of his deliverance appeared; but he had no judicial investigation, no formal acquittal. He received his freedom as a favour, not as a right; and was ordered to quit the country for ever.

At this point, our information with regard to his history fails, and we are obliged to step over an interval of twenty years. During this period, he began his career anew, in a foreign military service; and here, also, it conducted him to the same glittering eminence from which he had, in his native country, been so awfully precipitated. At length, time took into his own hands the winding-up of this affair. The years of passion had passed away with the prince; and, as his hair began to whiten, human nature asserted her power over his mind, and he felt an earnest yearning awakened in him, toward the favourite of his youth. In order to make some reparation, he sent a message to the exile, inviting him back to his home, toward which, his heart had long since turned in secrecy with languishing desire. Touching was the interview of re-union, and flattering was the reception. The prince perused, with a pensive eye, that countenance, whose lineaments had been so familiar to him; and it seemed as if he counted the furrows which he had himself imprinted there. Thus was he restored to the prince's favour, which he retained until the close of his life.

Neither misfortunes nor years had in him been able to extinguish the fire of passion, or wholly to cloud the festal geniality of his spirit. In his seventieth year, he was still grasping at the shadow of happiness which he had possessed in his twentieth. Finally, he died, governor of a fortress in which state prisoners were confined. It might have been expected, that toward these prisoners he would display a spirit of humanity, the value of which he must have learned

so well how to appreciate in his own person. But, alas! no:—he treated them with harshness and caprice; and a paroxym of rage toward one of them, sent him to his grave, when he had reached the eightieth year of his age!

THE AWKWARD MAN

Though I know the awkward man to be a senseless stony separation between the dearest attractions on earth, I am one of those insipid dull creatures, who are so wise out of the world, that they pass for fools in it. I can better illustrate the character I begin to grow weary of playing in this excellent drama of life, yet cannot "shuffle off," by relating my own adventures in this way. I am, I confess it with some shame, as ignorant of the world as the world is of me; and have only been used to look at men as children look at an eclipse—through glasses darkened and dulled with the smoke of my midnight lamp; but a kind, though mistaken friend of mine, who insisted that the "proper study of mankind is man," after numberless invitations and polite pressures, and gentle tuggings, pulled me up by the roots from my studious bower, as a gardener plucks up a thriving weed "of enormous overgrowth;" disentangling my very heart-strings and eye-strings, from the richly-cultured ground in the Muses' garden, as the unfeeling cultivator of cucumbers uproots that useless, but harmless weed, and dragged me from my learned lair, to accompany him on a visit to some fashionable friends in town. I submitted, at last, with about as good a grace as Barnardine did to be hanged; and it cost me as many efforts to step up to the door, as it did him to mount the steps of the scaffold. The knock was given—the door opened—and my friend (must I call him?) perceiving that I would fain have retreated, seized my arm and dragged me in, as the young oxen were dragged into the temples of the ancients, where they were meant to be sacrificed. We were in, however; and I passed very successfully along the line of cane-carriers, lapdog-carriers, door-knockers, and other gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, without being openly quizzed; and I therefore began to augur well of my success in future.

It was the chilly month of October; and we were ushered into a handsome dining-room, where were seated mine hostess, who was the wealthy widow of Colonel ——, four or five elegant females (her daughters,) and their young companions, a captain of foot (her son,) an ensign of dragoons, a fashionable clergyman, a beau cousin, and two sundries, without anything distinguishable about them; the whole party being very snugly eireled round a warm, welcome-giving autumnal fire, and earnestly employed in eraeking more nuts than jokes over the dessert-table, as we were announeed and entered. They all arose to receive us, and with them rose my heart to my mouth; the courage I had in the hall, slipped through my fingers like a live eel additionally oiled, or a buttered Chinese pursued by a Canton erew for naked night-rogueries. I made something like an oblique bow, whieh, for anything I know to the eontrary, was meant for the company present; but it might be mistaken to have been intended for the bust of Shakspeare on the sideboard, or Jones or Johnson, passing under the window at the time, as for the use I had put it to. This would have passed unnoticed, had I not, in the first plaee, in retreating my right foot from a bow in advanee, eome with my heel, whieh was newly pumped, sharp against the shin of the footman, who was dutifully waiting to see me to a ehair; and had I not, in the seeond, in shaking hands with the whole party, on being introdueed, nipped one of the young ladies' fingers almost in the bud, and dropped the hand of a seeond without shaking it, that I might grasp a third, who was waiting to go through the ordeal; and had I not, in the third place, shook my introducing friend's hand so long and so eordially, that you would have supposed I had never seen him for years, instead of being brought there by him. Whether I shook the captain's hand, or did, as my friend sehooled me afterwards for doing, refuse the elergyman's proffered hand with as much uneonseious indifference as an Atheist would feel for one of the eloth, I know not; for all the rest of my blunders were as mueh done in a dream, as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was seen in one. But we were at last seeurely seated, and my friend and I mueh blamed that we did not dine with them, instead of eoming in after the *dessert*. "It was impossible," he said; and I felt glad that it was so. The wine was now set before us; and the eaptain, who righted me, paid me the eompliment of taking, as he said, a glass with me, though, at the time, I certainly thought that I had been introdueed to

take a glass with mm. But *n'importe!* as the French say in England. I felt inclined to toast the ladies, in the excess of my gallantry; but, just as I had screwed up my courage tight to the peg, it cracked, as you have perhaps seen a tenor string to a fine Cremona, snap itself and a note in two, and have heard the imperfect sound die under the bow—and so died my gallantry in my breast; and I congratulated myself the next minute on my forbearance, for there was no estimating what a long succession of awkward mistakes it might have led to. But the spirit of my sudden gallantry was still effervescing within, and I thought I might venture on being gallant to the lady who lefted me. I watched her wants, therefore, with the eye of a lover, seeking occasion for saying some gallant thing or for doing one. Her eyes, which were the prettiest pair of blue eyes I had ever seen out of poetry, settled upon a peach, like two sister butterflies of that azure hue, which gives to those blue seraphs of the green vales of Kashmeer, the sovereignty for beauty. I was all haste to serve her eyes, and so to win her heart; but, reaching it too hastily, in the darting of my arm, I threw down a decanter of Burgundy, whose issuing tide divided and subdivided itself into as many streams as you will sometimes see issuing from an allegorial urn in a county map. Great consternation ensued; the captain feared a stain on his military small-clothes, the clergyman, a stain on his sacerdotal cloth; and the ladies looked after the unsullied snow of their gowns (white as the lawn of Cos,) with as much care as they would after their characters for unspotted virtue. Many apologies were made by my blushing friend, for my blushing self; which was very handsome in him, as I was too confused to apologize for myself, and was fully employed in damming up the main stream with my handkerchief, till the assisting hand of a footman at my elbow, who was as welcome to me then, as is the sun to the rain-drenched meadows, had dried up the vinous inundation. My friend excused me: I was, first of all, very near-sighted, and could not see across a table; and next, I was very "nervous—weak." The accident was soon forgotten, and the company was again calm; and Awkward "was himself again." As if with the kind intention of making me easy, my fair friend on my left began to be on the very best terms with me, and said everything that was agreeable, and nothing that could possibly remind me of my disgrace. I know not which she cracked fastest, nuts or jokes; I grew familiar, and said several sentences, which

were neither in Sterne, nor in the prompter's books, nor in Chesterfield, nor in the Minervan library; and she gave me so much encouragement, that I at last begged the honour of cracking a walnut for her, which had mastered the strength of her tender hands and the teeth of her polished steel nut-crackers. I was honoured; and, like a boor, forgetting myself, and delicacy too, I popped the nut between my teeth, and cracked it, as I have seen a cook crush a crab; and, from this indelicate act, arose this very diversified choice of perplexities: if I kept the nut, after taking it from between the teeth of her intentions, she might think me a greedy man; if I threw the nut away, and declared it to be a bad one, her eyes had seen it was a good one, and she might have reason to doubt my veracity; if I gave it her back again, she must needs think me to be a filthy, ill-bred fellow; in short, let me have done what I could with the nut, my reputation had been cracked with the shell of it, and was at stake. She, however, like a humane human creature, saw that I sat self-convicted of a fault in politeness—saw too, my embarrassment, and relieved me from all further perplexity, by declaring that she would eat no more nuts, for they were crude indigestible things; and, in her humorous way, began wondering what physician without patients, first introduced them to the dessert-table; and I answered her question, by surmising that it might be Dr. Squirrel. This poor pun saved me; and, while she was laughing in her cambric, I took occasion to slip the nut of perplexity into my pocket, and resumed as much confidence as I shall ever possess.

Thus the dessert-hour passed to a safe conclusion, for I was guilty of no other impropriety than the one I have mentioned. But now came on the dreaded hour for tea, and now came on my trepidations afresh. If there is one species of circumstance in which I am more exquisitely awkward than another, it is in the polite etiquette of tea-table ceremonies. Oh! how I envy you, ye nice-handed Damons of the tea-board! Ye insipid sippers of the fragrant lymph! ye millinery men, who coolly mince down the hot and nervous liquor which "not inebriates," with nerves as true and well-tuned to your will, as the strings of the violoncello of Linley are to his exquisite hand! Ye gallant cavaliers of souchong, that so delicately and gracefully do the ceremonies of the tea-tray, before the obliged and approving eyes of the attended fair, oh! how I envy ye the calm composure of your crossed knees, and more composed faces, unruffled as the tea-water in your cups!

would I not give the dearest and most difficult-to-be-got Aldine classic out of my unique library, to purchase that easy jerk of your's, of one of two feet swinging over the knee of one of two legs! Ah, how I hope, and then despair, ever to attain to that perfection of precision, which enables you to lift your cups to your teeth without striking and chipping off the sharp and brittle rims against your harder teeth!—that decision of hand and intention, which makes you, instead of lifting your scalding cup to your nose to drink, to carry it to your expecting mouth, and no further; and that, too, at one punctually-performed movement! But, ah! I envy ye in vain; it is "a grace beyond the reach of art." A very clever poet, in his day, has said that the gifts of reading and writing come through the hand of nature—so does the gift of drinking tea like a well-bred lady-like gentleman. Men are born to excel each other in various ways: one man, who shall "shake the senate or the bench," shall not handle a cup of green tea without shaking himself; another, who shall wield a sword quite to the dissatisfaction of the enemies of his country, shall not hold a silver spoon at a tea-party without disgracing himself, losing all his laurels, and being silently sneered at in sleeve, by all the male butterfly creatures that usually perch and flutter about the sugar basins, and the other sweets of a tea-table; another, who shall solve a poser problem in Euclid, shall not understand the mystery of a muffinet: so true it is, that one man is born to handle a silver tea-spoon, and another a wooden soup-ladle.

The dreaded tea-torture was served up, the distillation being done below, (as is usual, when the family is not stingy enough to suspect their honest domestics to be rogues in sugar and souchong,) and the fine cup handed by the politest of all possible footmen. Everything now went on well till the second cup. I had borne the overflowings of the first full cup (which, owing to the unsteadiness of my hand, dropped like "minute drops from off the eaves," scalding my knees and legs,) with the patience of one of Fox's martyrs; if no one observed it, no one should have heard mention of it; but my severest trial was reserved for the second cup. I was raising it with a faltering hand to my quivering lips, when, all at once, I felt a something warm and soft rubbing against my leg; I paused, and looked down: it was a black cat, who, probably, had a *penchant* for silk stockings of the same colour, and was expressing her approbation of the fine texture of them, as I suppose, by rubbing her silken sides against my

leg. Now, there are two things which I have a mortal antipathy to: the first is sitting with five talkative Frenchmen in a small room, and the second is a black cat. No sooner had I ascertained "the nature of the beast," than, with a convulsive start, I bounced back, chair and all, against the dexter arm of a footman, at that moment passing behind me with a replenished tray. The wreck of bread and butter, and the crash of cups that followed, may be imagined, but cannot be described. Suffice it to say, that the cat was well scalded—the footman well scolded for what he could not help—and I was well excused by my friend, who declared, with the most good-natured face in the world, that my mother had been frightened by a black cat in a muff-box, when I was seven months in embryo; and, besides, that there was a family antipathy to black cats—my mother being the grand-daughter of the eccentric Bonnell Thornton, of "cherry-coloured cat" memory. These well-turned apologies saved me so well, that every person present pitied and condoled me as the unhappy victim of an hereditary antipathy, with as much real sympathy as if I had been the heir to a family evil by my mother's side, or a chalk-stone gout by the father's. Her blackness was ordered out of the room, though a silver-collared pet of my young lady's; and the conversation turned to the constitution, character, and domestic virtues of cats in general: and here I recovered my wits so far as to join in the discussion with more vivacity than is my wont; for I thought it would be grateful in me, after having given so much unwilling pain, to give a little willing pleasure. Many opposing opinions were held of the domestic virtues of cats of all colours; and the captain told us, in a very vivacious way, that he had a man in his company who had been many times flogged for an unfortunate piece of disloyalty—an unalienable attachment to French brandy—and who declared that he never could look at a cat with one tail without a painful remembrance of a cat with nine tails. My fair wit, too, had some inclination towards the belief of Pythagoras, and doubted whether cats were not metamorphosed old maids, from the attachment they displayed to those dowager-spinsters. Inspired by my hatred of cats, I was bold enough to declare my doubts of their virtues altogether, and strongly insisted that they were suspicious, selfish, hypocritical, cruel, and not to be trusted in breakfast parlour, or butler's pantry; for that they had always their whiskers in the cream of the one, and their paws in the butter-coolers of the other.

"They pretend," said I—with a voice already growing sound with self-satisfaction, and a countenance brightened up with confidence, as I beheld the approving smiles of my auditors—"they pretend attachment to man; but any one, who knows anything of men and manners, may see that it is all fudge and mere hypocrisy, and that attachment to themselves is the real sentiment of their breasts. They affect, too, to be domestic; but look at them in summer, scampering through your flower-beds after butterflies, and sneaking away from bees, because they fear their stings; or lying *perdue* in the grass, to pounce on the harmless robin, who really loves man, and puts his trust in him; or else sleeping on the walls in the sun, or disturbing the sleep of the house, with their moonlight serenadings, 'that make the night hideous,' and would wake 'a soul under the ribs of death.' In winter, to be sure, they are more in-doors; and you may always find them very contentedly squatting on the rug before the parlour fire, because there is less of 'disturbance rude' than they meet with at the kitchen fire from scullion maid and boy, and hot and kicking cook: disturb them with a toe as gentle as that of Gayton, and as considerate as that much kissed one of Rome, and woe to your silk stockings! which will undoubtedly be rent by their resentful claws; or, perhaps, they conceal their resentful choler, as they do their collar, under the smooth silky coat of hypocrisy, and only vent it, on the sly, on your friend's dog, or revenge it on the cold meat in the pantry, after having secured their own character from 'squint suspicion,' by seducing an intimate cat acquaintance to partake in their dishonesty, and then betraying him or her, by swearing at her or him, as if they knew nothing of their old friend, and bringing in the butler to turn out the delinquent with the usual ceremony of kicks and cudgelling consequent upon such detection. But let them have their way, and they will sit all day, and wink at the fire and then at you, as who would say, '*my* feet are extremely comfortable;' but they do not care a mouse's squeak for *your* feet, whether they are hot or cold: and now they glance a green eye at the brown toast that stands before the fire, and wish you would leave the room for a book in the library; and now they look under the grate, as the burning ashes drop there, and fear each coal to be a mouse; and now they purr and sing their tea-kettle balderdash song, and affect to be very sincerely attached to your service, when, if your neighbour Jenkins gave greater board-wages, they would leave you at a minute's warning.

But exhaust the toast-plate of its contents, and give them none of it—let the fire go out, and the room grow cold—and then they begin to suspect that they hear a mouse squeaking in the kitchen, where there is a good fire and scraps, or at least preparations for supper going on, and they grow peevish as the porcupine, and 'cry mew,' if the parlour door be not immediately opened; nor will they let you rest till it be." This lively anathema against the whole race of Felinas and Toms was received, in its progress, with many single small laughs, which kept going off at intervals, like those involuntary or impatient guns that go off before a general volunteer volley: and when I had concluded, it was declared, *unâ voce*, to be a true estimate of the character of cats, as they run in these degenerate days; and all my offences were so thoroughly redeemed, that I saw that there was a considerable balance in my favour.

But this good hour was not to last. Adam did not long remain in happiness in Paradise, nor I in the momentary blessedness of my parlour Eden. The servant had been despatched below for some purpose or other; and I, being immediately over-against mine hostess, was very smilingly requested to succeed him in his very pleasant office of waiting on the ladies! What could have induced the good old lady to confer such a distinction on me, "of all men else," seeing what she had seen, I know not; but it was my fate: it showed, however, her forgiveness of all my previous offences; and was, perhaps, meant in kindness to me—that I might, by a short course of such honourable employment, qualify myself for future honours. Oh, cruel kindness! kind cruelty! I could not refuse (what "man of woman born" could?) the honour of serving a bevy of the prettiest dames "in Christendee." I accepted, therefore, with an outward smile of satisfaction, but an inward shrug of chagrin, an office which I could not refuse, and left my seat with the fearful plate of toast in my trembling hand; and, whether it was the fear of its slipping from my hold, which induced me to pinch it too tightly with my finger and thumb, or whether it was the brittleness of the china, I know not, but just as I had reached the first fair of the circle, split went the plate, and splash went its well-buttered contents into the muslin lap of the half-shrieking fair one, leaving me the statue of Despair, convulsively nipping the fragment of the plate more tightly than ever, and blushing with shame and confusion as I vainly stammered out an apology inter-

rupted by more *dashes* and *hiatuses* than you will find in ten pages of Sterne. My young lady could not conceal her chagrin at being so much buttered and bedaubed, and my friend refused to interpose for me any more: there could be no hereditary antipathy to a plate of toast and butter. But here my fair wit, who, I verily believe, "loved me for the dangers I had undergone," as I love her "because she did pity them," saved me from the frowns of the fair partner in this last dire accident, by wittily remarking, that her fair cousin was never before *toasted* by any gallant, and she might hope soon to become "the toast of the town." And here the reverend beau parson, who had been disappointed in a promised living lately, said, very feelingly, that the plate was china, and, like some men's promises, easily broken. My friend could not refrain from laughing at me, and that most heartily: as for me, I could as soon laugh at my lawyer's bill of costs in a lost action, as have laughed then. The scattered toast and china were, however, collected from the stained carpet and stained lap of the young lady, and carried out of the room; and, if I had been carried out of the room at the same time, it would have been a great kindness to me, but a greater to the company. To increase the misfortune, too, the tea being poured out into the cups, during the time occupied in preparing the duplicate plate, it necessarily became cold as the month: my friend, too, cruelly rallied me on the subject, till I was almost choked in endeavouring to suppress my choler. I persisted, however, in sipping my tea, to keep my tongue still, lest it should upbraid him; but each drop went down my throat like cannon-balls down the gullet of an iron-fed ostrich: I could not drink, but gulped it down; and this, if it was observed, was, no doubt, construed into another breach of good behaviour: deeming, as they must have done, that I drank so greedily of it, as to be in danger of strangling from my haste. A sudden storm is generally succeeded by as sudden a calm; but it was not so with your unfortunate narrator: the raillery of my friend increased, and threatened to overwhelm me quite. Perhaps he thought by this to cure me of my faults; but he might as well have hoped to cure an irritable wound by scratching it with a goosebury-bush, or patch a splintered leg with sticking-plaster, or bind up a broken heart with cobwebs. My fair friend still was true to the defeated side, and parried off his sharp sarcasms by entering into a diverting dissertation on the brittle nature of china and friendship, in which she gave him

some smart home-touches for his unfriendly desertion of his fallen friend, in every word of which I silently and perfectly agreed. In short, so far and so fiercely did my friend push his sarcasm against me, that I had much difficulty to persuade my fair ally that he was indeed my friend, and much more to persuade myself. If I had listened long to her reproaches of him, I should have forgotten friendship, and listened only to love, who is, I am already heretic enough from friendship to think, much truer in heart, and considerably more eloquent in speech, and amiable and endearing in manners. But, happily for me, harmony was at length restored, though "the *toasted* beauty," as she was now called, whenever she let fall her eyes on her dress, stained and bespattered with toast and butter, seemed still to be at "doubtful war" with me in her looks. I felt it, indeed, a wounding thorn to the heart to be, but for a moment, an object of dislike, or of disapprobation, to a pretty girl of blooming eighteen.

Time waits for no one. My fair friend now left her chair, at the sound of a carriage drawing to the door, and the entrance of a smart gentleman of the long cane, who would have done honour by his appearance to my Lord Duke's rout, in "High Life Below Stairs." My gentle ally declared she must retire; and, gracefully complimenting her fair young friends, and courtesying, with the elegance of a fine minuetter, to all the circle, and smiling graciously on me, she prepared to leave the room. And, at this moment, mine hostess, and, much louder, mine heart, whispered me to see my best and fairest friend to her carriage: at the thought, my head grew giddy, and my heels twisted under me in such a lively manner, that, if it was ever at any time possible for a man to turn his back on himself, I think I could have accomplished it at that time. But I persevered, as cowards often do, and descended the stairs, with her fair warm hand gradually freezing, as it were, in the death-like coldness of mine; for my cowardly blood was I know not where at that time, and I was indeed, as the statue of—I saw not who—that stood in the hall. With shame I now tell the tale: in my extreme hurry to get before the fair creature, to the carriage door, (confounded be all narrow old-fashioned hall-doors!) my right foot got entangled in her sweeping train of muslin, more delicate and chaste, and finely-trailing, than train of the strutting and consequential peacock, which, in him, is pride and vain showiness, but in woman, is grace and modest concealment. I bounded instantly off again, but, alas! alas! it

was to render my situation the more distressing—my awkwardness the more complete; for, with my left foot flew the train, and the sudden jerk curtailed the dress of its "fair proportions," and left an accomplished lady as bob-tailed as a Welsh dairy wench, or a Dutch frow. My ruin seemed inevitable. She uttered not a word; but her silence spoke volumes to my ears, that tingled with the pricking red blood of sudden shame, as hotly as if they had been well boxed for the awkwardness of their antipodean relatives, my heels. O fortune! fortune! thou art the arrantest baggage that ever followed a foot cavalier to the field of enterprise! Like a will-o'-the-wisp, that draws the unwary traveller into a ditch, and then, disappearing, leavest him, in his extreme extremity, so didst thou desert me in the moment of need, and leave me the presence and prey of the most enthralling circumstances and soul-slaughtering sensations!

To finish my catalogue and climax of miseries, I expected that my fair friend would have refused any further assistance of mine; but she bore her loss of train with a philosophy not usually to be found, even among female philosophers: she absolutely turned off the accident with a laugh, and said, in her vivacious way, that if I would spare the small train of admirers which dangled after her heart, I was welcome to cut off the long train which dangled after her heels: and, saying this, she stepped into her carriage with the grace of the goddess of beauty into her dove-drawn car, leaving me in the air, and in admiration of her wit and womanhood, and bound to her for her loving-kindness as long as my heart has one fibre that can cling about the image of her person, (standing thus as in a holy shrine and ark) as the weak ivy clings about the limbs of some sylvan sister of the woods, and never loses its hold till that which should support it and be its living stay, falls to the earth with it. Yet, though I was pardoned by her, this last vile accident did not pass unnoticed of the groom-porter, and the other servants; and I concluded that I should hear of it again, notwithstanding their suppressed sniggers, and uncorked giggles, which were, nevertheless, oozing out at the compressed corners of their mouths, and were, no doubt, exploding in all corners of the hall, where they could give vent to their laughter with safety. And, with these consoling assurances, I returned slowly up stairs; where I had no sooner reappeared, than it was perceived, by my cowering confusion, that I had been once more involved in awkwardness; and a buz ensued, as of a swarm of bees,

when some unfortunate traveller, from the firm of Honey, Wax, and Co., returns back with broken wing and a beggared scrip. My very good friend looked a very ingenious set of queries at me, and followed me with his surmising eye, till I was securely seated behind a wide-branching candelabra on the table, where I dodged him a bit, till the breath of his impatience was gone, and that of mine was beginning to chafe itself into an inward storm. After a few minutes had passed away, I mustered courage to say that we must depart; he took my hint, for he saw that I was completely chagrined and discomforted; and, with some few of the usual ceremonies, and being pressed to stay, and pressing as heartily to go, and receiving many invitations to come again, we got away without any fresh scrape, save a scrape of my shins against the pedestal lamp at the stair-head, in sidling through the party, who would see us down; and, except my saying, "Good night, Captain ——," as I took the old lady, his mother, by the elbow instead of the hand; and we bade adieu to a circle of pleasant, intelligent, kind, and accomplished beings, whom, though I wish, till I grow old, to meet again, I shall never, I fear, have the courage again to venture among.

WHO CAN IT BE?

One evening, in the summer of 1827, as I sat at my window, which looks into the northern court of the University of Glasgow, I saw a man walking backwards and forwards, who excited my curiosity in an extraordinary degree. I know not why I became so interested in him, for his person and dress, though somewhat singular, were by no means so remarkable as to attract any very uncommon degree of notice. He was a short thick figure, dressed in a suit of black, with a cocked, or rather three-cornered, hat upon his head, and a long *queue* descending for some space down his back. The only thing further, which it is necessary to detail, was his paunch, which boasted of dimensions truly orthodox; and his nose, red and lumpish, and spanned over by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which he looked with that pomposity of expression, which the civic dignitaries of all cities are apt to assume, on entering upon their authority.

The evening was hot, and a glare of sickly light filled the atmosphere, which was close and oppressive. My window was in the shade, and stood open for the purpose of attracting as much coolness as the air afforded. I had just finished half a bottle of port, after dining heartily on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni. Altogether, I was languid, heavy, and disposed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to doze. My whole frame was nervous; and the mind, sympathizing with the state of its tenement, in a full condition for dreams, nightmares, and other chimeras of the imagination. Altogether, I believe, I would have slept, had not the man with the long tie and tortoise-shell spectacles caught my observation.

He was walking on the opposite, or sunny side of the court, and his pace was sedate and orderly. He was evidently a person of importance, and too well satisfied with himself to increase his speed. No sooner did he move athwart the window, than the languid lids, which were falling slowly over my visual orbs, were lifted up, and I turned them involuntarily upon him. "That," thought I, "is a man who would not quicken his step one jot, to save the College from destruction." Again did I look at him, and again did I behold the self-same consequential form, treading the sunny side of the court. He carried a stick in his right hand. It was not for any ordinary purpose that he carried it, for it was a rough orange stick, with a brazen cramp at its lower extremity, and an embossed silver cap at its upper. Neither was it to sustain him in his perambulations, for his lower limbs were brawny and athletic, and made to scorn such assistances. The use of that stick must be—to support his dignity. Had it been a crabstick, a hazel sapling, a supplejack, or even an oaken cudgel, I could have passed it by without notice; but it was none of these. It was an orange stick, shod with brass, and capped with silver; and, as he walked along, he struck its point upon the earth, with a firmness which made the echo to resound through the court. "It must be to support his dignity he has that stick. No person but one of some consequence, would wear such a baton, or walk with it so pompously."

Having made these reflections, I closed my eyes, and tried to fall into a slumber, but I could not. I heard the slow solemn pace of the stranger, as he walked along. I heard him well, for he had creaking shoes; and every step he made was accompanied with a response from his stick, as it struck

the flag-stones with its brazen extremity. Up went my eyelids, and, turning to the sunny side, there did I behold him walking backwards and forwards as at first. I looked at him for some time, for I was interested in the man. His face—it was impossible to analyze its expression. It was plump and rosy. "He must," thought I, "be a good liver. Such cheeks, such a nose, such a double chin, is not to be obtained for nothing. No, he understands living well; he has read Apicius in the original, and is, no doubt, familiar with Meg Dods and Kitchiner. Perhaps he is Kitchiner himself." Unfortunately for this hit, I recollected that Kitchiner had died the month before. "At any rate, he must be a *bon vivant*, and has, peradventure, dined on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni, like myself. Who knows but he may be Doctor Redgill, spoken of in 'Marriage,' or the Nabob Touchwood, fresh from 'St. Ronan's Well?'" I looked at him till my eyes grew tired, but I could perceive no alteration in his movements or appearance. The same step—the same pompous air—the same knocking on the earth with his baton;—there was not an atom of difference. "Verily, that man's dignity is great," thought I, once more, as I closed my eyes, uttered a long yawn, and fell into a slumber.

A slumber! it was but the shadow of one—the reflection of a dream. I was neither asleep nor awake; for, though my eyes were sealed in oblivion, my ears were not—and I heard, as in the depths of nightmare, the distant and confused noise of the street, beyond the College gates—the voices of fish-women, the ticking of my own time-piece, and the sound of my own breath. All these things I heard; but they were as nothing to the tread in the court—to the creaking shoes, and brazen-shod stick of the stranger. There was something about this man which scared slumber away, and I was obliged to open my eyes, which were once more fixed upon him with increased curiosity.

I could not understand it. There was, apparently, nothing remarkable about the man. He was clothed in black, it is true, and had a three-cornered hat, a long *queue*, and tortoise-shell spectacles. Well, and what then? are not many men clothed in black, and do not some wear three-cornered hats, long *queues*, and tortoise-shell spectacles? Then, to extricate myself from this dilemma, I called the orange stick to my assistance, and endeavoured to extract from it something sufficiently marvellous to account for my curiosity—then the pompous gait of its bearer, then his creaking shoes—and

lastly, his rosy physiognomy. It would not do. There was nothing odd in any of them. What, then, was there about the man to attract my notice so irresistibly? Apparently, there was nothing, and yet there must be something—for it was clear that my notice had been irresistibly attracted.

"Who can it be?" This was the first problem which it was imperative to solve. I had already found that he could not be Kitchiner, seeing that this worthy gastronome was dead. Then Doctor Redgill and Touchwood came in review; but, without knowing anything of the persons of these gentlemen, I arrived somehow at the conclusion, that it could not be any of them. "He must be a contributor to Blackwood, and certainly a celebrated one. Perhaps he is Christopher North: but no—he is not old enough for that; or Timothy Tickler—but he is not tall enough. He cannot be Hogg, no—nor O'Doherty—that is evident; nor can he be Delta—for he, I am told, is a tall young man, with light hair. He is, perhaps, Ebony himself; yes, he is Ebony. But no—confound it—he can't be that either, for Ebony neither wears a three-cornered hat, nor has he a long *queue*."

In this manner did I cogitate, while the important subject of my meditations walked opposite, apparently unconscious of my presence. There was—I love to repeat it—an air of awful dignity about him. It was clear that he was a man of importance, or, what is the same thing, that he thought himself one. Nor did this look of profound dignity seem to diminish, as I gazed upon it. On the contrary, its influence increased. Every minute the person rose in my estimation; and I became certain that he must be one of the great men of the earth.

Nor was my admiration confined to his person alone: there was something interesting in his very habiliments. "That three-cornered hat," I thought, "is such as Raymond Lully, or Erasmus, must have worn. There is something antique in its cut, and it could only fit the sconce of a man of genius!" I now began to conjecture who could have made it; and, I very believe, that had it been at that moment in the market, I would have given as much for it, as for the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. My cogitations descended from the cocked-hat to the walking-stick. While looking upon it, I called to mind the rod of Moses, and the wand of Esculapius. It was none of your vulgar, ill-natured crabsticks—none of your hazel staffs. It was an orange stem, probably of Seville, or Montpellier growth: perhaps St. Michael, or

Jamaica produced it. Nor was the coat of this mysterious man less worthy of observation. Stultze made it not; he never made such a coat. It was a goodly garment, of noble dimensions, and buttoned with ample swell over the circumference of his lordly paunch. There was an air of knowingness about it—something of erudition. The tailor who contrived it must have been a grave and learned man—not the ninth part of humanity—not a fraction of his species, as tailors from time immemorial have been known to be. What a mass of dignity is contained within its embrace! Elijah's mantle must have been somewhat like this. Were it mine, I would not exchange it for the pontifical robes, nor for the purple of Cæsar himself. Lastly, his nether garments, compassing in their colossal volume so glorious a rotundity of thigh! Heavens! such a pair of unmentionables! Were they mine, I would cause them to be handed down as an heir-loom to my family, even till the latest generations. Breeches!—yes, the word sounds hard to polished ears—that man, I will be bold to say, wears his own, and is most assuredly—not henpecked.

Never was I so interested in any being; but human interest will flag at times, and the mind must now and then give way to the dictates of the body. In the midst of my meditations a renewed languor came over me, my eyes closed involuntarily, as if I sat in an atmosphere of poppy or nightshade; my hands fell powerless into my lap, and I lay back in the chair with my mouth half open, and my whole spirit absorbed in one mysterious perplexity. I know not whether it could be called sleep: if it was, never did slumber come down upon the soul in more quaint and fantastic fashion. I had a perfect consciousness of what was going on, and yet I could not move nor take any part in it. I felt the glow of the evening sun, as it warmed my frame with its sultry breath; I heard my clock ticking, and the noise of flies buzzing and fluttering around me; and now and then felt them settling with annoying pertinacity upon my nose and forehead.

But a truce to such sounds as those of buzzing flies and time-pieces. There was one sound, not perhaps more loud than these, which yet drowned them in the magnificence of its moral loudness, and in its effect upon the mind. I allude to the tread of the man with the long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. He was still at work, pacing the court with slow and solemn dignity. I knew it, though I saw him not. I knew it, though well-nigh asleep; for I heard the creak—creak—creak—of his measured step, and the no less monoto-

nous tick—tick—tick—of his brazen-shod baton, responding to the music of his feet. I continued in this state of dozing somnolency for fifteen minutes, and was aroused from it by my clock striking the hour of seven. During my half-slumber, I was in a state of fascination, from which I found it impossible to liberate myself. I was in a trance: an incubus hung equally upon my body and spirit; and the sounding of the seventh hour seemed as the voice of a good angel, commanding the spell by which I was fettered to depart.

I awoke, opened my eyes, yawned, stretched myself, and looked out. The man was still there. Zounds! I never doubted it! Who but himself could produce the tread I have been describing? Whose stick but his could beat the ground with such dignity? Upon my honour, the man was still there! By accurate computation, he had walked forty-five, ay, fifty minutes. He had gone all this time in the sun, too—on the sunny side of the court, be it remembered—when the thermometer stood at eighty. I formerly wondered who he could be: I now began to marvel what he wanted. Judging from his gait, he was surely a great man; and it was only rational to suppose he had come on some great occasion. "He must be one of the commissioners," thought I, "appointed by the king to examine the state of the Scottish Universities, and is doubtless here upon his commission. Which of them can it be?—let me think. The Earl of Aberdeen is one, and so is the Earl of Lauderdale; but it is neither of them. Lord Melville is another, as likewise the Lord President." It would not do; these noblemen were all of the commissioners whose names I recollected, and unluckily I knew them all by sight. Had there been any one of them with whose appearance I was unacquainted, I would have fixed upon the stranger as him, beyond a doubt. I now began to recollect that sundry learned men from Germany were shortly expected at our colleges: among others, Gall and Spurzheim, and the celebrated Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, of whom honourable mention has been made in my "Metempsychosis." For Gall, the man was too young; for Spurzheim, he was too short; for Doctor Dunderhead, he was neither old enough nor short enough, although in other respects he closely resembled that eminent professor. At last the idea struck me that he must be Doctor Scott the Odontist, or Professor Leslie, when the pigtail, descending beneath his three-cornered hat, demonstrated how much I was mistaken. That eternal *queue* was the stumblingblock to all my surmises. I knew nobody that

wore a *queue* but the Duke of Hamilton; and his Grace could not for one moment be mistaken for the man—nor the man for his Grace.

The more I reflected on the subject, the greater my perplexity became. I had still a strong inclination to sleep, but I combated it for the sake of unravelling the secret. Meanwhile the stranger continued his pace. He went like a horse in a gin, only his course was backwards and forwards, instead of being round about; nor, in the whole of his walk, did he abate one jot of his dignity. He still preserved the same pompous, consequential step which had first attracted my notice—carrying his head as high as ever, looking as proudly through his spectacles, and placing his baton with unmitigated firmness upon the earth. Altogether, there was a mystery about the man, which I would have given the half of what I was worth to be acquainted with.

I have spoken of his person, of his dress, and of his gait, and have descanted upon them with sufficient copiousness; but there were some other things which there was no resisting the wish to know. I had already settled the point that he was a *bon vivant:* his amplitude of paunch and claret complexion established this beyond a doubt. "He is probably," I thought, "fond of roast beef not overdone, and of beefsteak cooked *à l'Anglaise.* That he likes a draught of London porter after dinner is, I should think, likely; that he likes wine is certain; spirits I do not believe he cares much about. What kind of wine does he prefer—Claret, Malaga, or Hermitage? Neither. These are too watery and Frenchified for the rich current of his blood. Old Port and Madeira are his favourites, take my word for it. Talking of politics, the man is a Tory. His air is too lordly and aristocratic for Whiggism, which he would blow to the earth with the breath of his nostrils."

For more than fifty minutes had he by this time paced the opposite side of the court, and the circumstance of his being a *bon vivant* was, I must repeat it, in reality the only fact I had discovered about him. The other surmises might be right, or they might be wrong. He might be Touchwood, or Redgill, or one of the University commissioners, for anything I knew to the contrary. I was going to repeat, that he might be Doctor Scott; but no—his pigtail set that for ever at rest.

Could he be a bailie? It was possible, for he possessed much of the awful dignity which characterizes these function-

aries; his paunch, his step, the air with which he looked through the glasses of his spectacles—all were magisterial.

A Methodist preacher? Impossible. If he be a preacher at all, he must be a bishop or a cardinal. That important look, that air of condition, that atmosphere of good living which floats around him, cannot savour of the sour, lank, vinegar aspect of Methodism.

A lawyer? A moment's thought convinced me that I was again at fault. What lawyer ever possessed such a lordly bearing, such a consciousness of superiority, and such freedom from care and calculation as reposes in the expression of that face?

A physician? The very idea savoured of absurdity. The time-serving smile, the insinuating address, of the practitioners of physic, were wanting in his bold pompous front. The man was too full of his own importance to undertake the task of wedging himself into the graces of the sick.

A quaker? Fudge!

What then, in the name of miracle, was he? It was impossible to tell; and I tortured my brain for no purpose, in the vain endeavour to solve the difficulty. All I could ascertain to my own satisfaction, was the profession to which he actually did—not belong; and, that he neither appertained to the tribe of lawyers, doctors, quakers, nor methodists, was as clear as mathematical demonstration could make it.

"I must discover him. There is something about the man, which cannot be allowed to remain in obscurity; and, if I die the moment after, I shall have the secret out of him." Such were my determinations, and I resolved to hit upon some plan to effect the purpose. But what plan could I adopt? Could I ask him his name and business?—it was impossible to take such liberty with so awe-inspiring a personage. Who knows but he might read me a lecture from the Philippics of Demosthenes, and send me quailing back beneath the lightning of his eloquence? I could not doubt that he was a great orator. Notwithstanding the overpowering dignity of his demeanour, it was possible he might descend to sarcasm and rebuke, to punish impertinence. Who knows if he would even be above applying his stick to my unfortunate numskull?

These reflections had their due weight in deterring me from so hazardous an experiment; but while they deterred me, they also excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. The desire for information augmented with the difficulty of procuring it. I no longer sat like a fixture at the window: my

agitation was too great to admit of so sedentary a position, and I got up in a paroxysm of intense anxiety, and walked about the room—rummaging every nook of my brain to find out some way of coming at the object in view. I was literally haunted—I could not drive the strange man from my head. If I looked out, I saw him walking with my bodily eye: if I turned away, I beheld him equally well with the eye of the mind. Nor did the sound of his footsteps for a moment escape me. I heard them creaking upon the court, accompanied by the attendant and ghost-like responses of the everlasting walking-stick.

My anxiety at last attained such a pitch, that I verily believe I should have died upon the spot, if a copious flood of tears had not come to my relief. "Can nothing be done?" said I, weeping bitterly. "Must I remain in ignorance of this extraordinary man? who is he—what does he want—is he Whig or Tory—does he drink Port in preference to Malaga or Hermitage—has he dined, like myself, on oysters and macaroni—does he write for Blackwood?" Such were the questions that crowded on my imagination; but, alas! there was no one to answer them but the man himself—with the tortoise-shell spectacles and the long *queue!* What could I do? I was ashamed and afraid to put them to him. Good breeding and caution alike forbade so extraordinary a proceeding. In this dilemma I threw myself upon the sofa, and buried my tear-bedewed face in one of the pillows, while I sobbed like the child who broke its heart because its nurse could not give it the moon as a plaything.

But I did not long give way to idle sorrow. Resentment took its place, and inspired my heart with deadly energy. I felt myself insulted by the stranger. "He must be a villain," I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my soul, "thus to tamper with the agonies of a fellow being. Notwithstanding his dignity, he is neither more nor less than—a villain." Would it be believed that in so short a time I threw away all my late feelings of reverence and admiration? But the human heart is a strange piece of mechanism, which is constantly getting into disorder, and turning disloyally upon itself. From the bottom of my spirit, I thought *him* a villain, whom I had just wondered at, and reverenced, and admired. "Yes, he is neither more nor less. He has haunted me till my brain borders on distraction. He *shall* account for himself:—by Heaven! he shall tell me who he is." My mind was wrought to a pitch of frenzied excitement—anger lent me courage—

insatiable curiosity led me on; and I determined either to make him open his oracular lips and reveal himself, or to join with him in mortal death-grapple. Full of these terrible resolutions, I put on my hat, buttoned my coat, set my teeth, and descended the stair with portentous speed. On reaching the front door I paused a few seconds before opening it, to rally my ideas and collect my energies into one powerful focus. This done, I opened the door, stepped into the court, and looked around me. Horrible to relate—the man was gone, and I never saw him more!

THE ROBBER SPATOLINO.

Stephen Spatolino was born at Frosenone, in the year 1775; his parents were peasants, and had been extremely persecuted by the owners of the land they occupied, moistening with their tears the black bread on which they subsisted. Stephen inherited by nature a violent and ferocious temper: young as he was, he manifested a sense of deep sorrow on beholding the deplorable state of his parents, brought on by the avarice and inhumanity of the proprietor of their farm. It occurred that the landlord had sent to exact money from his parents by means of the police, and this act of violence being consummating, the son, Spatolino, irritated at the oppression of his parents, sprang into the middle of the executioners of the landlord's will, with a knife in his hand, and exercised his vengeance on them: although only fifteen years of age, no one resisted him successfully. Two persons were killed on the spot, and the landlord's son severely wounded. A crowd collected, the armed force of the country repaired to the spot, and Spatolino was arrested, but, on account of his youth, was not condemned to death; he was sentenced by the criminal tribunal to the galleys for fifteen years, and, a few days after his condemnation, was sent to Civita Vecchia to suffer the penalty. Very little time had elapsed, when he received an injury from a comrade who was chained to him: not having arms, he inflicted so many blows and kicks as to leave him half dead; and, had not the guards come to his assistance, would certainly have killed him. His strength at

that age was the strength of a strong man in the prime of life. Spatolino was severely punished, and, not being able to avenge himself, became outrageous, for which reason he was sent to the Dock of Porto D'Anzo. Finding this to be a worse situation than the former, he was exceedingly enraged; but at last endeavoured, by assuming an air of superiority, to make himself feared, and even esteemed, by his companions. In a short time the guards and overseers began to respect him; and, although the youngest in the prison, the superintendent gave him an authority to overlook the work performed by the convicts. His presence was sufficient to put a stop to any contention amongst them. Spatolino, if he found them refractory, immediately chastised them. His manners, his courage and assiduity in effecting whatever was required of him, as also his youth, ensured him the protection of the president of the legion of convicts for the Porto D'Anzo; who not only exempted him from labour, but named him Barberotto, that is, sergeant of the galley slaves. He was empowered to overlook their work, to observe who were the most active, and to punish the idle. There was in Porto D'Anzo a young Egyptian woman, whom a seaman, having been to Egypt with the expedition commanded by Napoleon, had seduced from that country. The seaman forming an acquaintance with her, became enamoured of her, and the poor deluded creature, not knowing how to effect her flight from Egypt, on account of her parents, was persuaded to take all they had, and afterwards murder them; which piece of barbarity being effected in the night, they escaped together. A short time after the seaman had been in Civita Vecchia, being a married man, he abandoned this unhappy woman, leaving her a prey to the greatest misery, and forgetting what she had sacrificed for his love. The governor, pitying her, caused her to be instructed in the tenets of the Catholic religion, and baptized under the name of Mary; but having concluded this pious act, he never thought of affording her a pension for her maintenance, conceiving that making her a Catholic was sufficient. Not finding anything to do in Civita Vecchia, she determined on proceeding to Porto D'Anzo, and endeavouring to earn a living, it being at the time of reconstructing the port—a period when employment was not a matter of difficulty to obtain. Mary, who was a good cook in her own country, began to try her success by preparing a few dishes and selling them to the galley-slaves who worked in the port; she also began to make pilaffe, after

the Turkish manner; by which means, in a short time, she gained the good-will of all the slaves, more particularly of Spatolino, who became quite familiar, and daily went to eat with her; in return for which, Mary never would receive payment, and was induced, by his friendship, to confide to him her history. Spatolino was rejoiced to find she possessed so firm a spirit, and immediately made her proposals of marriage, which were accepted without a moment's hesitation. They asked permission to marry, of the president of the dock-yard; who, considering that Spatolino did his duty, granted it; and the time of his transportation being expired, (in the year 1810, a remarkable era in Rome, for the whole of the State, and for the abduction of the Pope, decreed by Napoleon,) he left the galleys, to the regret of the president and all the keepers. Spatolino, the second day of his emancipation, while walking about the country in the neighbourhood of Porto D'Anzo, observed posted upon the highway, the bulls of excommunication issued by Pius VII. against the Emperor Napoleon, and all who had occupied the States of the Church, accepted employment under, or associated with, the French. Reflecting on this, he felt convinced that the French, as usurpers and excommunicated beings, might be slaughtered without scruple, and therefore determined on avenging the wrongs of his sovereign. He now proceeded to Rome with his wife, there to consider what ulterior measures he should adopt.

The morning of the 6th of July arrived—a day of great confusion: the French having caused the walls of the papal palace to be scaled by a party of gens-d'armes, under the orders of General Radet; who, having reached the chamber of the pope, without any respect for his person, hurried him away. The ignorant people of Rome saw this with indignation, and believed that all the French were excommunicated, because they considered the pope as a mere man, instead of a God upon earth; to doubt which was, in their eyes, a sacrilege.

It was rumoured abroad that the pope was clad in his pontifical robes; that he departed bearing the crucifix in one hand, and the breviary in the other. Horror took possession of Rome, and the heart of Spatolino burned with revenge. He assembled a few associates, among whom were two of his cousins, and communicated to them his views, which were, to proceed with a resolution of killing every Frenchman they might meet, as the cause of the ruin of Rome and the Papal

States. The companions of Spatolino approved of his plan, and, hearing of the persecution of the Sacred College, they procured such arms as they required, and, departing from Rome, posted themselves among the hills, where they hoped to be secure, and still in a convenient position for prosecuting their design.

Spatolino was of low stature, long visage, fair skin, but his face of an olive pale hue; his eyes of a light blue, and full of animation; his aspect fierce; hair light; long whiskers; lips pale; broad back; swift of foot, and particularly animated in his action. He wore a jerkin lined with red, a dark yellow waistcoat, blue breeches, a breast-pouch with fifty cartridges, four pistols, and a small hanger by his side. In his breeches-pocket he kept a small stiletto. He also bore a long gun. On his head he wore continually a net, and upon that his hat. His wife followed him in all his excursions, and he greatly esteemed and loved her. He remained some time in the mountains near Rome, and with his associates laid in a store of whatever was necessary for their new avocation. He then resolved upon proceeding to Sonnino, the common rendezvous of the greater part of the banditti in the Papal States. In Sonnino he found some followers, who, going deeply into his notions, did not scruple to join him. They swore to entertain an eternal friendship for each other, implacable hatred against the French, and laid it down as a duty to rob and kill them. Spatolino, before commencing his career as brigand, repaired to the Curate of Sonnino, and requested absolution for all the crimes he had or might commit; the curate, surprised at this request, observed to him that absolution was only given after sins were committed. Spatolino very soon quieted the scruples of the curate, by making him a present of a very handsome watch; upon which he immediately raised his hands, and gave him the desired absolution. Sonnino may be compared with Pontus, where Ovid was in exile, and which is thus described by that celebrated author:—"The men I meet with are not even worthy of the name; they are more fierce than wolves; have no laws, as with them armed force constitutes justice, and injury rights. They live by rapine, but seek it not without peril, and sword in hand. Every other way of purveying for their necessities they view as base and ignominious. It is enough for them to be seen, to be hated and dreaded. The sound of their voice is ferocious; their physiognomy horrible, and their complexion cadaverous." Just such are the inhabitants

of Sonnino and its vicinity at present, and among such Spatolino came to complete his band, which, when formed in Rome, consisted of seven only. Before proceeding on his expedition, and to attach his wife more closely to his person, by proving his strong affection, he left his band and proceeded to Civita Vecchia, and, seeking the sailor who had seduced her, he expressed a wish to speak with him a little distance from the town. The sailor, conceiving it might be something to his advantage, followed immediately. Spatolino conducted him a little beyond the gate of Civita Vecchia, and, giving him two thrusts of his stiletto in his heart, cut off his ears and nose, to carry them as a present to his wife, and then departed immediately for Sonnino. On his arrival, he proceeded to seek Mary and his band. After the usual salutations, he took out of his pocket the small bundle containing the nose and ears of the sailor, and, presenting them to his wife, said, "From this you may judge my affection. I was desirous of avenging your wrongs, and have done so by killing your seducer. Here are the pledges of it, which you should keep, in order to remind you of the betrayer, and as a guard against future temptation. You cannot mistrust me, when I promise ever to afford you proofs of true attachment, and I hope you will be faithful to me!" After this, they embraced affectionately, and swore to each other eternal fidelity. Nor is it possible for any man to have kept his word more scrupulously towards his wife, as will be seen in the continuation of this narrative. The following day Spatolino departed at the head of his band, which was composed of eighteen persons, himself and wife included, and proceeded to the vicinity of Portatta, near the main road leading from Rome to Naples, which at that time was much frequented by the French of every rank and condition, who proceeded under orders between these two places. Towards night, Spatolino placed himself and comrades in ambush on the high road, intending to take advantage of a military body of which he had information. Ere long a sound of horses was heard; they were immediately on the alert, and succeeded in arresting a French escort of seven soldiers on foot, and the same number on horseback, conducting the baggage-waggon of a French colonel of the line. It contained all his effects, and money to a large amount. Upon the first fire of Spatolino's band, five of the soldiers were killed, and three desperately wounded; he then threw himself amongst the others, who were placed on the defence, and who had expended

their fire without hurting a single individual of the band. Spatolino, with his pistols, killed two, and a few moments saw him and his band masters of the field. Spatolino ordered his men to strip the dead, and, placing everything in the waggon, after digging a pit for the bodies, they retired to a cave in the wood near the road, where the booty was equally divided. He took himself two of the best horses, and armed and equipped his band in a superior manner. He also presented to his wife a part of the spoil, she having been armed in the action, performing the duty of a sentinel, on the highway, in advance about half a mile off, to give notice, in case of an overwhelming force appearing. Spatolino, having made a fair division of the spoil, to raise the courage of his companions, sent all his own money to his parents, informing them, at the same time, that for the future they should be released from misery, as he would ever bear in mind the beings who gave him birth.

This affair was soon known at Rome, with the intelligence that the baggage-waggon and effects of the colonel were captured. The police sent a detachment to the place of the occurrence, and the bodies of the slain were examined, as to their having been killed by gun-shots or poignards. It was not then possible to criminate Spatolino, he having but just commenced his warfare, and having never divulged his name; nevertheless, it became known in a few days, that he was at the head of a considerable band; which much surprised the government, believing him to be in their grasp too easily, to venture so daringly. Spatolino had information of all this, and set out, resolving to retire more into the heart of the Papal dominions, in which there are desert plains and mountains, which afford secure shelter. He sent his cousins, disguised, to Rome, to ascertain how they should proceed; and, in the meantime, went himself by night on the high road, killing all the French that came in his way, and making no distinction, whether couriers, soldiers, or officers. According to his confession, as well as that of his men, the prosperous result of their first attacks rendered them far more daring. Spatolino was in the frequent habit of changing his apparel and horses, causing his associates to do the same. From this stratagem, the French government in Rome conceived the band to be very numerous. Traversing the Roman plains, he once reached that city unknown, and returned again to the roads of Naples, but not without committing a murder on his way. He was then satisfied, and remained quiet for a

short time. The proprietors of carriages on the road, were obliged to wait until seven or eight could set off together, like a caravan, escorted by dragoons or hussars. The cousins of Spatolino continued in Rome, affording him information of all that occurred. One day he was apprised of there being a number of carriages, with French officers, political deputies, escorted by twenty-six chasseurs, about to proceed to Milan. Spatolino, knowing that three of his friends were brigands in the kingdom of Naples, men of great courage and enterprise, sent to them, apprising them of a blow he projected, acquainting them of the number they would have to attack, and urging them, with their comrades, to join them. These brigands, amounting in all to twenty-six, repaired immediately to Spatolino, who, on their arrival, went to examine the spot most advantageous for attacking the caravan. When he had digested his plan, he ordered that each man should have two muskets, two pistols, and a knife. He caused some muskets to be carried on mules, in case of their requiring more; and sent some of his men to a small village, to take ten howitzers of brass, which used to be fired off in celebration of the patronizing saint, as is the custom in those countries. He had the whole conveyed to the place appointed, and then acquainted his cousin at Rome, of everything being in readiness, requesting him to give him notice a few hours previous to the departure of the escort. The spot fixed on by Spatolino, was twenty-two miles from Rome, forming a cavity, intersected with ditches at small distances from each other, so that he and his people could be concealed, and fire from a covert. Having received information that the escort was on the road, he divided his men into three divisions, placed himself in the middle, with six of his bravest adherents, one division on an eminence, and another at some little distance, as a reserve; near the latter, he posted the ten howitzers, charged with powder, and placed his wife as commander, that, when she heard him and his men commence their firing, she should let them off, by this means intimidating the passengers and soldiers, by causing them to suppose they had field-pieces. He commanded his comrades not to fire until he gave the signal, but, when once begun, to continue firing upon the escort and carriages, without mercy. Notwithstanding the inferiority of his party, Spatolino, without considering the danger, waited with impatience to satiate his vengeance on the oppressors of his country. Fortunately for him, he was the dread of the people in and about Rome, who believed his

band to be, if possible, numerous without end. Towards day-break, an escort appeared, consisting of seven horse chasseurs; these being the advance guard, Spatolino suffered them to pass; and, before the approach of the carriages, they had gone on several miles. The carriages, which were twelve in number, contained in each six persons, two servants, and two drivers; in all eighteen attendants, and twenty-six dragoons or chasseurs on horseback. Everything occurred as Spatolino wished; and when the carriages were in the middle of the path, he caused a double discharge, reckoning the howitzers, which appeared to be cannon. Fifteen persons were killed, and many wounded at once. The passengers imagined themselves attacked by a hundred persons, and were so overpowered by surprise, as to be utterly unable to defend themselves. The band threw away their arms as they discharged them; and, being encouraged by Spatolino, during the action, to revenge their wrongs by the blood of the French, they fell on their few remaining victims sword in hand, without showing any mercy even to females, of whom there were two, who, falling on their knees, begged for life, which was most barbarously refused; Spatolino telling them, that it was their lives he wanted, and not their effects, and that his vengeance would never be satiated while a Frenchman existed. After stripping the dead, which he left unburied, and sending the spoil to the place of rendezvous, he himself, with his two cousins, and three Neapolitans, placed themselves in their former positions, hoping the vanguard would return. Even this second anticipation turned out according to their desires; the guard, after waiting some time without the carriages following, turned back, and, when within sight of Spatolino and his companions, were immediately fired upon; six were killed, but the seventh, although wounded, having a good horse, escaped. Satisfied with this enterprise, Spatolino ordered those horses which were useless to be killed, and the carriages burnt. His band wished to share the booty, and demanded an immediate investigation of it; but Spatolino, who calculated the time the account might reach Rome, and feared to be surprised by a superior force, ordered the horses to be laden, and departed immediately, making forced marches. He chose the most unfrequented roads, in an opposite direction to that on which he would be pursued. Being at last in a place of safety, he halted, and found the spoils very valuable, having been the property of the principal *employés* of the government.

He scrupulously divided the spoil with his companions, and they reposed a few days, making themselves merry, and believing they had done a most virtuous action, in sending from the world so many persecutors of their country. The reports spread in Rome respecting this massacre were of the most alarming kind, and even General Miollis had his apprehensions: the French Government being hated, not only for the treatment to which the pope had been subjected, but because the Romans, having received the French as brothers, expected the same return, instead of which, they were treated with contempt. They found the city of Rome declared a part of the Empire of France, and they themselves dependent on Paris. Such a position of affairs filled them with the greatest indignation, and they cherished towards all the French an implacable hatred. Many were heard to say, "Under the pope we were ill off, considering his bad government, but then we were dependent on our own; and now, that we expected to be in the enjoyment of liberty, we find ourselves more slaves than ever, and to strangers." Letters were very frequently intercepted; but with all the exertion of General Miollis, he never could obtain information as to the haunts of Spatolino and his band. The inhabitants of the different towns and villages, knowing that Spatolino's enmity was only against the French, as he never injured them or their property, gave him and his companions an asylum, their protection, and every species of succour, whenever required. The Roman Congress being at this time more employed in making new laws, than thinking of taking Spatolino, was the cause of his present safety. The Roman police was under a man named Piranesi, a very able person, to watch over its internal regulations, and to occupy himself with the capital, which required great vigilance, from the recent changes. Difficulties, too, were expected to arise from the measure contemplated by Napoleon, of removing the whole of the Sacred College, conjointly with all the priests who would not take the oaths of fealty to France; and at this time, it was impossible to think of attacking Spatolino or his band. General Miollis, however, Governor of Rome, hearing daily of some massacre of the French people, determined on sending troops against Spatolino. The mountains of the districts he had chosen as his rendezvous, appeared as if nature had expressly formed them for the security of such brigands. Although a regiment was employed, it was always beaten by Spatolino, who, observing the progress he made,

acquired more courage, and in no long space of time had committed more murders, and, at the same time, effected such *coups de main*, as were, perhaps, never equalled by a free-booter. The contributions to the French government continued; the great neglect of the generals and magistrates, the miseries of the country, and the debts of individuals, rendered the population of Rome rebellious, as well as that of the provinces. The French garrison could not be in every place at once. A national guard was therefore formed, at the head of which was placed the Count Marescotti, an individual devoted to France. His ordinances were effectual for preventing political commotions in towns, but not for restraining the brigands in the provinces, who were daily making progress. Spatolino did not lose any opportunity of vengeance. As the French were unacquainted with the country, they found themselves perpetually falling into ambuscades, and becoming his victims. One of Spatolino's cousins, named Panza-Neza, who was even more ferocious than himself, and cherished, if possible, more deadly hatred of the French, often disguised himself, and traversed the villages alone. If he met with a Frenchman, he formed an acquaintance with him, conducted him to a coffee-house, and even paid for his entertainment; he would then draw him into some obscure place in the country, murder him, and return to his companions, satisfied with having effected a noble act. If he returned in bad spirits, it was taken as a proof that he had been unsuccessful. He was even reported to carry his revenge to such an extent, as to have made a Frenchman dead drunk, place him on horseback, bound down like a sack of corn, and, taking him to the camp, allow him to sleep until sober. When awake, with the assistance of his fellow bandits, he stripped him, cut off his extremities, and burnt him alive. He slept frequently at the house of a comrade, named Menghini di Sorrito, who professed great friendship and eternal attachment to him. Ofttimes did Menghini apprise Panza-Neza of the movements of the French troops against their brigands; and, at the period of the earlier transactions, the amity of his associate was of great avail. Panza rewarded him liberally; still Menghini was not satisfied, and extorted from him a promise of a large sum of money. The name of Panza-Neza was notorious, from the atrocities he perpetrated; and the governor found himself obliged to offer a large reward to any one who would bring him, dead or alive. Menghini, not receiving the promised money, and finding the sum offered by

the government to be very considerable, determined on giving up Panza-Neza. He could not specify the exact time; but the governor sent a force in disguise to Sorrito, the village where Menghini resided. The following night, Panza repaired to his comrade, and, acquainting him of his having killed, that morning, two Frenchmen, Menghini appeared much pleased, and proposed going to buy liquor to drink the pope's health, to which Panza acceded. After two hours' absence, he returned with liquor, and they commenced drinking.

In a short time Panza became intoxicated, and fell asleep, when Menghini let in the guard, who bound and dragged him down stairs. Knowing the cruelties he had committed, they beat him with the butt-ends of their muskets; and, after much bad usage, cut off his head, which was sent to the local authorities, to obtain payment of the promised reward. As soon as Spatolino heard of the death of his cousin, he surmised that his associate had betrayed him. To ascertain this, he repaired alone to seek Menghini, to inquire into the particulars; conceiving that, without treachery, the guard could not have easily surprised a single individual, not known to them personally. When Spatolino reached the dwelling of Menghini, he found only the father of the traitor, who appeared so truly to lament their friend, that Spatolino believed all his assertions, and determined on remaining with him that night. The old man was pleased with this proposal, hoping to treat him in the same manner as Panza, and obtain a larger sum for his capture, as the leader of the infamous band. At the same time, he thought it would ensure the safety of his son, should he be discovered as the betrayer of Panza. Menghini himself would not sleep at his own house, fearing Spatolino might come to a knowledge of the affair, but remained at a cottage not far distant. The old man, pretending to require something for supper, left Spatolino, saying he would soon return. Repairing immediately to his son, he acquainted him who he had at home; how he had deceived him respecting the death of his cousin; and it being the custom of Spatolino and Panza, whenever they entered any house, to change their dress and take off their arms, that he had concealed Spatolino's, so that he was in their power. Although Menghini had not at first the idea of consummating this second treason, he determined on conforming to his father's views, and set off to Fiano, a small village half a mile distant. There he hoped to find sufficient force to accom-

plish his design; but, from the influence of Spatolino's good fortune, the military had moved from thence to Sabina, to try the effect of an ambuscade on the band. He was not discouraged, and proceeded to another village, a mile farther, making sure of finding there a sufficient force. During the night Spatolino, revolving in his mind the length of time he had been absent for the supper, suspected some treachery. Not knowing any one of whom he could inquire where Menghini was, he left his bed in anxiety, and, descending to the lower apartment, his suspicions became a matter of certainty, on not being able to find either his dress or arms. He then went to the stable, and found his horse, but no saddle. He awoke a boy, or servant, who slept there, and demanded what had been done with it; and the boy, pretending not to know anything on the subject, Spatolino seized a hatchet, which happened to be near him, and split his skull. Foaming with rage, he flew with it in his hand to the house, and, demanding of the old woman (servant of Menghini,) in the most peremptory manner, where his dress and arms had been hidden, she, almost petrified with fright, gave them up immediately. He then saddled his horse and departed, leaving the servant petrified with fear, and determined on investigating the business satisfactorily. Some considerable distance from the house of Menghini, and completely off the road, he tied his horse to a tree. Again approaching the house, he concealed himself in some brushwood on the side of the road, sufficiently near to see all who might leave or approach it. He had not waited long, when the house was surrounded by soldiers. The old woman, whom the death of the boy had bereft of voice and breath, knowing herself to be now in perfect safety, related every circumstance; confessing that fear of her master's not bringing the guard, and of her own life, had made her resign the arms to Spatolino, who had disappeared like a flash of lightning, and must be then far distant. The soldiers departed in a short time, regretting much having lost so good a chance of capturing the bandit. Menghini, while the guards were at his house, did not proceed with them, but remained, by chance, close to the very spot where Spatolino was, rejoicing in the idea of seeing him secured. Great was his horror to know the result, being too well aware of what he had to expect from the robber's vengeance. The chief of the guards advised him not to remain in his present residence: for that night, he might, indeed, be safe, as Spatolino would hardly remain so near danger. The officer and

his men returned to their quarters, at some distance from the village, but kept in readiness to move on the slightest alarm. The father and son remained, but still not without fear of being surprised by Spatolino, whose blood boiled, and urged him not to lose the present moment. He had seen the father and son pass him to enter their house, and, the way being clear, he sprang after them like a wild beast. Menghini and his father fled immediately to their door, hoping to get in before he overtook them, and secure themselves; but the old woman had locked them out. This delay decided their fate. Before the servant could give them admittance, Spatolino was at their side. Entering the dwelling with them, terror-struck as they were, they soon fell an easy prey to his vengeance. Seeing himself victorious, he determined, in order to make himself still more the terror of the country, to afford a fresh example of his temerity. He collected in the house all the straw, hay, and wood, he could find at hand, and set fire to it, gratified by the blaze it made, and hoping it would announce to the armed force, at a little distance, his prompt revenge. This tragedy concluded, he mounted his horse, and hastened to rejoin his band.

After Spatolino's recent terrible act of vengeance, General Miollis was more than ever anxious for the destruction of Spatolino and his companions. They were daily increasing in number, and, by the influence of money, Spatolino was obtaining friends in Rome itself. General Miollis increased the sum offered for the capture of Spatolino, and ordered that his parents should be arrested, conducted to Fort St. Angelo, and their house plundered, which was guessed to contain no little wealth, their son having sent them at various times large sums of money. Spatolino now removed, with his wife and band, to the maritime country. He related to them the treachery of Menghini, and his deed of vengeance. Knowing the government of Rome would adopt the most active measures to get him into their power, he urged their being cautious, as he had proved how great would be his revenge on those who should endeavour to betray him. He maintained in Rome a number of spies, who gave him intelligence of all that occurred; and, considering it a duty, they forwarded to him the new decree of Miollis against him, and the intended seizure of his parents, with their property. Not intimidated by this news, he endeavoured to be beforehand, and avenge himself on those who were proceeding to fulfil the General's orders. Taking with him four of his associates,

he went to Frosinone, where his parents resided, leaving his four companions in the vicinity, until he returned to them with his parents, their relations, and all the property he could carry. Previous to leaving the house, he distributed, in every part, a quantity of ox, goat, and buffalo horns, that, when the French detachment arrived, he might laugh at the idea of the plunder they so little expected to find. His parents were received at his camp by his wife, with great regard, and, removing them immediately to a place of safety, he, with his band, awaited, on the road of Frosinone, the return of the detachment, which, he deemed, by this time had taken possession of the horns. The most distinguished talent of Spatolino, was that of choosing his ground when he made an attack. He was well advised as to the number of troops on the expedition, which, being numerous, he determined to act by stratagem. He ordered many of his associates to leave Frosinone during the day, (that they might be by government, who had continual spies upon them, supposed elsewhere,) and in the night, to return with the greatest promptness to where they had left him. Fortune again smiled on the operations of Spatolino; but it was owing to his skill and penetration in foreseeing everything, and neglecting nothing to secure success.

The associates of Spatolino returning at night, after having retired into the interior of the country, and Spatolino being informed of the French detachment marching towards Frosinone, without any suspicion, believing the brigands to be in an opposite direction, he allowed them to attack the house, which they could not immediately enter, as he had secured the entrance-door by many large staples. He had made his parents, when escaping, leave the house by a private door at the back, and leap the garden-wall. The French, supposing the inhabitants to be concealed within, commenced forcing an entrance with all possible haste. The rage and humiliation of the French officer, conjointly with his men, on finding the house abandoned, and every apartment strewed with horns, after so much fatigue and precaution, were beyond description; but, notwithstanding his fury, the people of Frosinone, who had assembled together to witness this expedition, could not refrain from laughing and scoffing on discovering the jest. The officer, suspecting Spatolino and some of his associates to be in the neighbourhood, determined on remaining at Frosinone that night. The detachment being formed of twenty men on horseback, and twenty-four on foot, the

officer caused the latter to march in the centre of the cavalry; he reviewed them all, previous to their departure, and directed the march to be effected in order of firing. This arrangement produced a battle, in which Spatolino evinced his usual daring courage and knowledge of the military art. He had, hitherto, ever been a conqueror, which made him more audacious in projecting any enterprise, however difficult. On the following morning, Spatolino was informed, by a spy, that the detachment had taken precautions, and was in search of him; he immediately made such preparations as were necessary, although certain of not deriving any benefit by the attack, soldiers having no money; but he wished to attain glory, and, by exterminating all Frenchmen, render a service to his country. Urging his men to show their courage, by which they should prove to the French army and papal government, how little they required foreign troops, and, placing them in divers places, in order to enclose the detachment, he gave orders not to fire until the greater part had passed. Taking his own station in a more open place, to animate his men, and that he might not be viewed as a coward, (it being the tactic of all good commanders in battle, to afford a brave example, by occupying the exposed posts,) when the detachment reached the place Spatolino had marked for the action, he gave orders to fire. The French, seeing themselves hemmed in on all sides, determined to sell their lives dearly, and endeavoured, by a return of fire, to open a passage for their flight; but the brigands, having double-barrelled guns, answered them with a second discharge, which killed the whole corps, excepting two, who were slightly wounded. Spatolino lost three men. Happy in the idea of having taking two Frenchmen alive, he conducted them to his camp, assuring them they should not be killed, and promising them money, at the same time dressing their wounds himself. After time given for their recovery, he ordered all his band to mount their horses, causing them to lead by the bridles the horses taken from the enemy, laden with the spoil. His cousin carried a long staff, upon which was placed the head of the French commandant, with his helmet on, that it might be known as the head of an officer; and the two prisoners walked in the midst, in chains; Spatolino assuring them, that after these formalities, he would send them to Rome. When all was arranged, he placed himself at their head, and they marched in triumph towards Frosinone, where the inhabitants, who were enemies to the French, came to meet them, crying,

"Long life to Spatolino, and death to the tyrants!" Spatolino, proud of the victory he had achieved, passed through Frosinone, returning thanks to every individual who cheered him. Many invited him to their houses, but he would not trust himself to enter their dwellings, neither would he accept of any refreshment. He passed through the town, coming out at the other extremity, and proceeded to the mountains, to join his parents and wife. After having refreshed himself and associates, and related to his parents and wife the particulars of the battle, he addressed the two French soldiers as follows:—"Your lives are in my hands, and I have every right to take them; it being certain that, if we had fallen into your hands, we should have been instantly shot or massacred, as my cousin was. It is my wish to kill every Frenchman, as usurpers of our rights, beginning with your generals and chief employer, who have come to Rome, and into the Papal States, without even the means of paying the expenses of their journey, with pride, equipages, servants, and a ridiculous affectation, which have increased the principal vices of our nation, instead of benefiting us, as they endeavour to prove. But I give you your lives, to fill up my vengeance, by relating the celerity with which I destroyed your detachment, and my triumph, afterwards, in the manner of the Roman emperors. Tell General Miollis, governor of Rome, and all your generals, they have been well punished for the injustice of arresting my parents, who were innocent of my offences. If they have power or courage who command formidable armies, they should direct their attacks against me, and inflict the death they have promised, instead of persecuting two old and innocent individuals, who have nothing to do with my crimes, as they call them; but I do not consider them anything but natural retaliations, merited by usurpers trained to war, and laden with pillage, which they receive at the hands of peasants young in combat, and poor. I was informed of the injustice you were on the point of committing, and you have paid the forfeit. I now give you your lives on condition that you follow my commands; otherwise, although I set you free, and present you with money, horses, arms, and other requisites, should I know you have acted in opposition to my wishes, I promise to trace you, even were you in the apartments of the Governor, and I will inflict upon you the most cruel torments. But I hope you will be my friends, and, for that reason, wish you to execute a more important commission for me;—tell General Miollis that, eight days

hence, I require ten thousand scudi, and, unless he send that sum to the curate of Frosinone, I will exert my vengeance to a terrible degree on all the French, besides obtaining three times that sum, in fifteen days after that time, from the government chests; whereas, should he grant my request, I pledge my word to allow him a truce of three months." Spatolino then caused the two captives to mount their horses, exhorting them, at the same time, to be exact as to his denunciations.

General Miollis had scarcely heard the detail of the two men, when he became furious, swearing to have Spatolino in his power, even should it cost him a thousand men. He was, however, advised that by force he could not effect such a thing; it was better to send Spatolino the money he demanded, and, during the truce, endeavour by stratagem to get him into his power. The General considered it disgraceful to the French government, not to be able to suppress a band of brigands. Having already sacrificed many brave soldiers, and being aware of the populace disliking the government, from a superstitious idea they had formed, in considering them to have committed sacrilege by sending the pope away, and that, under every contingency, they were bound to aid Spatolino rather than the Governor, the latter was apprehensive that a counter-revolution might break out. Having weighed all these considerations, he determined on remitting Spatolino the money, under stipulation that he would observe his pledge; and sent it to the curate of Frosinone, with a letter, specifying the above agreement.

Spatolino, on receiving it, answered "that he was ready to keep his word as long as the government would allow him and his band to be quiet in their residence. I am a bandit, at least they call me so, but when I pledge my word of honour, I stick to it more than the Emperor Napoleon." And, without even thanking the curate, he returned to the mountains to amuse himself in the bosom of his family. After some little time, General Miollis caused a letter to be sent to Spatolino, in which he extolled his courage, granted him a pardon for his past crimes, (knowing him to have committed them from love to his sovereign,) and promised him, if he would surrender, a situation in the corps of gens-d'armes, with very handsome pay, and pardon, with a pension for all his men. Spatolino, at the expiration of two months, replied to General Miollis, "that he was very grateful to the French government, for their kind offer to him and his band; but,

besides feeling more pleasure in commanding than being commanded, he never could be faithful to the French government, not approving of its manner of acting against his religion; and must therefore refuse all offers made to him on that subject. After the lapse of the three months' truce, he commenced his massacres in the most ferocious manner, having the madness to suppose he might deliver the Papal States from their oppressors, and bring back Pius VII. His band was increasing daily, and the government sacrificed its troops without attaining any advantage. Nor is it possible to enumerate the murders they committed by the most cruel and barbarous means, and upon the most innocent persons—as their being French was sufficient crime in the eyes of Spatolino. General Miollis was more than ever enraged and ashamed at not being able to put down this band of brigands; and he was receiving daily, from Paris, reproaches on the subject, which made him resolve on calling upon Angelo Rotoli, commissary of the police of Rome, an intelligent and active man, to whom the government had more than once intrusted operations of the greatest relative importance, which he had always executed with honour and credit. The General, communicating to Rotoli his ideas for getting Spatolino into their power, consulted with him upon the most effective means: and, although Rotoli could perceive great difficulty in bringing an affair of such importance to a conclusion, he assured the General that no means should be left untried by him to ensure success, even at the peril of his life, but he could not possibly be responsible as to the result. General Miollis offered Rotoli great rewards; but his ambition was to be useful to the French nation, and fulfil his duty like an honest man, incapable of being influenced by an offer of money. After some days' consideration, he informed the General, that, not caring about risk to his own life, he would himself go and speak to Spatolino. Rotoli then wrote a letter to Spatolino, in which he expressed a strong desire to speak to him about some affairs of great importance—professing himself ready to meet him alone, and without arms, wherever he chose to appoint; he farther assured him, that he should have no reason to repent having placed his confidence in him. Spatolino, after a little reflection, decided upon receiving Rotoli in his camp. He wrote him a polite letter, saying, he would expect him at his head-quarters, promising that, although Rotoli had been employed under the French, he should meet with no molestation, as they consi-

dered him a true patriot, and attributed his serving the usurpers to the necessity of providing for his numerous family. Rotoli received this answer with pleasure, hoping, from the circumstance of his being a Roman, that Spatolino would not fail to confide in him. Spatolino pointed out also, in his letter, the road he was to take, and the place where he was to find an escort to conduct him to his camp. Rotoli set out on horseback, and, at the place mentioned, he found six men, who conducted him, by an almost impracticable road, to the place where Spatolino was residing with his parents, his wife, and all his company. Spatolino rose, came forward to meet him, and kissed him. After many kind compliments, he requested Rotoli to be seated, and ordered wine and refreshments. "Signor Rotoli," said Spatolino, "I treat you like a friend and a countryman; we who are Romans should love like brothers, and leave compliments to the French." Rotoli was not backward in seconding this idea, nor in promising him eternal friendship. When they had finished their repast, Spatolino requested to know what was the object of Rotoli's visit, and if, as he had announced, that he had an affair of importance to communicate, he should wish to speak with him alone. Rotoli having answered in the affirmative, at a look from Spatolino, his followers instantly disappeared, all returning to their respective cabins. Rotoli then, taking Spatolino's hand, said, "I am commissioned by government to make you a proposal, which, I trust, will be to your satisfaction. I am a Roman; you may confide in me; and I am certain that if you had a pardon and a good employment, you would accept it, if you were sure that you would be fairly dealt with." "My dear Signor Rotoli, you talk to me of an employment, and you know that I abhor the government." "Very well, then," answered Rotoli, "I shall procure a good strong prison for you, your parents, your wife, and your cousins: as for your companions, to appease justice, I shall have them all hanged—there will else be a revolution; I promise you we shall not have them again sent to the galleys. You ought to be pleased with this arrangement, as you will otherwise surely end your days on a gibbet. Your companions, to obtain their own pardon, and a good sum of money which has been set upon your head, will most certainly betray you. I advise you to confide in me; the French government esteems you, admires you, for your courage and attachment to your country; remember that you have still

your parents and your wife, and if you were to be betrayed and taken, how would the government treat them?" Spatolino understood that, sooner or later, he must put an end to his present kind of life; and had fewer objections to give himself up, as his hatred against the French had been somewhat appeased by the dreadful massacres he had committed. He thus answered Rotoli:—"If you speak honestly, and are my friend, I promise to do whatever you wish, provided you do what you have proposed. I will give up my men, upon condition that they be sent to the Fort of St. Angelo, without being obliged to work; that they remain there five years, and that the government undertake, during this time, to give them all they require, and, at their liberation, a pension of at least three francs per day to each. I wish, for myself and family, a pension of a thousand francs a month, and a passport to go to the Levant immediately, as I do not wish to remain in a country infected by the presence of the French." Rotoli, seeing that Spatolino would willingly yield himself up, promised whatever he wished; always telling him, that no changes should be made in what he had asked; nay, assuring him that he thought him very moderate in his demands. Rotoli having asked him where his men could be taken, he answered with vivacity, "Signor Rotoli, I am no traitor; I do this only because I am sure that my men (whom I love as I would my own children) will one day thank me for it; but if I could for a moment imagine that when they are in the hands of government they may be judged as assassins, I would sooner tear out your heart, and afterwards General Miollis's." Rotoli hastened to assure him of his fidelity. "Well, then," said Spatolino, "I place myself in your power; my happiness or misery depends on you. Come in a fortnight, with thirty gens-d'armes, dressed like us, to the Valle dell' Oliveto; there I shall wait for you, and we will go together in the evening, to a house where my men will be amusing themselves, as it is my birthday. We will there surprise them, and they will think our companions are the rest of the band in the kingdom of Naples, whom I shall pretend to have invited on purpose to celebrate the anniversary of my birth. For your recompense I will give you two thousand crowns, as I know you have a large family to maintain, if you will agree no longer to serve the French. I have treasures hidden here, of which no one is at present aware." Rotoli thanked him for his kindness, and conjured him again

to confide in him. After having drank and eaten, he took leave, and Spatolino ordered the same six men to re-conduct him to the place where they had found him.

As soon as Rotoli reached Rome, he went to General Miollis, and told him all that he had promised to Spatolino. The General hesitated in trusting Rotoli with the gens-d'armes, thinking it impossible that a man as wily as Spatolino could let himself be thus deceived. Rotoli answered, that "very often great men had been over-reached in trifling affairs, after having shown themselves both acute and provident in transacting those of great importance." Sure, therefore, of the confidence Spatolino would repose in him, Rotoli made all the necessary preparations. He found thirty determined gens-d'armes, to whom he gave good arms and dresses like those of the banditti. Rotoli dressed himself as before, and, with his companions, set out on the day appointed, to the place of rendezvous. Spatolino did not make his appearance until nine o'clock at night, when Rotoli was beginning to think he had deceived him. He became re-assured when he saw Spatolino, and without any fear of treachery advanced to meet him, took his hand, and wished him good evening. "Pardon me, Signor Rotoli," said Spatolino, "if I have kept you waiting: I wished to have all my men together, but I found it impossible, as my cousin is gone with fourteen of them, to surprise some civil officers, employed under the French, who are going in their carriages to Naples. They would not on any account consent to remain to celebrate my birthday, telling me they would do so more effectually by killing our enemies, than by remaining here to eat and drink. You cannot now take more than ten, who are with my wife, and my father and mother, upon the mountains."—"This is sufficient to show your good intentions," said Rotoli, "and government will be satisfied; the others will not fail, without doubt, to follow your example."—"Are you sincere, Signor Rotoli?" said Spatolino; "my heart tells me that something fatal is about to befall me." Rotoli took his arm, saying, "Come, am I not your countryman? that is surely enough." They arrived at the house in a short time; Spatolino whistled, and the door was immediately opened. He entered with twenty gens-d'armes. His wife, with ten of the banditti, were seated round a table, eating and drinking. Spatolino exclaimed, "Here, comrades, I bring you company!" He and his men were then seized and bound in an instant. "My comrades! my wife!" cried Spatolino, "I have not betrayed

you. Signor Rotoli, why am I bound? have I not fulfilled my engagement?" Rotoli answered, "Do not doubt it; this is merely a form; you and your wife will be at liberty as soon as we arrive at Rome." The banditti then began to reproach Spatolino for his treachery, telling him if they had thought him capable of it, they would have murdered him long ago, and have sent his head to the governor, for the price set upon it. Spatolino said, to vindicate himself, "If Rotoli has deceived me, he is an infamous traitor; but you shall not die; I will defend you." They were conducted to the Carceri Nuove, in the Strada Giulia. Preparations for the trial were immediately made, and Spatolino perceived that he had been betrayed. He composed himself, saying, "I deserved it; my countryman has betrayed me to ingratiate himself with the French!—let us now think of saving the innocent, and of bringing the guilty with me to punishment." In less than a month the preparations were made for the trial; more than two hundred witnesses were brought from every part of the country, to prove the crimes that had been committed, and the government ordered a military commission. Spatolino, being now sure of his fate, often told those around him, that he should cause much laughter on the day of his trial. On that day Spatolino was conducted to the commission, with his wife and his ten companions. After the president had demanded their names, Spatolino rose and addressed him. "I am acquainted, sir," said he, "with all these formalities, but in my case they are useless—all is finished for me; I know that death alone can now be the recompense of my courage, or, perhaps, I should say, of my singleness of heart, in having trusted a countryman employed by you, usurpers of our state. There is now no remedy; I only ask one favour, which is, sir, to speak one half-hour with my wife alone, before I die, and afterwards I will myself candidly tell you all the assassinations I have committed, and I will give you some information of which you are at present entirely ignorant." The president answered, that upon his word of honour he should obtain what he desired. "Signor Rotoli," said Spatolino, "although he was my countryman, gave me his word of honour, and yet he betrayed me."—"Do not doubt it," said the president, "you shall obtain what you desire." The trial began, and Spatolino interrogated every witness that was examined, explaining himself how the affair happened; not caring about aggravating his own punishment, but doing everything in his power to make

his wife, and six of his companions, appear less guilty. He thought, if four of them suffered with him, he might manage to get the rest condemned only to be sent to the gallies. He succeeded perfectly in his plan. Addressing the president, he often said, "Let us have justice, sir; we are not all equally guilty."—"Do not fear," answered the president; "you shall surely have justice; continue to speak the truth, and you shall have no reason to complain." The people came in crowds to hear this trial. Spatolino defended those he wished to save, with great presence of mind; proving that they had been obliged to follow him by force, that he had menaced to kill his wife if she did not do whatever he ordered her; and he exaggerated his own crimes, and those of the four he wished to die with him. The spectators seemed frequently much amused with the laughable things Spatolino was saying; at length, turning to the audience, "Gentlemen," said he, "you laugh at present, but you will not laugh three or four days hence, when you see me receive five or six bullets in my breast." At this moment he recognized one of the gens-d'armes, who were guarding him, as one of those who had assisted him at an assassination. After having examined him attentively, Spatolino said to the president, "Although I have a very mean opinion of the French government, yet I never could have believed that they would have chosen an assassin for a soldier." The president desired him to explain his meaning. Spatolino, calling the soldier by name, said, "Have you, then, the courage to guard me, after having been an assassin in my company? Lay down those arms, and place yourself among the other assassins, to receive judgment with them." The soldier fainted. He was immediately disarmed, and placed beside Spatolino, where he remained immoveable, not knowing how to exculpate himself. He owned, at length, that he had been an assassin, but, seeing his crimes in their proper light, he had left Spatolino and entered the French service. Spatolino frequently comforted his companions, and particularly the soldier, telling them to be of good cheer, and reminding them that they had but few days longer to suffer. The trial lasted eight days; but it would be impossible to mention the thousands of crimes, with all the particulars concerning them, which were detailed by Spatolino; he showed always much regret when he had, by any inadvertency, suffered any of his victims to escape. Among the spectators was the master of the Posta de' Cavalli, of Civita Castellana. As soon as Spatolino

noticed him, he said to the president, "Three times have I thought to kill that man; the last time he received a shot in his left arm, which now renders it useless: I shall die regretting that I could not finish him I should have rendered a great service to society if I had rid the world of a vile spy, who thought to make himself be remarked and rewarded by informing the governor where I was to be found. No human being could have taken me, had even Napoleon come himself with all his army. Signor Rotoli alone could deceive me. Death will be nothing compared to the grief I feel at not being able to revenge myself by tearing out the heart of Rotoli, and (pointing to the postmaster) of that vile spy." At the termination of the trial the commission retired, and returned, after a consultation of two hours, condemning Spatolino, with four of his companions and the soldier, to death, two of the others to the gallies for life, four for twenty years to the gallies, and his wife to five years' imprisonment. Spatolino seemed much pleased, thanked the president, and reminded him of his promise. The president then ordered Spatolino's wife to be allowed to remain with him half an hour. Spatolino informed her where he had hid his treasures, and exhorted her to bear patiently the five years' imprisonment. After this conversation, he desired that no one might come near him until the time appointed for the execution, not wishing to be teazed with the priests, as he said he felt his conscience unembarrassed by any crime. He gave notice, therefore, that if his orders were not obeyed, he would murder, by kicks and blows, the first person that dared to come near him. No one ventured to enter his prison, where he was unbound; but the priests, from the door, exhorted him to recommend himself to God. Spatolino sang all the night, frequently asking for wine and something to eat. In the morning he would not consent to see the priests, but he requested to be allowed once more to speak with his companions. His request was granted, and he was taken to a church, where he found them tormented by the exhortations the priests were forcing upon them. "Cowards!" cried Spatolino, "are you not ashamed to listen to these priests? I have defended my country against our oppressors, but I detest the priesthood. Once I believed them; but in the course of the years I commanded you, I have had reason to know that the priests will not hesitate to commit any crime." Spatolino was hurried away, for fear he should influence the others, and placed in the first carriage, while his

companions followed him at a distance. On the way, he looked out at the window, bowing to the women they met, and telling them he was going to suffer death for having been too honest. Arrived at the place of execution, Spatolino embraced his companions, saying they should see each other in the next world, and exhorting them to die with courage. Then, turning to the people, he said, "I have committed many crimes, yet I die regretting that I am obliged to leave the Postmaster of Civita Castellana and the traitor Rotoli behind me; but I must be patient. Brave soldiers," continued he, "now aim straight at my forehead, that I may not suffer long." He then met death with the greatest courage. The other banditti, having heard how Spatolino had been betrayed, and seeing that the vicinity of Rome was not a safe situation for them, as they had no longer a good leader, retired to the kingdom of Naples, and joined the Calabrians, who were daily fighting with the French. Thus was dissipated the famous band of assassins commanded by Spatolino.

TRIALS OF TEMPER.

"I SAY she is neither handsome, nor comely, nor agreeable, in any one respect, Mr. Burton; and I cannot help considering myself as rather humbugged in this business. Do you account it nothing to bring a man of my temperament a chase of three hundred miles on a fool's errand?"

"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. But, really, if you esteem Miss Eliza Campbell, your own relation as well as mine, as neither handsome, beautiful, nor accomplished, why, I must say you have lost, since you went abroad, every sense of distinction—every little spark that you once possessed of taste and discernment in female accomplishments. Why, now, I suppose, a lady, to suit your taste, Doctor, must be black—as black as a coal, and well tatooed over the whole body?"

"None of your jibes and jeers with me, Mr. Burton. I did not, and do not, mean to give any offence; but it is well known to all your friends, and has been known to me these thirty years, what a devil of a temper you have. As to my taste and discernment in female beauty, I have seen too much of

life to be directed in these by a petty dealer in Galashiels gray-cloth, corduroy breeches, and worsted stockings—ay, even though he add Kilmarnock bonnets, pirnie caps, and mittens, to the inventory. And, if you had any degree of temper, I would tell you, that your niece, Miss Campbell, is one of the worst-looking, worst-conditioned middle-aged women, that I ever looked on!"

"Temper! I short of temper! Why, I must say, sir, that I would not be possessed of a temper as irritable as your's, to be made owner of all the shops in this street, as well as the goods that are in them. You are a very nettle, sir—a piece of brown paper wet with turpentine—a barrel of gunpowder that can be ignited by one of its own grains, and fly in the face of the man who is trying and exerting himself to preserve it. I am a clothier. I do not deny it; and think no shame of my business. But though I have not poisoned so many Pagans and Mahometans as you have done, nor been paid for so doing, by a thousand lacs of rupees, I can nevertheless keep the crown of the causeway, and look all my creditors in the face. Ay, and moreover, I can kneel before my Maker. sir, and entreat his blessing on myself and others, with *a clear conscience,* and that is more than some of your Nabob sort of people can do! Miss Campbell is too good—much too good—for you, sir; and, I must say, that I regret exceedingly having invited you so far to come and insult her—in my presence, too, her nearest relation! I must say, sir, that you had better take care not to say as much again as you *have* said, else you may chance to be surprised at the consequence."

"Why, certainly the devil has entered personally into this retailer of gray cloth and carpets! There, he would persuade me that I am irritable and passionate, and he the reverse; while, in the mean time, here has he got into a violent rage, and chafing like the vexed ocean, and I as cool as a summer evening in Kashmere!"

"Cool!—you cool, sir? Why, you are at this moment in a furnace of a passion! Wherefore else should you knock on my counter in that way? You think to intimidate me, I suppose; but you shall neither frighten me out of my reasonableness nor equanimity."

"*Your* equanimity! St. Patrick save the mark! How long is it since you were sued at law, and heavily fined, for knocking down your shopman with the ellwand! And how many honest customers have you threatened, across that counter, with the same infernal weapon before you could bring your

reason to control your wrath? And when we were at school together, how often did the rest of the boys combine to banish you from all their games, calling you 'the crabbed tailor, and pelting you without mercy? And, what was worst of all, how often did I get my head broken in your defence?"

"It is too true—perfectly true!—I remember several of the circumstances quite well. Give me your hand, my old and trusty friend, and come and dine with me to-morrow; for my heart warms to you when I think of our early friendship, and the days of our youthful enjoyments."

"And well may mine warm to you, for you assisted me out, when no other friend would venture, and, I had reason to fear, put your little credit right hardly to stake on my account. And do you know, Burton, that when I left Scotland, and took leave of all my friends, with much probability that it would be for the last time, not a man or woman amongst them shed tears at parting with me but yourself. That simple circumstance has never been erased from my memory, nor ever will. And before I left India I made a will, which is safe in the Register-Chamber of Fort William; and whereby, in the event of my dying without a family, you will find yourself entitled to the half of my fortune."

"My dear sir, that little pecuniary matter has been doubly repaid long ago; and, as for that part of the will which is deposited at Fort William, and that devises to me, I shall do all in my power to render it of none effect. Come and dine with me to-morrow."

"I will, with all my heart."

"That's well. And we will have some conversation about the exploits and joys of our youthful years: for, though much has passed over our heads, as well as through our hands and our hearts, since that period, still one single reminiscence of it is like a warm blink of sunshine in a winter day. I have often wondered, Doctor, what it is that makes the recollections of youth so delightful; for, as far as I remember my sensations at that time, they were anything but desirable, my joys being transient, and wofully mingled up with vexations and disappointments."

"There is something in the buoyancy of youthful spirits so akin to happiness, that the existence of the one almost implies the presence of the other. The ardency of hope, the first breathings of youthful affection, all render that a season to be thought on with delight. Have you not some daughters of your own, Mr. Burton?"

surprised at meeting with so much elegance, conjoined with youth. He is certainly the most engaging and courteous gentleman I have ever seen, and has already made me an offer, which I think it would be imprudent in me to reject. As I have much to say to you on this subject, I will come down and see you in the coach to-morrow.

"Your ever affectionate niece,

"ELIZA CAMPBELL."

"So, the Nabob has been hoaxing me all this while," said the clothier to himself, chuckling. He then laughed at Miss Campbell's mistake about his friend's age, and slily remarked, that money was all powerful in modifying ages to suit each other. After considering the matter a little more seriously, he became suspicious that some mistake had occurred, for he knew it to be his friend, the Doctor's, disposition always to speak his sentiments rather too freely; and, in the present instance, he seemed to be quite chagrined, and out of humour, whenever Miss Campbell was named. The good clothier had a sincere affection for his niece, and, having a large family of his own to provide for, he was anxious to see her settled in life by a respectable marriage, particularly as she had of late begun to be noted as a great beauty, and was toasted by the beaux. So the clothier remained involved in a puzzle until the next day, when his niece arrived; and still, from her he could learn nothing, but that all was as it should be. He asked who introduced Dr. Brown to her. It was the very friend to whom the clothier had written, to perform that friendly office. He made her describe Dr. Brown's person and address, and, as far as the clothier could see, they corresponded to a very tittle. Very well, thinks the clothier to himself, as I am uncertain whether the crabbed loon will come to dinner to-day or not, I will say nothing about it, and then I shall see how the two are affected when they meet.

Four o'clock came, so the clothier went home to his house, and put on his black coat and silk stockings; and then he paced up and down his little snug parlour, which served as a drawing-room, with much impatience, going every five minutes up stairs to look out at the window.

"Who dines with my uncle to-day?" said Miss Campbell to her cousin, Ellen Burton;—"I see you have an extra cover set, and he seems rather in the fidgets because his guest is not come."

"I do not know who it is," returned Miss Burton; "he merely said that he expected a stranger to dine with him to-day—some English bagman, I suppose. We have these people frequently with us; but I never regard them, always leaving them with my father, to consult about markets and bargains, as soon as dinner is over; and we will leave them the same way to-night, and go to Mrs. Innes's grand tea-party, you know."

"O, by all means."

With that, the Doctor entered, and was welcomed by a hearty and kindly shake of the hand; and, leading him forward, Burton said, "This is my daughter Ellen, sir, and her sister Jane." Of Miss Campbell he made no mention, conceiving that she and the Doctor were well acquainted before. But, either the Doctor and she had not been acquainted before—or else the room was so dark that the Doctor could not see distinctly, (for he was very much out of breath, which mazes the eye-sight a great deal)—or the beauty of the young ladies had dazzled him—or some unaccountable circumstance had occurred; for the Doctor did not recognize Miss Campbell, nor did the young lady take any notice of him. On the contrary, Jane Burton being only a little girl, and below the Doctor's notice at that time of night, he took the other two for the clothier's daughters, and addressed them as such all the time of dinner. The two young giglets, being amused by the simple mistake, encouraged the stranger in it, answering to their names, and quizzing one another about the bagman and his patterns, of all which, the Doctor understood not one word; but the clothier thought it altogether a very odd business; yet, he carved his beef and his chuckies, and held his peace, suffering the girls to have out their joke, deeming it all affectation on Miss Campbell's part, and some strange misconception of the Doctor's, which he resolved to humour.

The Doctor was so polite and attentive to the young ladies, and appeared so highly delighted with them, that they were insensibly induced to stay longer at table than they intended, and, on their going away, he conducted them to the door, kissed both their hands, and said a number of highly flattering things to them. On again taking his seat, being in high spirits, he said, "Why, in the name of wonder, my dear friend, should you endeavour to put grist by your own mill, as the saying is? These daughters of yours are by far the most accomplished and agreeable young ladies whom I have

seen since my return from India. The eldest is really a master-piece, not only of nature's workmanship, but of all that grace and good-breeding can bestow."

"I thank you kindly, sir; I was afraid they would be a little too fair of complexion for your taste. Pray, have you never met with that eldest one before? for it struck me that you looked as if you had been previously acquainted."

"How was it possible I could ever have seen her? But you know a bachelor of my years assumes a privilege with young ladies, which would be widely out of place with our juniors, while it not unfrequently has the effect of rendering us the greater favourites of the two. It is quite well known, Mr. Burton, what my errand to Britain is at this time. I have never concealed it from you. It is to obtain a wife; and now, to receive one out of your family, and from your own hand, would be my highest desire; settlements are nothing between us. These shall be of your own making. Your eldest daughter, the tallest I mean, is positively the most charming woman I ever saw. Bestow her upon me, and I am the happiest man in his Majesty's dominions."

"You shall have her, Doctor—you shall have her, with all my heart; and I think I have a small document on hand, to show that you can likewise have her consent for the asking, if, indeed, you have not obtained it already."

"I will double your stock in trade, sir, before I leave this country, if you realize this promise to me. My jaunt from India beyond the Ganges is likely to be amply compensated. Why, the possession of such a jewel is worth ten voyages round the world, and meeting all the lines at Musselburgh. But I'll warrant I may expect some twitches of temper from her—that I may reckon upon as a family endowment."

"And will there be no equivalent on the other side? No out-breakings of violence, outrage, and abuse? The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots; no more can he of an unruly temper sit beneath the sway of reason. At all events, the reflection on me and my family comes with a bad grace from such a firebrand as yourself?"

"Stop, for Heaven's sake, my good friend, stop; let us not mar so excellent a prospect, by sounding the jarring strings of our nature together. Why, sir, whenever a man comes within the bounds of your atmosphere, he treads on phosphorus—he breathes it, and is not for a moment certain that he may not be blown up in an electric flash. Why get into such a rage at a good-natured joke?"

"It was a very ill-natured joke; and I have yet to learn that you ever did a genuinely good-natured thing in your life. Even now, you are all this while playing at hide-and-seek with me—playing at some back game, that I cannot comprehend, in order to make a fool of me. Do you wish me to tell you what I think of you, sir?"

"And pray what do I care what you think of me? Does it any way affect me what may be the opinion of such a being as you?—*You* think of me!"

"There goes! There goes the old man, with all his infirmities on his head!"

"Who is an old man, Mr. Burton? Who is an old man full of infirmities? Old!—to your teeth, sir, you are years older than myself."

"Do you know, sir, who you are speaking to, sir? or whose house you are in, sir?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I know very well whose house I am in, and whose house I shall soon be out of, too; and whose house I shall never enter again as long as I live. Do I not know all these, sir? What *you* think of me, forsooth! I have thought more of you than ever it behoved me to have done; and this is the reception I have met with in return!"

"Now, pardon me this once, Doctor, and I shall never get angry with you again. I'll bear all your infirmities with the patience of Job; but you must not leave my house in this humour."

"*My* infirmities, sir? What do you mean by my infirmities? And who the devil is to bear with yours, sir? I assure you it shall not be me! That I was once obliged to you, I confess, and that I have long thought on you with the affection of a brother, I likewise confess; but"——

"Hold there. Go no farther at present, until the furnace-heat of your temper be somewhat allayed. We are friends, and must be friends as long as we live, notwithstanding of our failings. We have all much to forgive one another in this life. But you took me so short, when it was Miss Campbell only that I wanted to talk about."

"Miss Campbell whom you wanted to talk about! A singular subject, truly, so immediately after the cessation of hostilities. I tell you once for all, Mr. Burton, that I will have nothing to do with Miss Campbell—nothing to say to her; for she is absolutely my aversion."

"It is false, sir—every word of it is false; for you shall have to say to her and do with her both, and she is *not* your

aversion. Nay, do not go to get into one of your boundless fits of rage again, for out of your own mouth will I condemn you; and, if you deny your own words and mine, I will show you the lady's writ and signature to the fact."

"I was not even able to say a civil thing to the lady."

"You were. You said the most civil things to her that you could invent. You made an offer of your hand to her, and you made the same offer to me."

"I'll fight the man, either with sword or pistols, who would palm such an imposition on me."

The clothier made no answer to this, save by handing over Miss Campbell's note to the astonished physician, who read as follows:—"'I am quite delighted with your friend, Dr. Brown.' Hem!—Thank you, Miss Eliza Campbell. So is not his friend, Dr. Brown, with you, I assure you. 'I expected to have met with an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised'——Oho! hem, hem! What is all this? The girl has some sense and discernment, though; for, do you know, I am never taken for a man above thirty!"

"That, I think, does not show much discernment either in them or in her."

"I beg pardon, sir; I only meant to say that the girl saw with the same eyes as the generality of mankind, which, at least, manifests some degree of common sense. But it is all very well; I see through the letter—a trap to catch a badger, I suppose. As to the insinuation that I made her an offer, she has made it, or dreamed it, or conceived it, of herself, one way or other; for the deuce an offer I made to her, of any sort whatever."

"Why, now, Doctor, the whole of your behaviour on this occasion, is to me a complete mystery; for the young lady who sat on your right hand to-day at table, is no other than the same Miss Campbell, my niece, whom you have been all along so undeservedly abusing."

"Are you telling the truth, Mr. Burton? Are you not dreaming?—I see you are telling me the truth. Why, then, did you introduce them to me as your daughters?"

"I introduced my two daughters only, believing that you two were perfectly acquainted before."

"She has then been introduced to me in a mask. There is not a doubt of it. She has spoken to me under a disguise of false form and false features, yet, I thought all the while that I recognized the voice. And, was yon lovely, adorable creature, with the auburn hair and dark eyes, the seamew's

neck, and the swan's bosom, the same who wrote that pretty card about me."

"The same, I assure you."

"Give it me again, that I may kiss it, and look at every elegant letter it contains. I have had flatterers of the sex, black and white, brown and yellow, but never before received flattery from such a superlative being as she is. Where are the ladies? Let us go to them and have tea, for I have an intense longing to look on the angel again. How right you were in your estimation of the young lady, and how grievously I was in the wrong! I would now shoot any man who dared to use such language of her as I did. I would rather she had been your daughter, though, for the sake of the days of langsyne, even though she is my own half-cousin by the mother's side."

Never was there a more impassioned lover than the Doctor was with this fair cousin; he raved of her, and fumed with impatience, when he found she had gone to Mrs. Innes's party, and that he could not see her again that night. He lost no time, however, in writing out the schedule of a contract—a most liberal one—and to this scroll he put his name, desiring his friend to show Miss Campbell the writing, preparatory to his visit the next day. The clothier did this, and found his lovely ward delighted with the match, who acknowledged that the annual sum settled on her, was four times what she expected with such an agreeable husband; and, although she begged for time and leisure to make some preparations, yet, at her kind uncle's request, she unhesitatingly put her name to the document, by way of acquiescence; and, thus was the agreement signed and settled, and wanted only the ratification of the parson to render it permanent. He then informed her, that the Doctor would wait on her next day, to ask her formally, and then they might settle on such time for the marriage as suited both.

Next day, the Doctor arrived at an early hour, and found the young lady dressed like an Eastern princess to receive him, and in the highest glee imaginable; but, as he did not then know the success of his offer, he kept aloof from the subject till the arrival of his friend, the clothier. The latter, perceiving his earnest impatience, took him into another apartment, and showed him the lady's signature and acceptance. Never was there a man so uplifted. The intelligence actually put him beside himself, for he clapped his hands, shouted—hurra! threw up his wig, and jumped over one of

the chairs. His joy and hilarity during dinner, were equally extravagant—there was no whim nor frolic which he did not practise. He drank tops and bottoms with the young lady every glass, and, at one time, got on his legs and made a long speech to her, the tenor of which she did not, or pretended that she did not, comprehend; but all the family group applauded him; so that he was elated, and even drunk with delight.

Not being able to rest, by reason of the fervour of his passion, he arose shortly after dinner, and, taking his friend, the clothier, into the other room, requested of him to bring matters to a verbal explanation forthwith. He accordingly sent for Eliza, who looked rather amazed when she entered, and saw only these two together.

"Come away, my dear Eliza," said her uncle; "take a seat here, and do not look so agitated, seeing the business is already all but finished. My friend, Dr. Brown, has come down to-day for the purpose of having a ratification of your agreement from your own hand, and your own mouth."

"Very well, my dear uncle; though I see no occasion for hurrying the business, I am quite conformable to your will in that respect. Why did not Dr. Brown come to dinner? Where is he?"

I wish I had seen the group at this moment; or, had Mr. David Wilkie seen it, and taken a picture from it, it would have been ten times better. The Doctor's face of full-blown joy was changed into one of meagre consternation, nothing of the ruddy glow remaining, save, on the tip of his nose. The internal ligaments that supported his jaws, were loosened, and they fell down as he gazed on the clothier: the latter stared at Eliza, and she at both alternately. It was a scene of utter bewilderment, and no one knew what to think of another. The clothier was the first to break silence.

"What ails you, my dear niece?" said he. "Are you quizzing? or are you dreaming? or have you fallen into a fit of lunacy? I say, *what* is the matter with you, child? Is not this my friend, Dr. Brown, whom I have known from his childhood?—the gentleman whom I sent for to be introduced to you; and the gentleman, too, to whom you have given yourself away, and signed the gift by an irrevocable deed?"

"What! to this old gentleman? Dear uncle, you must excuse me, that I am in a grievous error, and a quandary besides. Ha, ha, ha!—Hee, hee, hee! Oh, mercy on us! I shall expire with downright laughing."

"What do you mean by such insulting behaviour, madam? Have I come here to be flouted, to be cheated, to be baited by a pack of terriers, with an old fox-hound at their head? But beware, madam, how you press the old badger too hard. I have your signature here, to a very serious deed, signed before witnesses, and, if you *do not* fulfil your engagement to me, I have you at my mercy; and I'll use the power which the deed puts in my hands—use it to the utmost—make yourself certain of that."

"Pray sir, do not get into such a rage, lest you terrify me out of my wits. I am but a poor timorous maiden, sir, and not used to so much obstreperousness; yet, I have so much spirit in me, that I shall never be imposed upon by such effrontery—never."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the clothier; "we shall all go in a flame together, and be consumed by collision. My dear niece, you know not what you are doing or saying. This is no person to be despised, but the celebrated Dr. Brown, from India, chief of the medical staff of a whole Presidency—your own kinsman—my friend, of whom you approved in your note to me, and in conjunction with whom you have signed a contract of marriage. So, none of your bantering and flagaries; for, have him you must, and have him you shall. The deed cannot now be annulled but by mutual consent."

"Well, then, it shall never be farther ratified by me. This may be *your* Dr. Brown, but he is not *mine;* and, however worthy he may be, he is not the man of my choice."

"Is not this the gentleman of whom you wrote to me in such high terms of approval?"

"*That* the gentleman! Dear uncle, where would my seven senses have been, had that been he?"

"And is this not the lady, sir, whom you met in Edinburgh?"

"I know nothing at all about it. If this be not she, I like her worse than the other."

"There is some unfortunate mistake here. Pray Dr Brown, who was it that introduced you to the lady, with whom you met?"

"Your friend, Mrs. Wright, to be sure; whom else could it have been?"

"And you did not see Mr. Anderson, then?"

"No; but I left your letter at his office, thinking there might be something of business."

"There it goes! Mrs. Wright has introduced you to a wrong Miss Campbell, and Mr. Anderson has introduced a wrong Dr. Brown to her. Plague on it, for you cannot now throw a stone in Edinburgh, but you are sure to hit either a Brown or a Campbell."

This was simply the case:—The clothier wrote to his friend, Mrs. Wright, to find means of introducing the bearer, Dr. Brown, to their *mutual friend,* Miss Elizabeth Campbell. Mrs. Wright, having an elderly maiden sister of that name, mistook, in perfect simplicity of heart, the term mutual friend, and, without more ado, introduced the Doctor to her sister. Now, the Doctor knew perfectly well, that the other letter, which he carried to Mr. Anderson, related likewise to some meeting with Miss Campbell, but, not caring about any such thing, he merely popped the letter into the shop as he passed; and, Mr. Anderson, knowing nothing about Dr. Brown's arrival from India, sent for the only unmarried Dr. Brown, whom he knew, and introduced him to Mr. Burton's niece, as desired, and there the attachment proved spontaneous and reciprocal.

Miss Campbell, finding now that she was in a bad predicament, having given her heart to one gentleman, and her written promise to another, threw herself on the old Doctor's mercy, explained the mistake, and the state of her affections, and besought him to have pity on a poor orphan, whose choice might be wrong, but which she was incapable of altering. The worthy Esculapius of the East was deeply affected. He took both the young lady's hands in his, kissed first the one, and then the other, and, invoking on her all earthly happiness, he not only returned her the bond, but, along with it, a cheque on his banker for a considerable sum, as a marriage-present.

Miss Campbell was shortly after married to a dashing student of medicine, and they now reside in a distant province, very poor, and not over happy; and Dr. Brown married the eldest daughter of his old benefactor, a simple, modest, and unassuming young creature, whom he carried off with him to the paradise of India, and placed her at the head of a magnificent Eastern establishment. I have seen several of her letters, in all of which, she writes in the highest terms of her happiness and comforts. The two old friends quarrelled every day, while together; but, at parting, they both shed the warm tears of affection, and words of regret passed between them, such as to be remembered for ever.

THE PREDICTION.

A TALE OF NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

After an absence of four years, I was again beneath the same roof from which I had been driven by a deplorable event. "Well," said my sister, "was I not right when I told you that Ferdinand would come a day earlier, and take us by surprise? I am glad that my prediction is fulfilled, for we shall to-day keep New-Year's Eve, as we do every year; and so," continued she, turning to me, "you will see all your friends assembled here about you."

These friends accordingly met, and were seated round the tea-table, where I had to answer a thousand questions. By and bye a pause ensued: gaiety, which, like a beautiful butterfly, had fluttered about and delighted us with its brilliant colours, would not immediately settle again upon the circle. I had not become a stranger to the company; all received me with equal cordiality; but every meeting, after a long absence, is accompanied with a pleasing pain. Words failed me, in the fulness of my happiness; and the day itself served, as it always does, to make me grave and melancholy. Persons of coarse minds alone can treat New-Year's Eve as a Bacchanal: to me this day has something extremely solemn; every parting is painful, but that of time the most painful of all. There is no other parting but leaves behind the soothing balm of hope: even at the grave of our best beloved we are sensible of its efficacy: time alone sinks us without hope in the bottomless ocean of eternity. Within hearing of the simple incessantly-repeated sound of the pendulum, I can neither read, write, nor think: its every stroke seems to cry aloud, "I am gone, never to return!" Every second is death to me.

My gentle and accomplished niece, Ellen, interrupted this silence. "My dear uncle," said she, colouring, "has been already teased with so many questions, that he needs some rest. If I should not be thought too bold, I would hazard a proposal for the general amusement, which has in it nothing discordant with the feelings that fill the bosoms of us all, I presume, on this day." The whole company begged her to explain, and she thus proceeded:—"It would be very interesting, and at the same time instructive, if each of the gentlemen

would favour us with a scene out of his own life; but on this one condition, that the story should relate to the speaker himself. This is my proposal." It was received with general applause; I cordially acquiesced, and was pleased to be relieved from the disagreeable task of talking incessantly of myself. In these narratives there was much that was entertaining and humorous, and they diffused a cheerful tone through our little circle. Several of the gentlemen had finished their stories, when we received the summons to supper.

The repast was over, and a formidable bowl of punch reeked on the board, when Amelia, with an iron ladle, containing melted lead, in her hand, entered the room. "Yes, ladies and gentlemen," cried she, "this day and this night must have its due; so come, and I will tell your fortunes." She set the ladle on the fire, placed a bowl of water near it, and seated herself at the chimney-corner. The blaze threw a magic light over the fair girl: she was the loveliest fortune-teller I had ever seen.

The lead being melted, she poured it, with comic gestures, into the bowl, and then handed the fantastic shapes formed by the lead, in the water, to the young Baroness of Burgdorf, who sat beside me, with the words, "That's for you!" My sister looked with a smile at the figures, and she and the baroness whispered together; but the amiable Mr. Palm interrupted them. "Your ladyship," said he, "will have the goodness to communicate aloud what you see; the whole company is anxious to know what it is: every body conjectures that there is a cradle among the figures." The lady, who had been married but three months, sought to hide the blush which suffused her beautiful face, but was obliged, after a while, to look herself at the figures which had fallen to her share. No sooner had she cast her eye on them than she turned pale, and said, trembling, to my sister, "O Heavens! my dear Caroline, did you take notice of it all? See, here is a coffin by the side of the cradle: that forebodes my death!" At these words a fearful recollection darted across my mind; I seized the omen convulsively, and threw it into the fire. "Dear uncle," said Amelia, mildly, "don't be angry—'tis only a joke."—"My sweet girl," I rejoined, "I once saw a joke of this kind turn to terrible earnest." The company solicited an explanation, and, as I had not yet related my story, and conceived that it was incumbent on me to justify myself for the violence of my behaviour, I prepared to

commence my narrative. Lost, however, in the remembrance of past events, I gazed vacantly before me: a disagreeable pause ensued, till my sister interrupted it with this apology: "You must excuse my brother," said she; "one of the most important events of his life, which the circumstances of this evening have recalled to his mind, has affected him in this extraordinary manner. As his letters made me acquainted with the particulars, I will relate them." She then began as follows:—

"About four years ago, Ferdinand quitted our circle with an agonized heart; he had lived in it fourteen years, and his wishes did not extend beyond it: at length the word honour summoned him away; almost wholly unprepared, he seated himself in the carriage beside his brother, and hastened to his native city. Notwithstanding the air of beauty, nay, of magnificence, which it had acquired, to him it was nothing but a ruin which the inhabitants had abandoned, where now dwelt none but strangers, who cared not for that which had been dear and sacred to him in boyhood. His elder brother was the father of a family, and that, together with his professional duties, left him no time to pay attention to Ferdinand. The latter found himself quite solitary in the crowded streets; all his friends were either dead or removed; and, to escape the *ennui* which overwhelmed him, he gladly joined the patriot bands who, at that time, were rallying round their heroic monarch, for the purpose of delivering Germany from a foreign yoke.

"In a city of some note, where the regiment to which he belonged was formed, he became acquainted with a young man of the same profession, and of amiable manners and disposition. They soon became the most intimate friends. Herrmann was a few years younger than my brother: in his character there was an astonishing levity, through which, however, a tincture of gravity and a certain enthusiasm, the result of education and subsequent events, would often display themselves. The two friends once sat in familiar conversation by the watch-fire in the camp. It was a fine autumnal night. Around them blazed a thousand fires, and above their heads, in the azure firmament, glistened numberless stars: both fixed their eyes devoutly upon them, and Herrmann exclaimed, 'O Lord of Hosts, shall we fall fighting for our beloved country, or shall we return conquerors?' A woman, who followed the camp as a suttler, and who passed at the same time for a fortune-teller, came up to them, and offered her

wares. They bought something of her, and wished her luck in disposing of the rest of her stock. On leaving them, she had proceeded to some distance, when Herrmann called her back. 'Here, old dame,' said he, throwing her a guilder, 'come and tell us our fortunes.' Ferdinand held out his hand as she desired, and, in a truly prophetic tone she said, 'When the cousin of a celebrated general is the cause that summer does not follow winter in the circle, then some great disaster will befall you.'—'Nonsense, mother!' cried Herrmann; 'only tell me whether I shall escape the perils of war, and be blest with long life: the rest will follow of course.' The woman surveyed his hand, and said, in the same tone as before, 'You will not die till you have walked through the streets in a steel coat, and been pursued with the sword by a magnificent princely house.'—'Well,' said the young man, 'in this case your misfortune and my death will not happen yet awhile.'—'Who knows?' muttered the woman, and retired.'"

My good sister had proceeded thus far in her narrative, when I interrupted her. "Hitherto," said I, "you have been quite correct in your story; let me proceed. Your love for me might induce you to attempt to excuse my raging madness, and to treat my folly with less lenity than it deserves.

"The war was triumphantly terminated; Herrmann was obliged to quit the corps, to hasten to his dying father at C——, and I went with the regiment to D——, where we were most cordially received. During my former sojourn at this place, a duel had occurred there, which had excited my utmost indignation. A Mr. von Winter, a gambler by profession, after reiterated attempts to provoke a good-natured young man, at length insulted him so grossly, that a challenge was the consequence. Winter's adversary fired purposely wide of the mark; he, on the contrary, being a capital shot, took deliberate aim, put down the pistol, and carefully wiped his spectacles: he repeated this abominable manœuvre, and would have lodged his ball in the heart of his opponent, had not the portrait of his bride saved his life. M. nevertheless fell. Winter went up to him as he lay on the ground, and with the most unfeeling *sang-froid* exclaimed, 'What! not dead! You are incredibly lucky!' and then turned his back on him, with evident signs of disappointment. When the affair was related to me, I declared aloud, with abhorrence, that, had I been in M.'s place, I would coolly have fired the

second pistol, and taken care not to miss the heart of the scoundrel.

"The festivities of our reception were to conclude with a supper, to which the principal people of the town were invited. The first person whom I encountered in the room was Winter; his look thrilled me. I felt as though grasped by the hand of an assassin, and forced in self-defence to be a murderer: I could think of nothing but of him: the music, every tone, every word, rang in my ears like the hated name. 'Winter! Winter!' was the cry which incessantly resounded in my bosom, and forced its way to my lips; while those about me regarded me with astonishment as a maniac. At length reason gained the ascendancy; I resolved to avoid the hateful object, and mingled with the company; but presently an irresistible power seemed to draw me again towards him. My eyes involuntarily followed him, and sought him out in the thickest of the throng. He had disappeared. Amid keen self-reproaches, I went into a room where tables were set out for play. Winter came up to me, and mildly asked if I had a mind for a game. I roughly replied, 'I never play but with a friend!' He turned coolly away, and went into the next apartment, where the bottle was circulating. His calmness vexed me: I construed his abrupt retiring into contempt, for which I ought to call him to account; and a malicious spirit within me said, 'You are in an ill humour: wine will dispel it and cheer your heart; go join the convivial party in the next room.' Presently I found myself at the table by the side of Winter. Politely addressing me, he proposed to drink to our safe return; but I replied in the same tone as before, 'I shall not drink any wine!' He quietly emptied his glass and disappeared. Pacing up and down the hall, I followed the odious wretch like his shadow. After supper he went up to the lovely daughter of my host, a Miss Summer, whom I had escorted to the rooms, and offered his arm to conduct her home. She thanked him, saying that I had come with her, and she was sorry to be under the necessity of refusing his offer. I heard him remark, with some degree of mortification, 'This gentleman seems determined to be for ever in my way to-night!' Not till then did my fancy attach a meaning to the name of Summer, and an unconquerable impulse urged me to a meeting with my foe. 'Sir,' cried I, with offensive vehemence, 'this lady is under my protection: any insult to her I consider as offered to myself, and shall demand satisfaction for it.' At these words

Winter eyed me, for the first time, with eyes flashing fury. 'By Heaven, captain!' cried he, 'your cloth shall not give you a right to insult me: I have just reason to hate you, but have always avoided you; whereas you seem to follow me wherever I go. When I could not shun you, I behaved to you with civility; but as you are determined to quarrel, I am your man. I challenge you to meet me with pistols.' After a pause, in which he measured me with his eyes, he said, contemptuously, 'We shall now see whether the captain will meet me as calmly as he once declared he should; and, in spite of his remonstrance, I shall take leave to wipe my spectacles as often as I please, before I let him feel my unerring fire.'

"After this circumstance I was, as it were, completely metamorphosed; I was thoroughly sensible of my folly and misconduct, and returned with a feeling of shame to my lodgings. I resolved to use all possible means to conciliate my adversary; but every attempt proved abortive; I offered to acknowledge publicly that I repented my behaviour, and I was ready to submit to any mode, consistent with my honour, of repairing the wrong I had done. Winter, however, coldly and peremptorily declared that none but a giddy boy suffered himself to be hurried away by every gust of passion, and sought a reconciliation as readily as a quarrel: whereas he always knew what he was about; nay, had in this instance, contrary to his custom, avoided everything likely to lead to a hostile meeting. All my comrades, nay, the whole town, took the deepest interest in the affair, and hoped that I should chastise my adversary, who was in reality a scoundrel.

"Perplexed with doubts what course to pursue at the place of meeting, I repaired to the ground. I had formerly much practice in firing at a mark with pistols, and had attained great expertness in the use of those weapons: the life of my antagonist was in my hands. Without having yet made up my mind how to act, I took my position. Winter eyed me with contempt. 'If you miss,' said he ironically, 'I will take care to inform your family of your exit.' A certain degree of hatred sets the blood in a ferment, and throws us into a state in which we are not wholly masters of our actions; but the highest degree, in general diffuses a terrible calm over the mind: and it was this which now actuated me. I had evidence of the boundless revenge of the man, which was prepared even to pursue me into the grave, and, with

infernal rancour, to feast itself on the sufferings of those who were nearest and dearest to me: my blood froze in my veins. I had anxiously resorted to every expedient to atone for the affront which I had offered: now it was life against life—I felt that I was of more value than my antagonist—I fired—the ball pierced his heart.

"But let us turn from the scene: a knave was punished by the hand of a hot-headed young man, whom Providence employed as its instrument—that was all. A human life was abridged by this event, but that life was of no value—indeed, was already forfeited. I should not have adverted to this history, had it not been intimately connected with that of my unfortunate friend; nay, had it not actually decided his fate.

"I immediately made known the catastrophe myself: the judges consulted their moral feeling, and not the dead letter of the law, and I came off with a slight arrest. When I communicated the affair to Herrmann, he replied, 'The prediction then is verified in your case—how will it turn out in mine? Think of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*, and their oracles!' Without paying much regard to his words, I underwent my sentence, and, after soliciting and obtaining my dismission from the army, set out on my travels. I visited many countries, till at length I could no longer resist the desire of revisiting the home of my happy years. I proceeded from France to C——, where Herrmann resided. The particulars which I learned respecting him excited my astonishment and sorrow. I was informed, that he lived quite secluded, read nothing but religious books of a mystical nature, and was preparing himself for his death, which he fully expected to happen in a very short time. I hastened to my friend, but at the door of his room was fixed, almost petrified to the spot. I saw a gloomy apartment, the walls of which were decorated with images of saints and martyrs; at a table hung with black, on which lay a skull and a crucifix, sat Herrmann, or rather his shadow, and seemed to be arranging papers. I had left him in the bloom of youth; I beheld him again an old man. He rose and advanced, greeting me with a melancholy smile and a faint salutation. 'Ah, Ferdinand!' said he, 'it is kind of you to come: I have much to say to you before I die.' A conversation ensued: I strove to convince him of the folly of his fear of death; he listened patiently, without interrupting me, and then replied, 'Summer did not follow Winter in the circle,

and a great disaster befell you—I walked in a steel coat through the streets, and a magnificent princely house followed me. My doom is sealed.' He then recapitulated the circumstances which had occurred since our separation, on which he grounded his firm belief in his speedy death. I will relate them; but, to elucidate my story, I shall begin with my friend's early education.

"Herrmann von E—— belonged to an Austrian family of high distinction. As he manifested in his earliest youth a gentle disposition and almost enthusiastic character, and was moreover the second son, he was placed for education in a convent, and destined for the church. The pious fathers soon found that Herrmann possessed extraordinary abilities, and an ardent love of learning; for which reason they paid particular attention to him: the venerable Father Celestine indeed took him under his peculiar care, and at length devoted himself exclusively to the instruction of the youth. The excellent old man led a truly holy life, which manifested itself in acts of kindness and beneficence of every sort: to him the Almighty was a tender father, not a severe judge; and, as he felt happy in this belief, he was desirous of instilling it into his beloved charge. Herrmann, at the same time, possessed extreme vanity; and this the worthy old man, instead of repressing, strove to direct it to pious purposes: he read with him the legends and histories of saints, and pointed out in the lives of the martyrs a goal for human vanity and ambition. The intelligent Abbot frequently reprobated this singular and dangerous system of education pursued by the pious monk, and declared 'that he would bring up his pupil to be a fanatic for God and the faith?' Celestine would then reply, 'Is it not glorious to be a fanatic for God and the faith?'—'Yes,' rejoined the Abbot; 'but ambition seems to me to be a deceitful soil: instead of good seed, it often produces wild weeds and those noxious plants which speedily overrun the human soul.' Celestine smiled, and pursued his old track.

"The aged master was not less surprised than his pupil, when the father of the latter wrote to inform him of the death of his elder brother, intimating that Herrmann could no longer be educated for the church, as the family estates would descend to him, and that, to qualify himself for this new sphere, he must speedily remove to a University. It was with great reluctance that Herrmann renounced his first destination; his kind instructor, however, assured him, that he might lead a life highly useful, and at the same time well pleasing to

God, in the world; and his pupil's inclinations yielded to his remonstrances and to necessity. A conductor of a lively disposition accompanied him to a Protestant University, where he soon found himself surrounded by dissolute young men. Herrmann had hitherto been familiar only with the restraint and quiet of a monastic life, and its little circle of duties, easily fulfilled; now he entered a new world, and associated with persons who seemed to regard this stage of existence as a fugitive dream, in which it was right to grasp at every pleasure, and deemed him the happiest who contrived to enjoy the most. Herrmann soon learned to mingle with his jovial companions, and hasten with them from gratification to gratification. But, with his enthusiasm, with his childlike feeling towards God and virtue, it was impossible for him to continue in such society: this he was soon convinced of. His religious notions were turned into ridicule. The idea of being so often made a laughing-stock was intolerable to his vanity; with his superior understanding he strove himself to raise doubts in his mind, to banish from it the reverence for legends of saints and precepts of virtue, and by these means transformed himself into an arrant scoffer and sceptic.

"About this time the summons for the liberation of Germany was promulgated. Herrmann obeyed it; and this event brought together two persons who soon became the most intimate friends: we loved each other as brothers. With a feeling of anxiety I watched him when the prediction was pronounced; he seemed but to laugh with his lips, while it made a profound impression upon his mind. After the termination of the war, when his grief for the loss of his father began to abate, he lived for a while to all appearance inwardly cheerful and content; but at times he would reproach himself for his sceptical principles, into which he had been hurried by empty vanity.

"The Prince of the country in which Herrmann resided, not long afterwards died. It was an ancient custom there, that at the interment of the sovereign, a nobleman of an ancient family should walk before the corpse in complete armour; and this custom was to be revived on the present occasion. My friend, a remarkably handsome man, was selected for this duty, which he cheerfully undertook.

"The morning after the interment of the Prince, Herrmann was sitting in his room absorbed in profound revery, when the door opened and a friend entered. 'Well,' said he,

jocosely, 'did you not yesterday find your steel frock rather cumbersome?' This question drove the blood from his cheeks: he sat motionless for some time, and at length replied, in a low but significant tone, 'Your steel *coat*, you might as well have said.'—'Why, yes,' answered his astonished friend: 'but what ails you?'—'And was not the coffin a magnificent princely house too?' asked Herrmann.—'One of the most magnificent that I ever saw,' rejoined the other. 'But tell me what all this means?'—'My death, that's all, responded Herrmann faintly, covering his face.

"From this moment he was an altered creature; the early impressions of youth, and his peculiar character, forcibly regained their ascendancy, and his days were clouded by melancholy. He regarded his speedy death as certain, and awaited it as a just punishment for his sins. In this state I found him. When he had communicated the cause of it to me, I said, 'But, my dear friend, consider that the whole is founded on an accident, which, moreover, has but the shadow of a truth: the prediction has not been fulfilled, as I can easily prove.' He shook his head incredulously. 'You may try to convince me,' he replied; 'I will listen to you; but there is no help for me in this world.' To show him the groundlessness of his fear, I then resumed, with vivacity, 'Unless you are determined to lay all the stress on a couple of chance names, you must admit that the prediction respecting me has not been accomplished by the catastrophe which took place at D——. It was to this effect: When the cousin of a celebrated General is the cause that Summer does not follow Winter in the circle, then some great disaster will befall you. Now, there was not a single relative of any celebrated General at that entertainment; and I was the sole cause that Emily was not escorted by Winter. Where, then, do you find the circle which is expressly mentioned in the prediction?' I shuddered on beholding one of the mysterious recesses of the human mind exposed to my view; for Herrmann smiled at my remark, as at the simplicity of a child, and said, 'I can easily show you that the prediction has been accomplished in all its parts. You are yourself the cousin of the General: your name is Ferdinand—do you recollect no hero of that name?—are you alone ignorant that persons who have received in baptism the same name are called *name-sakes* or *name-cousins?*—the old woman did not mean actual consanguinity. The building in which the entertainment was held is called the Circus; if Winter had escorted

Emily, she must have followed him in the Circus, or Circle; you, the namesake of a General, prevented this from taking place, as you yourself admit, and so everything is made out.' I was horror-struck at this perverse self-destroying acuteness. 'Well,' I replied, 'allowing this excessively far fetched interpretation, the prediction which relates to you and which you believe to have been fulfilled by the funeral of the Prince, has not even a shadow of truth. When you should walk through the street in a steel coat, and a magnificent princely house should pursue you with the sword, your death was to follow. The Prince died at his country-seat, and was thence carried through the garden to the mausoleum: of course you walked through no street.'—'True!' he rejoined; 'but the military were drawn up on either side, and a double file of this sort is often called a street.'—'But,' I resumed, 'what becomes of your magnificent princely house, which was to pursue you with the sword?' Prepared for this objection, he said calmly, 'At the funeral, the sword of the Prince lay upon his last magnificent house, and pursued or followed me.' Tears filled my eyes, and I was silent.

"I afterwards adduced many arguments against the prediction, but must confess that they seemed weak to myself. I recollected how irresistibly I had, in my own case, been impelled to the fulfilment of the oracle; and felt convinced that by this ingenious self-inflicted torment he would make the prediction come true. I determined to leave no means untried to save him; I strove to divert him, and to plunge him into the vortex of pleasure, in hopes of dislodging the dark power that swayed his mind: I succeeded beyond my expectations. But it was only a wild transient joy produced by his heated blood; blacker melancholy than ever overwhelmed him when it flowed quietly in his veins. Often did his gloomy dread of death seize him in the midst of pleasure, and thrill him as though the chilling hand of a spectre had passed over his laughing face. Thus, when once a gentleman in the neighbourhood invited us to his vintage-feast, when we were encompassed with the serenest sky, the clearest atmosphere, and all around was mirth, and joy, and happiness, transported with the delicious scene, I could not help exclaiming, 'O God! how beautiful is this earth of thine! who would wish for death?' Herrmann, who, almost in as high spirits as formerly, stood joking amidst a detached group of the company, was suddenly struck dumb by my words, and, with a grave look, kept his eyes fixed for a considerable time on the ground.

He then came up to me, and, cordially grasping and pressing my hand, 'My dear Ferdinand,' said he, 'promise me one thing. Don't let me be put so far in the dark, gloomy ground: it is too horrible an idea, to have such a load of cold, damp earth, filled with loathsome crawling worms, pressing upon one's breast. A tin coffin! do you hear?' Such effusions of the conviction which preyed upon him, were of frequent recurrence: all efforts to save him proved ineffectual; and, before the end of six weeks, I followed him to the grave."

For some time after I had finished my narrative, the company sat absorbed in silent reflection. The mansion-house clock proclaimed the hour of midnight, and roused us by its solemn sounds. We cheerfully saluted each other and the new year, and parted with mutual and cordial wishes of health and happiness.

AN ADVENTURE IN 1780.

You often requested, my dear boy, that I would relate to you the adventure which happened to me during the riots of the year 1780, and I as often promised to gratify you; but no opportunity occurred before the present moment.

You are aware that your grandfather, the worthy divine died while I was very young, leaving your aunt and myself as the only consolation of our widowed mother. I grew up, under the kind and tender auspices of this dear parent, conscious that my subsequent subsistence and success in life depended entirely upon my own exertions; for, after the loss of the income which we derived from my grandfather's preferment, my mother's little fortune was not more than sufficient to maintain her and my sister in the genteel, but quiet condition which they had hitherto enjoyed. When I was about eighteen years of age, a friend in London procured for me a situation in a very respectable mercantile house; and I then quitted, for the first time in my life, the seclusion of my native valley. This, I assure you, was no ordinary event in my existence. I was one of a small community, the members of which were knit together as much by the ties of mutual regard, as by those of consanguinity. Besides, my father was so

revered and beloved, as the spiritual pastor of this well-united microcosm, that I, as well as my mother and sister, shared the good-will and esteem of our neighbours. The spot, moreover, where we dwelt, was so withdrawn from the busy world, that its peaceful solitudes presented a strong contrast to the din and uproar of that mighty metropolis, which was thenceforth to be the scene of my occupations. I had many kind and dear friends to part with, and there was no lack of tears and advice, or of fervent benedictions, or more substantial (and, it may be, more acceptable) proofs of their esteem and affection. Kissing my weeping mother and sister, I left my home, and came into a new world, full of wonders, riches, and magnificence. For a while, I was lost in amazement and admiration; but I soon became accustomed to the change, and, in a few weeks, was quite settled, although my young heart would often pant and yearn after the green woods and refreshing pastures of the sweet vale of C——, in Cumberland.

I had the good fortune to please my employers; and the principal clerk, Mr. Benson, was kind enough to say, that my industry was very creditable, and my respectful attention beyond all praise. He was the complete man of business. There was an air of sober, methodical, *grey* gravity about him, which harmonized well with the quaker-like simplicity of his dress; his *grey* coat, *grey* stockings, and *grey* hair, his buckled shoes, and the unostentatious tie of his milk-white cravat, together with the active twinkling of his small, but sharp *grey* eyes—all denoted the plain matter-of-fact man of business, and the steady, imperturbable, passionless bachelor. Like his employers, whom, by the way, he almost worshipped, Mat Benson (for so the good man loved to be called) was a liberal and kind-hearted man. He had been received into the counting-house when he had not a single friend in all the world, except a widowed mother; and he grew up in the service, with all the devotion and regard of true gratitude to his mercantile patrons. I was fortunate enough to make him my friend; and it is to this friendship that I may justly attribute all my success in life. It is true, I made my appearance in the counting-house, regularly at the hour appointed, both in winter and summer, and I performed the duties allotted to me, without murmuring, and without delay. It happened also, that some of the other clerks, gay dashing fellows, would occasionally leave a share of their work to be done by me, and I did it. Mr. Benson knew this; and, in

the second year of my service, I received a considerable increase of salary, and a promise of a farther advance, if I should not relax in my diligence. This was the friendly work of the chief clerk, and I was grateful accordingly.

I had been in the metropolis nearly five years, when it became the scene of violent outrages, disgraceful to human nature. It seemed as if a legion of evil spirits had been let loose to harass mankind. On this dreadful occasion, many, pursuing their ordinary vocations, fell victims to the brutality of a furious mob, or to the indiscriminate and decisive massacre to which it was found absolutely necessary to have recourse. For three days and three nights, the streets of London resounded with the cries of anarchy, the shouts of ruffianism, the noise of fire-arms, and the groans of the dying. All business was suspended; and many held doubtful opinions as to the eventual success of the rioters.

I lodged, at that time, in the house of a poor widow, at the end of Gray's-Inn-lane. I had chosen this spot, because it was *then* some way removed from the smoke and noise of London, and for the sake of the exercise which its distance from the counting-house compelled me to take. I found this absolutely necessary for my health; for the change of my native air, as well as of my active mode of life, from a Cumberland dalesman, to a metropolitan merchant's clerk, was too abrupt to agree well with my country constitution.

Some time before the riots actually broke out, many of the merchants closed their counting-houses, and suspended their business; for the discussions in Parliament were very turbulent. Our employers were, at first, induced to follow the example of their timid brethren; but this they could not continue to do, without the certainty of experiencing a very heavy loss, as they were at that time engaged in an important speculation with some Russian merchants, the success of which was entirely dependent upon speed and promptitude, in order to meet the demands of the foreign market.

What a dismal gloom hung over the city! It was the 5th of June, and various rumours (I heard afterwards) had been circulated in the morning, respecting some remarks which had been made at the royal levee. It was one of those dull, dense, and sultry days which we occasionally have in the summer, and a thick fog enveloped the metropolis. All the shops were shut, and the streets nearly deserted. Here and there might be seen some truant straggler like myself, moving swiftly and silently along, as if conscious of some impending

and dreadful danger; and sometimes a soldier, with his musket on his shoulder, would pace by, and regard the passenger with a look of keen and suspicious scrutiny. Even the horse-guards were out, and, now and then, might be heard the heavy tread of a trooper's horse, and the dull clank of his scabbard.

I moved along Cheapside, which was then more deserted in the middle of the day, than I have since seen it after midnight; and, bending my course through Newgate-street, advanced towards Snow-hill. Before I had gone far, however, I could see, through the increasing gloom, a thick multitude, which was assembled in the open space between the prison and the neighbouring church. Many of the mob bore torches, which glared fitfully upon the rabble, and I could catch occasional glances of forms so hideous, that they appeared like the frightful demons of some feverish dream. As I drew nearer, these objects became more distinct, and I could see that many of them were stripped to their shirts, and armed with bludgeons, pick-axes, iron crows, and other implements of laborious handicraft. Curses, loud and deep, reached my ears, mingled with vows of vengeance upon the heads of obnoxious statesmen, and with the wild yelling laugh of intoxicated ruffianism. Cries, also, of "No Popery!" "Down with the Catholics!" and a variety of horrid exclamations, resounded amidst the uproar—all too plainly denoting the crisis to which the disturbances had at last arrived.

I stopped, irresolute how or in what direction to proceed. I was now near Newgate-market, and began to mix with the skirts of the crowd. I had passed the last outlet on the north side of the street, and was turning back, to avoid the bustle which was brewing, when my arm was suddenly and forcibly grasped. I started, and turned sharply round on my assailant, when a well-known countenance met my sight: it was that of one of my fellow-clerks, a wild, profligate young fellow. He was disguised in the uncouth garb of a brewer's drayman, and brandished with his right hand, a club, not unlike the spoke of a large wheel. In the breast of his coat, I perceived the round polished stock of a small pistol, and something which glittered like the blade of a butcher's knife, was thrust into a side-pocket. "In God's name, Harry Slingsby!" I exclaimed, "what trick are you after now?"—"Trick! old Sober-sides," answered he, as he grasped my arm still more roughly; "trick you call it, eh! It's no trick, I promise you:" and he reeled against the shutters of a shop-window, and

would have fallen on the pavement, had I not held him up. "You are come to join us, I hope, my lad?" he continued, as soon as he had a little recovered himself. "You'll excuse me, Charles; but I think you are a devilish good fellow. We are to take the Bank and the Tower; burn Newgate, the Fleet, the Compter, and all London; cut all the judges' throats, (old Mansfield's done for by this time,) stick the ministers like pigs, (here he fumbled for the knife, but could not hit it,) burn the king on the top of the Monument, and tie all the Catholics neck and heels, and throw them into the river." Here he again lunged against the shutters, and almost stove them in.

I began to feel some anxiety for my own situation, particularly as Harry's drunken vociferation had attracted several ill-looking fellows to the spot; and I apprehended that I might find it very difficult to effect a safe and unobserved retreat. In the midst of my perplexity, the deep-toned clock of St. Paul's began to strike eight, and, before it had done, I beheld the light of three tremendous conflagrations: Newgate, the Compter, and the Fleet, were on fire! I was instantly deserted by my unwelcome companions, and even Slingsby contrived to stagger to the scene of action, which now resounded with such horrible yells, that, had all the nameless monsters of Pandemonium itself been let loose, they could not have created a more dissonant uproar. I made the best of my way toward Butcher-hall-lane, into which I turned, but not before I had taken another view of the awful scene. I stood an instant at the corner; and, as I looked toward Newgate, I saw that the roof was covered with men, who were busily engaged in stuffing tow and other combustibles under the eaves of the building; and, as the flames rose into the murky sky, they cast a dingy red glare upon the persons of the incendiaries, who appeared, amidst the tumult, like furies loosed from hell.

I ran along the lane, without much knowledge of the route I was pursuing: I got, however, into Smithfield, crossed it, and, after threading several small alleys, I found myself at the bottom of Holborn-hill. I had gained little or nothing by this eccentric peregrination, for I got into as great and turbulent a crowd as that from which I had just escaped. It was, if anything, more boisterous, and it seemed to me, that almost every individual on whom I looked, was in a state of intoxication; there was, moreover, a strong smell of spirits, for which I could not satisfactorily account. I waded along

however, as fast as I could, while the crowd became more and more dense, and the strong spirituous odour more pungent. As I advanced up the hill, I discovered the cause, both of the fury of the populace, and of the powerful smell which I have mentioned: the mob had broken into Langdale's spacious distillery, and broached all the spirit-casks with which they came in contact, so that the streets were literally deluged with spirits; and I saw the greedy ruffians drinking, like beasts, out of the kennels, as they ran in a muddy and smoking stream, mixed with the dirt and abominations of the street.

I was now completely enveloped by an apparently impenetrable mass of people; but I persevered in my endeavours to get on, and succeeded so far, as to disengage myself from the thickest of the crowd. I had scarcely done so, when my attention was directed to another object, not less formidable than the unruly mob itself. I heard, at first, a furious trampling, as of many horses, and, at the next moment, the clanking of iron scabbards. I looked up the street, and beheld a troop of horse advancing at a quick and regular pace—the drawn swords of the men occasionally reflecting the lurid light of the flames, which reached them even at that distance. They had arrived at the commencement of the wide part of Holborn, where they halted. There were two or three other persons besides myself on the spot, and we waited to see the result.

The commanding officer, who was a very young man, turned his horse, and addressed the men in the following words:—"Now, my lads, mind what you are about, for you will have some tough work. Make as much bustle and bother as you please, but spare life, except in your own defence. All that we have to do, is to disperse the mob, and, if we can, to put an end to the tumult: to shed the blood of these poor ignorant devils, is no part of our duty. You will give them a volley of powder first, and see what that will do. You may knock them about, too, with your flat swords, but do not, if you can help it, spill their blood. Now, then—Attention!—unsling carbines—load—forward—march!" They now moved on at a slow and steady pace, until they approached the spot where the strength of the mob was congregated. They again halted, and the officer gave the word, which was immediately followed by a volley from the carbines, and, not long afterwards, by a tremendous and overpowering charge. I saw the troopers rush down the hill, their swords gleaming in the

light which was afforded by the flames of the burning prisons; and I heard the frenzied shouts of the people, as they fled in all directions from their unexpected assailants. I thought it high time to move also, and I hastened towards Gray's-Inn-lane, amidst a crowd of affrighted fugitives. In a short time, I found myself again disengaged from the multitude, and was pursuing my way in loneliness, when the screams of a female voice reached my ear. I hastened onward in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and found a woman struggling with two men, who were attempting to rob her. I did not wait to make any useless inquiries, but rushed to her assistance, brandishing my stick, and the ruffians quitted their prey and fled, leaving their victim to me. She was wrapped in a large mantle, which had become so far disengaged from her shoulders, as to enable me to perceive that she was very young, and that her form was of the most perfect symmetry, while her features were such as had never met my gaze before. I do not say that they were exquisitely beautiful, but there was a fascination in them which riveted my very soul. Her lips were as pale as ashes, and presented a strange contrast to her cheek and brow, which were flushed, from her efforts to defend herself.

"I hope, madam," I said, "you have received no hurt from those ruffians?" "None, sir, none," she replied, in feverish alarm, as she tremblingly arranged her mantle; "thanks to you and our lady! But there is a strange tumult in the street, and much peril, I fear, to lonely passengers. I beseech you, sir, if you are an honourable man, to take pity upon me, and protect me." "With my life, lady," was my prompt and instinctive answer. "Command my services; they are wholly at your disposal." "Dare I trust you?" she asked, as she regarded me with a look of penetrating scrutiny, softened, however, by an expression of irresistible supplication. "You would not betray me?" "I will die first," I readily answered, although I could not divine the cause of all this caution. So spell-bound was I, that I was ready to submit to any conditions which she might think proper to impose. I had no power to resist the appeal.

"I will not leave you until you are in safety," I replied; and, while she supported herself on my arm, we directed our course westward from the city. We walked on for some time in silence. My *protegée* was too much alarmed to be loquacious, and *I*—Heaven help me!—was too much of a hermit to venture to interrupt her meditations. In truth, my

way of living had been so secluded, that I had not rubbed off that unhappy bashfulness, which is one of the greatest of the little miseries of life. Yet, I had cause to congratulate myself on having been so fortunate as to rescue a woman—and such a woman!—from outrage and injury. We had walked for a considerable time, when she suddenly stopped at the door of a house in one of the principal streets.

"We must part now," she said—"I live here." She hesitated a little, and then added, "It would give me much pleasure to know the name of my protector." I gave her my address. "Perhaps," I said, "you will not think it impertinent if I crave a return from you?" She regarded me with a penetrating, though soft look, as she answered, "Alas! kind sir, it will afford you no pleasure to know my name; but I will not withhold it from you; I am called Beatrice N——." "Then you are a foreigner?" I exclaimed, as her foreign accent for the first time struck me. She bowed her head. "And a Catholic?" I continued. "I will never deny it!" she answered, lifting her eyes to Heaven, and speaking with a fervour which evinced her devotion. "But," she added, "I am endangering you as well as myself by these confessions. Receive my thanks, my most grateful thanks, for your kindness to me. It is right that we should part: yet my father would ——:" she suddenly paused, clasped my hand in her's, called down a blessing upon my head, and entered the house, leaving me very much in the situation of one who had just awaked from a dream.

Circumstances prevented the fulfilment of my determination of calling on her, until nearly a week had elapsed after the event, and I was then not a little disappointed and mortified, to find the house shut up, the occupiers having quitted it only two days before, and gone nobody knew whither. Weeks, months, years, passed on, the recollection of my adventure becoming gradually more weakened, although the person and features of Beatrice were as firmly impressed upon my memory as if they had been constantly before my eyes. It was the sixth year after the riots, that my uncle's death enabled me to join the house as a partner, by bringing to it an accession of capital. Spain was, at that time, anxious to encourage the commerce of Great Britain, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of C——, was in the habit of occasionally entertaining the most eminent of our merchants and capitalists. Our house was considered worthy of sharing this honour, and I, as a partner, was formally invited. These parties were not

graced with the presence of the ladies, but consisted of the different officers of his Excellency's suit, the Duke himself always presiding. Among the Spaniards, there was one fine-looking old man, who held the office of *aide-de-camp* and military secretary; and my attention was first attracted towards him by hearing his name, which was N——. He was a very pleasant, well-informed man, had served his country both in the field and in the cabinet, with great devotion to its interests, and was apparently well acquainted with the manners and dispositions of the English. He spoke our language with fluency, and, by some means or other, I always found myself at his side at the dinner-table. This produced an intimacy, with which I fancied the old soldier was pleased; and I received a proof that it was not unpleasant to him, by an invitation to his house, to meet a select party of friends. Presenting myself unintentionally before the appointed hour, I was ushered into the drawing-room, and, to my great surprise, was received by the long-lost Beatrice! She was alone, and recognized me instantly. "My friend!" she exclaimed, as she held out her hand to me, blushing at the same time most bewitchingly—"I was somewhat prepared for this visit; my father has been repeatedly speaking of you for some days past."—"Then General N—— is *your* father?" I said, as I took her hand. "This is, indeed, a pleasure I never anticipated;"—and, seating myself by her side, I received from her an explanation of the mystery in which her conduct had been enveloped.

I need not tell you, Edward, the result of this second interview; for you know that your mother's name was Beatrice N——.

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies. The stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanour, had a certain indefinable air of mystery

about him, which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellant effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow; and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with Oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale; but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow. "Pardon me, learned sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has travelled into all lands, and has reached all ears; and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament." "You are right welcome, sir," returned Agrippa; "but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honour, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavouring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences." "Talkest thou of *long* years!" echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features: —"thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day—the still and solemn tombs: I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought, 'It is better to slumber among those tombs than to be like him.' To-night he sank behind the hills, apparently to repose; but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny." Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described; but the feelings and ideas which it

awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from anything which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse. "But I trouble you—I trouble you;—to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down in its stream everything that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me—the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright and that step more stately, than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me, except the grave—except the grave." The passionate pleading of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa, (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honours to do so,) that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visiter. "Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired. "My child, my own sweet Miriam," answered the stranger. Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct, that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated; but whence the light proceeded, it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a large mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing. "Died she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired Cornelius. "She was a virgin, spotless as the snow." "How many years have passed away since the grave closed over

her?" A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered, somewhat impatiently, "Many, many; more than I now have time to number." "Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death, once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror." "Wave on, then," said the stranger, and groaned bitterly: "wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary." Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger, he exclaimed, "Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years—still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?" "Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger. The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visiter. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger, exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented. An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains, crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle, and in the fore-ground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noon-tide sun. "'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said, "Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter, and, shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely." Thus warned, he resumed

his station, but his agitation was so excessive, that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation. "'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me? By Heaven, she moves! she smiles! Oh speak to me a single word! or only breathe, or sigh! Alas! all's silent—dull and desolate as this heart! Again that smile!—that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is in vain to hold me! I must, will clasp her!" As he uttered the last words, he rushed frantically towards the mirror—the scene represented within it faded away—the cloud gathered again over its surface—and the stranger sunk senseless to the earth. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples, and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet, with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said, "Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes." As he spoke these words, he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius; but the latter returned it, saying, "Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it; but, be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art." "Behold!" said the stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room. "I see," said the philosopher; "an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross." "But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture. Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before—the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait. "That," said Cornelius, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine Sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself, until the period of that Sufferer's second coming." "'Tis I! 'tis I!" exclaimed the stranger; and, rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared. Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the Wandering Jew.

A NORWEGIAN SKETCH.

It was on the afternoon of a day in the latter end of August, during a pedestrian tour through Norway, that, after having travelled from the early morning through a continuous forest, I suddenly emerged upon the margin of one of those Fiords* by which that country is intersected, even in the very interior. It was a calm and solitary scene: not a breath rippled the surface of the water, which lay in such glassy stillness, that I could discern, half-way across, the transient circle formed by the light dip of the sea-fowl's wing. Before me, the lake stretched, in many windings, through the forest glades, until it was lost among fantastic rocks, which might be mistaken for ruins, towering majestically up, and leaning in fine relief upon the deep blue sky. They appeared to be at least a league distant; and, before I reached them, the sun had left my path to the sombreness of evening—but a flood of light was still poured upon the pinnacles of the rocks, and upon the spiral tops of the trees that crowned the heights, which shelved up from the water. When I attained this seeming barrier, I found that here the water, after contracting itself into a very narrow strait, spread out in another and wider arm, whose banks were more precipitous; and, as day-light was now fast departing, it was with some feelings of satisfaction that I descried, at no great distance, the grey turrets of an ancient *chateau*.

The building, which I now leisurely approached, was constructed like all the residences of the old Norwegian families —massive and irregular, though square. The heads of wolves, boars, and deer, rudely carved in stone, projected over each window. A high stone wall encompassed the building; and a huge gateway, of the Saxon order, over which stood, with extended wings, an uncouth representation of an eagle, holding a fish in its beak, opened upon a grass terrace overhanging the water. Two children, their fair locks curling over their necks, and, seemingly, of the same age, were standing upon the terrace, who, the moment they perceived me, fled, with the speed of their native roes, through the gateway. After surveying for a moment, from the terrace, the dim

* Fiord is the Norse appellation of those sea-water lakes, some of which penetrate two hundred miles into the country.

landscape beneath, I followed them, and was met half-way across the circular court within, by the master of the house.

I expected to have been received by him with that cordial welcome which is usually found in those remote spots of earth, where the falseness and knaveries of the world have not yet approached—where the springs of benevolence have not been poisoned by ingratitude—nor suspicion entered, to close the avenues to hospitality. But my expectations were not realized. The old man did not, indeed, refuse to extend his hand to me, but it was hesitatingly; he did not refuse me the usual welcome of his country, but it was coldly given, nor did the children echo the welcome in the gleeful faces with which infancy had ever met me, in places where treachery had never been; but stood at a distance, holding each other by the hand, and looking as if they mistrusted me. I followed my conductor into the house, where an abundant repast was soon set before me; but it was with an indifferent relish that I partook of what I suspected to be the offering of cold civility, rather than of kind-heartedness.

I had made an end of my meal, and had emptied a goblet of birch wine to *Gamle Norgé*,* to convince myself (after the example of Sterne) that I bore no grudge against the master of the house, or the land of his nativity, when he entered the room, and, walking up to me, inquired if I belonged to the profession of medicine.† I replied in the negative; but added, that in the course of my travels I had gathered some little knowledge of the science. "My daughter," said he, "my only daughter, is dying! Medicine, I believe, could not save her—yet come with me." The words of the old man—his tone—his countenance, smote me for my suspicions of his hospitality. "I have mistaken," said I, "the solemnity of sorrow, for the coldness of an ungracious welcome."

I followed him into the chamber of his daughter: she was sitting in a chair, and looked as if life were fast ebbing away. The twin children were standing beside their mother's chair—for they were her children—and with one arm she encircled them both—and often, with the feeble, but passionate effort of expiring strength, pressed them to her bosom. She looked at her old father, and would have spoken, but could not: but he understood her wish, for he went to her, and supported her,

* Old Norway.

† Towns in Norway are so distant from each other, that it is common for medical practitioners to travel through the country.

while she leaned forward, and put aside the silken curls from the brows of her infants, and kissed them. She seemed scarcely twenty-five; and though sorrow had blanched her cheek—and something more agonizing, more acute, than sorrow, had left in her heart the poison of its sting—she was beautiful still. Need I say, that when the old man looked at me, I could only shake my head. The crisis was at hand. It was now night—and, as the feeble ray of a waning moon streamed faintly through the window, and fell upon the countenance of the dying, I said to myself, "Another moon will rise upon her grave." She expired the same night: I did not retire to rest, but stood in the window of my chamber until the first streak of dawn, gazing in revery, sometimes upon the dark outlines of the forest, which the faint and fitful moonshine only defined, but was too feeble to enlighten, and sometimes upon the starry garb of night, faintly seen beneath the cloudy folds of her mantle.

It was my intention to continue my journey so soon as I had acknowledged the hospitalities I had received; for in such a time as this, the presence of a stranger could not be welcome. In leaving my chamber, I chose a wrong descent, which conducted me to a door that opened upon the terrace. The bereaved father was standing there, and he approached to meet me. I expressed my acknowledgments for his hospitality, and my hopes that he might be supported under his affliction; and was about to take my leave of him, when he laid his hand upon mine, and gently motioned me to return into the house. He led me to a small chamber, which overlooked the terrace and the water below, and, pointing to a chair, while he seated himself in another, opposite to me, he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and addressed me as follows:—

"You must not leave my house with suspicions of its hospitality. Your reception yesternight was ungracious; but when the events, which have brought sorrow into this family, are known to you, they will explain the coldness of the welcome with which strangers are greeted in the house of Kalmerck. My daughter, who died yesternight, was my only child: tomorrow would have been her twenty-fourth birthday. While yet an infant, her mother died; and she grew up, beneath my eye, in virtue and gentleness—I might say, in beauty too. When the days of her early childhood were passed, she was—though still a child—the companion of her father; and when years came upon me, she was my stay: and I hoped—but there is no Agnes to close my eyes!—she is gone before her

father! It is six summers ago, and on an evening such as yesterday, that I was standing with my daughter on the terrace, as was our frequent custom, pointing out to her an eagle soaring above the Fiord, when a stranger turned into the winding path that leads to my gate. I went towards him, and welcomed him. He informed me he was a Swede, and by profession a portrait-painter. Agnes was then eighteen. I beckoned her to approach, and inquired of the artist if her's was a countenance which he could copy. He undertook to produce a faithful likeness, and became an inmate in this house. His name was Scholberg: his appearance, though not youthful, scarcely indicated the meridian of life, but his countenance bore the impress of thought beyond his years.

"While the picture was in progress, the artist was our constant companion: his manners were agreeable, and his information extensive—so at least it seemed to us, in this remote solitude. You will not wonder, then, that the society of Scholberg had attractions for both Agnes and me—alas! for my poor daughter, it had too many!

"The picture was at length completed: this is it," said the old man, as he drew from a cabinet a miniature picture, enclosed in a box of beech-wood, and placed it in my hand. It represented the playful countenance, and slight form, of a fair and lovely girl, but just departed from childhood; and showed that the artist was deficient in neither talent nor sentiment. How different from her I had seen but yesternight!—from her, who lay in the chamber of death! I withdrew my gaze from the picture, and returned it to the old man, who resumed his narrative. "When the painting was finished, the artist still delayed to go. I was in no haste to withdraw from him the hospitality of my house; but at length, some occasion offering, I suffered myself to hint at his departure;—and it was then that I first discovered the truth. The happiness of my child was everything to me: I would not risk the peace—the health—the life, perhaps, of my Agnes. In fine, after a few months, I gave her to Scholberg; and, as I joined their hands, I said to them, 'My children, you must never leave me! I am now an old man, and cannot be long in this world; but while I remain, you, Agnes, will be my support—and you, Scholberg, whom I have made her husband, will ratify her promise. When I depart, all I have will be my child's—and you will then be free.'

"During the first four years after this union, little occurred to disturb the serenity of our lives; and the twin children you

have seen are its only living pledges. I now approach that part of my relation of which I would willingly spare myself the recital; but I have not yet explained the seeming inhospitality of my house, and I must finish the narrative I have begun.

"Scholberg appeared gradually to lose his relish for the simple pleasures of our secluded life. He became abstracted and restless—subject to deep revery—and was usually silent, unless when at times he would speak of countries which he had visited; and contrast, in a few and sullen words, the varied enjoyments of more favoured lands with the monotony of his present existence. Agnes, too, grew sorrowful; she grieved to find that she and her children, and the calm of domestic life, had lost their charm; and still more did she grieve to think, that the release her husband coveted could only be purchased by the death of her father. I now approach the dreadful crisis of my story. One afternoon in May, three months ago, while standing on the terrace, looking down upon the Fiord, illuminated by the rays of one of our first summer suns, Scholberg proposed to renew the almost forgotten custom of rowing upon the water. For some days before, he had been less abstracted, and more willing to be pleased, and he had that day shown an unwonted playfulness of manner. Alas! it was like the sunbeam that plays upon the surface of deep water, hiding the darkness and profundity beneath. Agnes hailed the proposal as a promise of a return to old habits and lost feelings; and I too drew a favourable augury from it. 'Go, my father,' said Agnes; 'the air is mild, and the water calm: go with Scholberg—I will watch you from the terrace.'

"We descended the winding road, and unmoored the boat. The Fiord, as you perceive, has many headlands and branches; among these, there is one called 'The Three Brothers' Cradle,' from a tradition current in Norway, into which Agnes would never permit the boat to be conducted: she said its gloominess terrified her—and the tradition connected with it, had made an early impression upon her mind. It is narrow at the entrance, and within is shaped like a bell: high rocks encircle it, rising perpendicularly from the water, which, from its unfathomable depth, is of a pitchy blackness. A few sapless birch-trees are scattered among the clefts of the rock; and, on its summit, lofty firs grow to the very edge, and throw a deeper shade over the abyss beneath. To the entrance of this gulf Scholberg rowed the skiff; and, before

reaching it, the sun was sinking behind the crowded trunks of the dark trees that crowned the rocks. 'Shall we enter?' said Scholberg. When a youth, I had sometimes taken my boat thither, to scare the young eagles, and watch their ineffectual efforts to mount to the summit of the rocks; and I felt willing, after so long an absence from the spot, to recall once more the memory of those youthful days. We did, accordingly, enter the Cradle. Scholberg rowed nearly to the centre, when he stopped, and, standing up in the boat, and looking to the sky, told me to remark the stars, which were visible, although the sun had not set. I said I could not perceive them. 'Stand up,' said he, 'as I do, and place your hands thus.' I stood and looked towards the sky—and in the same moment, the boat received a sudden impulse. I staggered; and, while the fall was yet uncertain, the hand of the parricide directed it! I fell into the caldron, and the skiff shot from me. I am relating facts, and recalling feelings: what mine were, in the instant that I felt the hand of my son hurl me from life into the dark waters, I cannot describe; though, if life had its longest course yet to run, I should remember, till its latest hour, the agony of that moment. To save life by swimming would have been impossible, even to the youngest and the most vigorous—for the tide was then setting in with great force up the Fiord: but, for me, an old man, even to gain the mouth of the Cradle, was impracticable —the distance was beyond my strength; and, in that sunless gulf, the extreme coldness of the water must speedily have benumbed my limbs. Yet, without any defined purpose of saving life, natural instinct led me to preserve it as long as possible. But strength gradually failed me; and it was in one of my latest impotent efforts to avert the moment of sinking for ever, that my hand struck a hard substance. It was the trunk of a tree: such are frequent in the Fiords. Loosened from the rafts which are descending to the sea, they are floated whithersoever the tide and the wind may carry them; and this one had, by the providence of God, been drifted into 'The Cradle of the Three Brothers.'* I grasped it with the clutch of a drowning man, and, by a desperate effort, succeeded in placing myself upon it. Salvation seemed now possible—death was, at all events, less near. Night was, indeed, approaching—and cold, and wet, and the feebleness of age, were to be endured: yet I had hope. At this mo-

* The most remote creeks of the Fiords are affected by the tide.

ment, turning my eyes towards the mouth of the Cradle, I saw the skiff shoot through the opening, and disappear. Gradually, the tide carried me nearer the rocks, though farther from the outlet—at last, I could touch them. A new and more defined hope now arose; by means of the rocks, I could shape my progress. By degrees, I found myself advancing nearer the outlet. Hours were thus spent; but, at length, the wide Fiord, gleaming in the starlight, stretched before me. The tide was now ebbing, and I was carried, without effort, down the Fiord; until, as morning was beginning to break, the tree grounded upon the sand of a low and sheltered creek, not very distant from my own dwelling. Exhausted, I threw myself upon the sand, and fell asleep. When I awoke, the day was far advanced. Cold and benumbed, I arose, and with difficulty ascended the bank, and approached my own house. Scholberg stood upon the terrace, and I was close to him before he perceived me. 'Scholberg!' I said. He turned, and, uttering a fearful yell, which still sounds in my ears, fled with the speed of lightning to the edge, and leaped into the flood below—finding the grave he had intended for me. My story is told. Agnes, struck with the guilt of her husband, and its awful retribution, never smiled again; and I am now left alone with the motherless twin children."

The old man ceased: a tear rolled down his wrinkled cheek. I held out my hand to him, and turned away; and, as I went on my journey, I found my eyes grow dim, when I thought of the solitary old man!

UCSB LIBRARY

UCSB LIBRARY
X-20913

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 495 050 7